

METHODIST REVIEW

(BIMONTHLY)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

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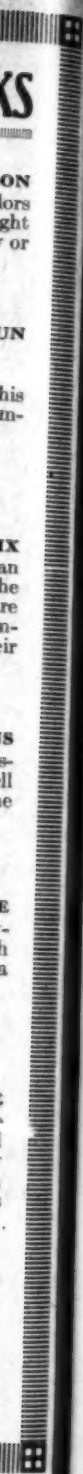
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METHODIST REVIEW

JANUARY, 1917

THE CROSS OF CHRIST AS THE MORAL PRINCIPLE OF SOCIETY

AT some risk of being misunderstood I will venture to say that the chief of the wider needs in current religion is the moralization of the idea of God through His Kingdom; its translation to experience, and to the central experience—that of the conscience. It is the standing need, indeed, of an atonement—to do justice to the holiness of God in the central human situation. This is the chief interest of the New Testament. And it is the element in any religion that fits it for such a moral crisis as history has reached.

We all feel the impotence of the Christian Church in the national and European situation into which we have come. And the remarks made on it are various—in the image of their makers. We may state the case briefly by noting that the State at its best is a body and an interest mainly ethical, while the Church has become a body with a concern mainly mystic—whether the mysticism take the high and sacramental form or the broad and rational. Both of these mystical forms tend to lose the preeminently moral note, the note of reality, the note of the conscience, and of the guilty conscience; the note of the true catholicism, which is the evangelical. But that note involves a moral restatement of the human problem in its present phase, and of the Christian redemption which solves it. The supreme and central problem ought to be adjusted to the world's actual case, and presented as the problem of man's historic wickedness and God's historic holiness in modern terms, man's public unrighteousness and God's public

kingdom. But both sides of that collision are moral quantities above all else, whatever fashion they take in each age; their adjustment, therefore, is an ethical one. So far it is relevant to the chief interest of the State. But is it relevant to what has become the chief interest of the Church, whether as its piety or its sacraments? Has the mysticism there retained on either side a moral genius in command? Has it risen from being a mysticism of the imagination to be the mysticism of the conscience, and of the conscience on the world-scale, the scale of the Eternal, of the moral Absolute—in a word, of the holy? It handles the holy, does it realize it? There are those who think that in this direction the Church has much failed. It has lost the ethical note in the mysticism either of the sacramentalists, the rationalists, or the pietists. Revelation with its authority has fallen from being moral redemption to be but a deposit of sacred truth. Whereas at its center, the Cross of Christ, we have neither an instruction nor a ceremony, but sublimated moral action—the supreme moral crisis of the soul, of society, of the universe, of eternity; and the creation of the last moral realm, the kingdom of God. (I speak much of notes, much more of notes than of programs, or even doctrines; for in acting on the collective public it is the note that tells most, and most determines influence.) That note of the Cross—ethical, holy, atoning, and redeeming—the Church must recover as its grand dominant. Its mysticism must be moralized at its source, and on the scale of its source, if it is to regain the ethical tone which States can understand and own. That is to say, the Church must become more true to its New Testament genius, where all turns on the Holy One's treatment of sin, or rather of guilt; that is, on the solution of the human problem as the problem of the conscience, man's and God's. All turns on the Kingdom of God in history as in heaven. This is a view of the case which the writers of this world know not, and know the less the more fluent they are, especially in fiction, about the human problem. Did they know they would not treat life as if religion were foreign to it, nor crucify by silence the Lord of glory, or put him off with a mere historic admiration. We may venture to say that the decaying public impotence of the Church coincides (to say the least) with a mystic curiosity

on the one hand, and, on the other, with a growing shyness of the only moral solution of life by a deep and positive grasp of atonement, or God's own moral adjustment for society. The Cross of Christ was the moral Armageddon of the race. It meant more for God than all the battles of man's history. It meant more for man's moral destiny. And the moral principle of that victory must mystically pass into the fiber of the Christian conscience if it is to speak with divine authority to the peoples as such. The Church's public influence will not return till its apostolic succession recover the great prophetic note which makes saints to be also statesmen of the kingdom of God, the kind of saints that judge the world.

I venture to speak of the bearing on the nature of society of this Cross which crowned the person of Christ. I would indicate how the very structure and course of society carries, and even hurries, us into the theology of the Cross as the one eternal crisis and focus of the moral powers that make society possible. There they all gather to a head. Indeed, that theology, as the first thing it did, created in the Church a new society, which is, with all its faults and crimes, the finest product of history—not to say the final when it is perfected. The Cross, which is central to Christianity, is inseparable from the kingdom of God, and that Kingdom is the truth of society. Yet it is the power chiefly left out of account by the philosophy which would explain history, or the politicians who would repair it.

If the race is an organic whole and not a crude mass, it must have a center of moral power. Authority there must be, and government; and the more so, the more spiritual we are (if there is anything moral in our spirituality). But there are governments many and authorities many, appealing even to our conscience; what is the government for all governments, and the authority for all authorities? What is the last center and authority of the human spirit? Is it something we take to the Cross or something the Cross brings as the kingdom of God? Is there a kingdom of heaven, and is there a King of kings? Is not our very freedom an imperative? We *must* be *free*. That which creates even freedom is it not an authority?

If mankind is not atomic, and if its organism is not a mere

organization, not merely mechanical, not one of force and empire, then it is in its nature moral. Its foundation (as the family shows) is not a unit, but two at least; it is a relation; and it is a living relation—sympathetic, indeed, but still more, authoritative. Certainly it is a matter of heart, but still more is it of conscience. The moral interest is the ultimate interest of history. The chief problem of the latest form of society—democracy—is its moral control. If mankind is but a mass of units, if there be no society but what these make by a consent or contract, if the ultimate thing is the individual, and if society is but individualism clotted, then it is false to speak of the moral interest as central and supreme. It is not only false but tyrannical and Puritanical. And there are other interests, such as the æsthetic and cultural, which claim control; they repudiate moral control as a usurper, and resent moral considerations as interlopers. They demand independence and equal rights with morality—art for art's sake. The same claim is made by the modern State, which in Germany insists on discarding morality when it interferes with the power of the egoist State. We have then not a society but only a culture, which is concerned not with the whole but with the exploiting of the whole for the development of the individual, the genius, or the State. It issues accordingly in the superman or the super-State, above and beyond good and evil. The æsthetic life, or the life merely national, is an egoist life. And it is the curse of modern life that its very ethic becomes æsthetic for lack of authority. Therefore, it is non-social. But if, on the contrary, mankind (like the Church) is a society by its nature, and not a mere coalition at its choice, if it is not a compilation but an organism, then its very essence and ground is moral and not æsthetic; it rests on what is good and not on what looks well, on what we trust and not what we enjoy; it is made of consciences and not mere atoms; which consciences cohere in a moral reality; so that the individual does not come to himself as a true person except as he finds himself in this moral milieu, and develops a good will there. The State then does not arise simply from individual need. Like the Church, it is not a club where the individual utilizes for his own need similar needs in others.

It is not simply a self-improvement society. It is not a poise of egoisms, a balance of interests. But it exists through the social necessities intrinsic to a moral or spiritual life. The analysis of its phenomena by any psychology, individual or social, which takes account of all the facts arrives at last at something beyond analysis, which forms the ground of these phenomena, and explains their why and wherefore. (This is preeminently so in the greatest society of all—the Church.) The man in his inmost nature is not a unit but a member of his society. His very substance is notched into it. He is built like a house meant to grow into a row, with projecting bricks to tongue into next door. The influence of society on him is not simply regulative but in a sense creative. It makes him what he is. It constitutes him, so that he is not a man if he is not a brother. It is inexplicable but it explains all. It is beyond analysis as the creative synthesis of all. It does not police him merely but develops him, comes out in him—yet by free action on him and not by ideal process. It gives him certain rights, which are valid simply as the conditions under which his moral development to a personality can proceed, and his passage, therewith, into the kingdom of God. That is his true and only liberty. But you ask if I really mean that he has no rights but what society gives, none in whose name he should resist society. I do not mean that. But if he claim any rights, as not conferred on him by society, rights which society can only recognize, they are yet not intrinsic to him as sheer individual, but they are given him by God as himself the supreme world in which he lives, moves, and is. And a prompt Trinitarian would say God was the supreme society, where I have just said supreme world.

The final, the ruling, interest of a society supremely moral must be personality. For such a society is itself a quasi-personal thing. It has a corporate personality, a common will, which does not come into existence just by pooling wills. A race of growing persons cannot really cohere in anything which is just put together, or whose nature is lower than indivisible personality. The moral nature of man cannot grow either in a vacuum or under mere compression, whether the squeeze be by force of arms or force of

numbers. Majorities we must work with, but they are only the expression, crude as yet, of the collective personality of the nation. They only give effect to this, they do not produce it. The State which works with them is fundamentally a moral being, and reflects a social *morale* whose education is from moral sources. Where are these sources? Are they within the resources of the State itself? Is the State so self-sufficient morally that it can provide all the moral education its members require? Is it the moral standard, and ultimate for its citizens? That is good German, but it is bad English and fatal ethic. Where, then, shall the individual go to find the chief source of his education into true personality, so as to become the kind of individual that makes majorities beneficent for a nation, or a nation for a world? To his national history? But, even if he had better means than his schools provide of reaching the true genius of his nation, and owning it in his loyalty, he does not thereby become a man. He may only become a patriot, worship nationalism, and sacrifice the whole of humanity to its juvenile egoism. Where is he to find the ethos which is the true nursery and happy climate of his personality as a man. Where at last but in Christ and Christ's kingdom? That kingdom every democracy, every republic, must obey.

The supreme interest of a society essentially moral we should all agree is personality. Is it absurd then to think that a real person (and not the quasi-personality of a race) must be the creative center of society, that it is a person who must educate the unit into the humane personality of membership? It is true the subconscious effect of the State and its atmosphere is great. "The State," says Bosanquet, "is not merely the political fabric. The term State accents, indeed, the political aspect of the whole, and is opposed to the notion of an anarchic society. But it includes the entire hierarchy of institutions by which life is determined, from the family to the trade, and from the trade to the Church and to the university. It includes all of them, not as the mere collection of the growths of the country, but as the structures which give life and meaning to the political whole, while receiving from it mutual adjustment, and therefore expansion, and a more liberal air." Or, take Green: "The State is, for its members, the

society of societies, the society in which all their claims on each other are mutually adjusted." And, we might add, they are not simply composed but organized in a creative way. It is history crystallized, the past incarnate; and we must include the past in humanity and own the educative influence of the dead especially.

The spirit of such a body, the genius of a nation with a great history, certainly acts upon us very strongly and nobly. But it acts in a way too general and too subconscious to reach the most intimate and influential springs of moral personality. It surely cannot be, as William James says it is, that "in these crepuscular depths of personality the sources of all our deeds and decisions take their rise, and that here is our deepest organ of communication with the nature of things." Surely we do not get out by the cellars. Surely the determinants of our will are more in the open than that, else there is, making us, more of a process than a choice, and more of a pressure from beneath than an intelligence from above. It cannot be that the roots of whatever is most divine in man are in the subconscious rather than in the conscious region of moral vision and decision. For the creation of moral personality we need something more than the subconscious *élan* and gregarious influence of our nation. That is not pointed enough, not personal nor moral enough, and on the other hand not large enough for the race. It is not subtle enough, for by itself it gravitates to material force; and it is not wide enough, for it tends to national egoism. To escape mere nationalism must we not have some incarnation of humanity? But is that possible? It is not if mankind is but a heap of sand. Nor is it if we regard humanity (with Strauss) as but the effectuation of an idea. Ideas do not become persons, they come from persons; they are a person's ideas. Ideas do not incarnate, only wills. But if the essence of human society is more in the nature of an energy, if it is a common will, or a common conscience, then its incarnation is not impossible. The incarnation of an idea, or even of a national history, is not what is offered us historically in Jesus Christ. At this moment I say nothing of him as the incarnation of God; I will only speak of him as the mightiest of the dead and the focus of a humanity which is above all things moral in its nature and

center. And I suggest that the more humane, the more ethical, the more of a unity society grows, the less it finds its account in an egoist culture, the more it presses a freedom of citizenship instead of atomism, the more stress it lays on the moral soul instead of the imaginative or even the sympathetic—so much the more is it driven to rally upon the personality of Christ, whether it interpret it theologically and really or only ideally. Jesus Christ is the historic center of the race, whether we regard him æsthetically, as its ideal figure, or historically, as the cause to which ethical society and modern history owe more than to any other actor in its course. But he is only the center of the race if the race's center is the moral center, if its region is the conscience as the suzerain of every other interest. If the intrinsic value of society is its moral value, if this moral region is really the creative, where men are made and not ideas only, then the most precious and potent factor in society is Jesus Christ. And a faith in him full of ideality takes the lead of all idealism, which by itself is now a social danger. In him both the destiny and the ethic of humanity are gathered up. The common will, the moral core, the spiritual genius of the race, receives in him such a condensed expression and permanent control as no man has ever given to any nation from Cæsar to Luther, from Luther to Washington. And he is, therefore, so powerful for humane personality that the reign of his humanity is bound to take the command of all nationality, and to give to it, no less than to the soul, its true and tributary place in the reconciliation of the world.

But will that not put him in front of God—obscuring more of God than he reveals? Must we not take two more steps? He is not dead but alive. How can we speak in any real sense of his taking command if he has himself already been taken into the command of death? A beneficent influence on the race does not necessarily take command of it. How can the quite dead rule the living? Is it possible to regard the first figure of a living race as only dead? His effect would then be but æsthetic; and could an æsthetic influence be a conscience for our moral life? Could it create such a conscience? If Christ deserves the praise of

many doubters who feel his spiritual spell to be supreme for life, can he be but the first of the dead? He is a living Christ and a living King.

But we must go farther still. If Christ be the living center of mankind, what is the center of Christ? Where does his personality have its full and final power? I have tried to suggest that if it is in his person it is in the act in which his whole person took full effect. It is in his Cross. *There* is condensed the moral crisis of the race. (Or, if you object to crisis, I will let that pass, for the moment, and say that there is the grand node so far of the race's moral development.) Now, what was the nature of the moral issue in Christ's Cross? It is no true account of his mind, in so far as the Gospels allow us to reach it at such a time, to say that he was engaged in a tremendous struggle to impress mankind with his Father's love. It was not a struggle merely to *impress* at all. At the great crisis he was not trying to impress the public, even with a gospel, and quite a worthy one. He was engrossed rather with doing something—doing something for that public with God which it takes ages to impress upon it in any adequate way. The very difficulty we have in reaching Christ's mind at this solemn juncture would seem to show that something else was going on there than the effort to impress men. Had that been his principal object it would surely have been much facilitated (especially as the world grew older) by a completer revelation of the interior of the soul that best realized how God loved the world. But the very silence of Jesus on his own inward experience, then and always, would seem to show that it was something else that chiefly engaged him than the effect he was having, or was going to have, on men's conscience and heart. He was certainly not engrossed with his own soul's adventures, his own spiritual pilgrimage. He was engrossed with the conscience of God and his own relation to that as the Son at once of man and God. Here was the crux of the Incarnation—the collision of the Son of man and the Son of God. Here was the paradox, the miracle (far greater than that of man's freedom in God's sovereignty) of the Holy One made sin for us. The supreme moral issue here is the engagement of the representative of sinful mankind with the holi-

ness of God, and the adjustment between them in one personality. The supreme issue of the racial and sinful conscience is its issue with the divine conscience and that perfect sanctity. It is no adjustment of finite and infinite. That is to say, it is a matter of atonement in some real sense as the base of reconciliation, and it makes the final miracle of all we can know. But this we must say: the atonement was only possible by the offering of the perfectly holy to the perfectly holy. That is, the Saviour was not only the living Christ but the living God. God was in Christ atoning the world to himself.

We have plunged some way into theology. But is there any means of avoiding the leap into that buoyant air without discarding our beginning and adopting another than the ethical view of society's foundation? If society is no mere contractual product, no mere compilation, but, if it is, in its essence, an organism, more or less personal, creative of moral personality, then its moral secret is not to be reached by either an analysis or an induction performed on its historic career, neither of which can give its destiny. And it is its destiny that prescribes its ethic; its goal makes its law. But that secret, that destiny, emerges in Christ, where universal personality appears in its classic and normative case. We may differ about the precise interpretation to be put upon both the mind and the action of Christ. But surely we must own that a person morally so complete reveals more of the conditions of personality, and of its last social ethic, than anything so indeterminate as the historic ethos of a nation or a race. We may take the many new studies and disciplines whose rise has given such interest and promise to the last century. Biological analogies, the principles of political economy, the study of jurisprudence, psychology (and especially the psychology of society) together with the vast broadening and deepening of historical science—all these have lighted up the complex nature of the social organism in a unique way. But the real science of society (except to the young) is an ethical study. It is the study in social form of life's last values and powers, of the things that, from the soul's inner castle, make and mold life in its most precious and personal worth. Ethical study is the study of living person-

ality and its relations, not simply of moral laws and their pressure. We have to do not simply with a universal moral order but with a universal moral personality, if such an one can be found. Where look for him? The true universal is not the natural man but the spiritual. It is not elemental personality but moral. It is the man of the conscience, of the universal and absolute conscience, the Holy. The last morality is our relation to the Holy, to the moral absolute, to infinite Love. It is our religion. "The one morality is loving thee." And the religious-moral relation of man in his guilt to God in his holiness must surely be an Atonement. We have run into the Cross of Christ. The form of love is sacrifice, the form of holiness is atonement, the form of holy love is atoning sacrifice. And the Christian revelation is that it was an atonement made by the love of the God we had most reason to fear. If all life runs out into morals, morals culminate in repentance and in confession. But not chiefly in a miserable confession of sin but in a glorious confession of the Saviour, of the holiness that forgave it at his own sole cost and inmost sorrow; in such confession as the Holy alone could make, in such atonement to the Holy as consists in sacrificial holiness alone. Mere suffering is no expiation, only perfect holiness in conditions which involve suffering.

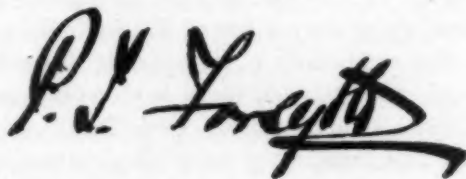
"But Thou giv'st leave, dread Lord, that we
Find shelter from Thyself with Thee." (Crashaw.)

The Cross of Christ is the moral center of society, being especially the creative center of that society in which morality rises not only to public righteousness but to eternal holiness. It is the center of the Church—the greatest society on earth, the trustee of the New Bond, the consignee for the New Humanity of the righteousness of holiness, so penetrating, commanding, sympathetic. And what is the moral principle of the Cross which satisfied and delighted the absolute conscience of God? Is it not obedience to begin with? But it is not obedience to end with, obedience *per se*. It is not obedience as a subjectivity, not simply a spirit of obedience, which might be but resignation and merely docility, Teutonic and immoral. But it is obedience as action, obedience with a content, obedience moralized, obedience

with a moral value which flows from its object and his demand, obedience to holiness as the nature of the action of the supreme power to which it is due. It is obedience which that power does not exact but inspires. It creates what it requires, *dat quod jubet*. Why have I had so little to say about the love, sympathy, and sorrow of the Cross? Because it did not lie in my direct line of argument, which started from the moral basis of society and the adjustment of consciences. And my line was suggested by the crisis of the time. It is the form of love as righteousness that is the grand concern of the hour. Another line might well be found on these kindly things, whether they carry us to finality or not. Truly the one morality is loving—but loving the holy. We must lay stress on the holy. For a social nexus merely sympathetic will not stand the strain. Mere fraternity will not, nor mere idealism. We must come back to the kingdom of God, round the authority of the atoning Cross. What is to save when love seems to give way? What is the last victory of faith? It is not so hard, nor so triumphant, to conquer when we delight in the joy of God's love and the warmth of his communion. That was always the restoration of Christ's energies—more than nightly sleep. He could sleep in storms because he waked of nights in such prayer. But obedience and trust come to their crucial trial when the comfort of love is felt no more, when the soul is divested of all love's joy and sense of power, and when it holds and lives only to that in love which is truly almighty and eternal—the absoluteness of it, the holiness of it, the power of dominion and finality in it. That was the very crux of the Cross, the spot of final victory. It was to love and trust love where no love was *felt*, where love was doing everything except rejoicing, when all his lovers failed him and things that had long gone from bad to worse reached their worst. It was love as faithful obedience to the holy, love to God when all reason for loving treacherous man had gone, love to God as the hallowing of his faithful name when even he seemed to have gone, love where it was not felt as sympathy, where the sympathetic side of it was beclouded, and the righteous side alone survived in a sacrifice which was a fidelity more than an inspiration. Love as righteousness, when it is on a scale too great, and in a crisis

too deep, to be felt as sympathy—that is the moral principle which is the stay of society when love as a feeling is impossible or unstable. Righteousness, holiness, the kingdom, is the most social form of love. We cannot love all men in the affective sense in which we love those who are our own elect. But we can in the effective sense of righteousness to all. That is the more public and civic form of love. We cannot love all men with all our heart. God alone can do that. But we can so love the God who does it as to love them with our conscience, to behave to others as if we loved them—which in God we do. If the love of Christ do not make us lovers of our kind in a repentance (however reserved) we do not know that love as it is truly revealed—in grace. To whom much is forgiven the same loveth much. If he love but little his forgiveness is small. But the forgiveness of Christ is a full salvation, a final social righteousness.

The Church may live on love as kindness. The State lives on love as righteousness. And both the kind and the stately, both sympathy and righteousness, mercy and holiness, meet in the Cross of a love sacrificial, holy, and, by holiness, atoning to the holy. The Cross of Christ taken at its true moral value is the principle of the State at last, as it was the foundation of the Church at first. Is our type of religion equal to the part we propose to play in a great old world, complex and tragic?

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "P. L. Forester". The signature is stylized with a large, sweeping initial "P" and a long, horizontal flourish extending to the right.

WHAT TENNYSON CAN DO FOR THE MINISTER

THE relation of doctrine to life has been fruitful of many homilies—the meaning of doctrine for all vertebrate living, on the one hand, and the supremacy of life over doctrine on the other. The genius of the minister's calling relates him intimately to both. It is his to see that doctrine gets over into life, that theology becomes a constructive force in character, that doctrine bends its back to lift human loads. Conversely, his to see that life is kept on the still hunt for truth, that the "gleam" which the folks feverishly follow is not a will o' the wisp, that conscience may not slumber in the lap of error. His, too, to clearly see that false thinking and fine living is immeasurably nearer the truth than fine thinking and false living. To see the truth and obey it, to know life and love it, to serve both and bring each to serve the other—what a task is that! Nothing less than that is the ministry at its best. In that great enterprise there are many aids. The minister who would reach the end of the day with a surplus of power must cherish them all. Among them, not the greatest, but by no means the least, is an intimate acquaintance with some such spirit as Alfred Tennyson; the man primarily, and incidentally what he wrote. There are poets and poets, and other poets. Of them all, to the writer at least, none afford so rich and rewarding fellowship as the prophet of Farringford by the sea. One of the greatest biographies in literature is that noblest monument Hallam, Lord Tennyson, could have erected to the memory of his immortal father: Alfred, Lord Tennyson, a Memoir. It may never have been in the list of "best sellers." It will outlive most that have enjoyed that distinction. The minister who, with power, would bring truth down to life and (a very different thing) bring life up to the truth will do well to let it share generously—what time he can spare from the supreme biography. What will such a fellowship do for the minister?

I. First of all it will do what any great poet will do: help him to *see*. The poet has no professional interest in either truth

or life, but as to none other it is given to him to see the deeper relations of the two, their ultimate unity. He, of all others, sees life whole. None but a poet could have picked up the dusty record of an ancient Roman murder case from a rubbish heap, put himself into living sympathy with each soul of the sorry tale, sense the truth within the error, see the beauty that hallowed the horror, and set forth in deathless words the far, far meanings of the whole. Something of that mystic power the prophet must have. The deepest realities lie beyond logic, as fragrance in a garden lies beyond botany and color in a sunset beyond astronomy. It is from these ultimate realities that life gains its whole significance and worth. It is these the prophet must make convincingly, yea, commandingly clear to human faith and thought. To do that he himself must have some of the instincts of the poet. The poet's vision is not by way of the syllogism, it is immediate, intuitive; a kind of soul contact with reality. He flashes his thought to the heart of things, where his laborious brother of the test tubes may never arrive. He refuses to be enthralled by the senses, though none so keenly responsive to the senses as he. The Sage of Concord calls him "the healthy, the wise, the fundamental, the manly man, seer of the secret; against all appearances he sees and reports the truth." The rhymeless poet and prophet of Chelsea speaks of the poet's mind as one "that has penetrated into the inmost heart of the thing, detected the inmost mystery of it." To be something of a poet is not only necessary in order to see the truth but as truly needful in order to reach and help life. For the most part folks come to the truth by the poetic instinct. It, and not logic, is the natural method. Thus the babes, the simple-hearted and unlettered, oft see by intuition what is hid from the wise and prudent. There is a solid basis of truth in what Dawson says: "Among men the poets alone have really understood Jesus, and among the poets we must include the saints whose religion has been interpreted to them through the imagination. They have understood; the theologians rarely or never. The latter have rarely achieved more than to tell us what Christ taught, and often failed to make us feel what Christ was." Here is the reason why Saint Francis is an infinitely truer interpreter of Jesus and the

gospel than his great rival, Dominic, though the latter was infinitely more logical. "The Lord is my Shepherd," "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty," "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities," "I am the resurrection and the life," "I am the vine, ye are the branches," "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes"—here is superlative poetry. But these six sentences have done more to uplift the heart of humanity and redeem the world than all theological and philosophical dogmatism combined, and by the very nature of the truths they utter and the very constitution of human life this will remain true to the end. Compress the truth of the twenty-third Psalm into exact and literal statement and, though one has expressed truth more exactly, one has expressed far less of truth with far less of power. Calvinism is as much more logically systematic than Arminianism as the latter is more reasonably true than the former.

There is no finer and surer cultivation of this power of insight, of quick and true vision into the "inmost heart of the thing," this "satisfying sense of reality," as Matthew Arnold calls it, than to saturate one's mind and life with the spirit, the feeling, the thinking of a soul like Alfred Tennyson; to note how he sees and then how he expresses reality, to share the struggle of his mind to arrive at conviction and then note how conviction utters itself, to see him gather from flower in crannied wall, from newborn child on a mother's breast, from sunset and evening star, and every common fact of life, the deepest meanings and the highest values the world bears; to walk with him across the moor, along the chalk cliffs above the pounding sea, or sit with him in the secluded "den" and hear him converse with England's great. Any real poet will thus do much for the minister, but there are reasons why Tennyson can do more than most.

II. Tennyson dealt with the great fundamentals from which the minister must draw his inspiration and upon which the power and worth of his ministry depend. The peril of the prophet in an age of itching ears—when as never before in Christendom the forces and influences that make for empty pews are multiplied

and mighty—is superficiality and sensationalism. The great realities that validate all living it is easy to neglect; we must fill up the pews at any cost! A pale suggestion of religion between lantern slides in an age of movies is in some evening pulpits the only venture toward the stalwart preaching of the past. Two things result: the mental power and spiritual virility of the minister gasp and die; the hungry folks are unconsciously led to look elsewhere for food that satisfies or, far worse, become unable to assimilate the meat that makes for brawny moral muscle, and the generation which will make the civilization of to-morrow is given a totally wrong conception of what the church is and why she is here. In whatever way the preacher secures his crowd he must know how, when he has them, to make them see and feel the things that last. Tennyson will help him. Upon these deeper problems of reality he brought to bear the whole strength of his massive intellect. To express them to a doubting age he devoted the vast resources of his poetic genius. Upon them he focused every light of science and philosophy and the sublimer light of poetic insight inspired by faith. He preached them to scientists and philosophers in his skeptic age with vastly greater power than any pulpit in the land. The latter they would not hear. Him they heard gladly, eagerly. He, too, was scientist and philosopher in spirit and method. Every great problem of laboratory and closet he, too, faced and wrestled; every doubt generated there he, too, fought and laid. To go with him far is to meet them all and to feel the fundamental verities solidly under one's feet. Where in any literature except the Book can one find reasons more profound for a radiant faith in the endless life? To Bishop Lightfoot he said, "I cannot understand how any great imaginative man, who has deeply lived, suffered, thought and wrought, can doubt of the soul's continued progress in the future life." He held it to be the "cardinal doctrine of Christianity." Standing on the cliffs with a friend he said, "Were it not for my faith in a future life I would cast myself over." From not less than ten distinct angles does Tennyson argue the certainty of personal immortality. This passionate belief in the great to-morrow comes to finest expression in such poems as "In Memoriam," "The Two Voices," "Vastness,"

"Faith." Love as the ultimate energy of the universe, the background of the world, the transcendent goal of all human life and effort, is by no poet expressed with greater passion of conviction than by Tennyson. To use his own words, spoken of another, "He was dowered with the love of love, the hate of hate and the scorn of scorn." In his daily conversation he placed constant emphasis upon his faith in an all-loving God. He declares "In Memoriam" to record his conviction that all human fear, doubt, and suffering will find their answer and relief only through faith in a God of Love. He closes that poem with

That friend of mine who lives in God,
That God which ever lives and loves,

and then begins its prologue with

Strong Son of God, immortal Love.

Love, the only key that will unlock the mystery of death and pain which is its theme. He once said to his son, "Who knows whether revelation be not itself the veil to hide the glory of that love which we could not look upon without marring our sight and our onward progress? . . . The love of God is the true basis of duty, truth, reverence, loyalty, virtue, human love, and human toil." Again the prayer, "May all love, His love, the love which was and is my Father and my Brother and my God, unseen but felt, overshadow thee." To immerse oneself from time to time in the atmosphere of such a spirit, whose whole universe of life, human and divine, is interpreted by love, does much to keep one's own spirit and message true interpreters of the heart of the gospel to a world of troubled folks who find it difficult to feel that the world indeed is ruled by "immortal Love."

His conception of God as immanent in life, "nearer than hands or feet," the all-pervading Spirit expressing Himself in force, law, beauty, life, is equally rewarding to the preacher who would keep the triumphant sense of Presence. Happy is the prophet who can say each new day to his own soul, with fullest Christian meaning, "The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hill, and the plains—are not these, O soul, the vision of Him

who reigns?" seeing "through all this changing world of changeless law" the

Infinite Ideality,
Immeasurable Reality,
Infinite Personality.

These are but suggestions, to which many might be added, of the manner in which Tennyson always leads the mind into the deeps—but not to grope. A seer giving us to see.

III. The manner in which this poet arrives at conviction regarding the verities is exceedingly informing to the minister who seeks for himself and his people full assurance of reality in the world of spirit. It was the vital method; in truest sense scientific, but in striking contrast with the scientific materialism of his own time, which was intent upon measuring realities of spirit in terms of matter. Dr. Johnson, when asked what evidences he could submit for immortality, replied, "I know I am immortal, and that's enough." Strange evidence in an age of science! And yet great evidence it was, and is now by true science acknowledged to be. It was Tennyson who, more than any man of his time, contended that science must reckon with the fact of inalienable, universal, imperishable convictions and demands of the human heart. "Like a man in wrath" his soul "stood up and answered" the lordly ultimatum of "freezing reason" and the cheerless conclusions of the laboratory. With ever-increasing conviction in the face of all "evidence" he asserts the reality of "What is, and no man understands." "I have felt" is to him supreme evidence, and of a nature infinitely transcending the tape measure, the test tube, and the syllogism. That method has won its way to high respectability and authority in all reverent modern science and philosophy. The late Professor Sedgewick says of Canto CXXIV of "In Memoriam," which contains the very heart of Tennyson's teachings, "I can never read these lines without tears. I feel in them the indestructible and inalienable minimum of faith which humanity cannot give up because it is necessary for life; and which I know that I, at least so far as the man in me is deeper than the methodical thinker, cannot give up." The position expressed in these immortal lines

was attained early in Tennyson's poetical career and maintained to the end with ever-increasing conviction and emphasis. The "things not seen" steadily became the eternal and abiding realities in his consciousness. One evening in his later years, when conversing with friends in his drawing room, the reality of the spiritual was called in question by someone present. The poet arose, greatly agitated, and said with strong emotion, as he left the room, "You can tell me that my hands and feet are not real and I can believe you, but you can never convince me that the unseen is not a reality. I can easily believe that the spiritual is the only reality."

In his effort to validate these primal spiritual instincts of the soul he wrought more mightily than any other poet for the rationality of faith and the futility of all indirect methods of "proof." He set us free from the plumb-line method of sounding the depths. He was one of the first, in his ultra-scientific century, to see the folly of "demonstration" in spiritual things and declare it like a prophet of the Most High, helping to clear the vision of the world. The materialist waved his magic wand of logic over the deep and shouted, "God is not there." Tennyson steadily replied, "Your wand is worthless." The "Ancient Sage" has in it priceless values for any age, but in the light of the age for which it was written it rises to Miltonic grandeur. In that age only inspiration could have declared "Nothing worthy proving can be proven, nor yet disproven: wherefore thou be wise . . . and cling to Faith."

The passage of which this is part Tennyson said was very personal, a transcript of his own experience. It is but one of many in which he redeems the power of faith in the unseen from the suspicion of superstition—a kind of left-over from the past not yet dropped in the process of evolution—and enthroned it as the crowning faculty of the soul, as valid for religion, as demonstration for science and reason for philosophy, and immeasurably more trustworthy than either in its own realm of the spirit. Methodism has from the first placed strong emphasis upon this direct witness of the spiritual consciousness to the realities of the spirit world. The day in which that emphasis begins to fail will mark

the beginning of her decline as a redemptive force among men. Jesus, and Paul, and every outstanding leader since Christianity began, made that the supreme point of insistence. There is no substitute; just as there is no substitute for oxygen to lungs and blood made for oxygen. Development and change in race and times do not alter fundamental needs. Methods of appeal may change, but the appeal must nevertheless be made to the same elemental realities. And surely this day is no time for weakening at this vital point of faith. For, on the one hand, a great multitude of folk from the churches have fallen victims to a pagan philosophy calling itself Christian Science, though very far from being either Christian or scientific, which has attraction in part because it does make tremendous appeal for direct and immediate faith in the world of the spirit. On the other hand, philosophy is writing such amazing books as *The Meaning of God in Human Experience*, in which Tennyson's defiant and triumphant "I have felt" is set forth as having final authority even for "freezing reason," in such sentences as the following: "The whole apparatus of reason in religion has retreated in importance in favor of a more substantial basis—which we have agreed to call feeling." "Grant it [that religion may be sufficiently founded on feeling] and we are set free to be religious beings without the infinite argument and haggling over unreachable and untestable propositions." "Religious feeling is the adequate counterpart of those metaphysical first principles upon which so much used to be hung. . . . It has what those principles had not—the energetic property which fits it not alone to guide but also to instigate, and to sustain what it has produced." "What distinguishes our present age is that this old truth [of the value of feeling and intuition] now appears as a philosophical conclusion." William James declares the logical reason to have much the same relation to religion and the mystical intuitions as it has to love or patriotism. "It defines our faith, . . . it hardly ever engenders it; it cannot now secure it." The modern religious psychologist declares, "Religious belief will stand or fall with what I have called the Religion of Feeling." (J. B. Pratt, *Psychology of Religious Belief*, quoted by Professor Hocking.) Now all this was Tennyson's contention

threescore years ago, which means that as a philosopher he was half a century ahead of his time; seeing with poetic and prophetic insight what must be philosophy's ultimate conclusion and what is religion's inner essence and chief glory. At this point Tennyson, of all others, is the modern poet. Who would preach with power to this age must immerse himself in the consciousness that God has not left to the accident of cultivated intellect the discernment of life's deepest need and meaning, but has endowed the human soul with organs of spiritual apprehension to which with implicit confidence the prophet may appeal direct, and upon which alone can be built a consciousness of God that will transform life and direct the will. Therefore, O preacher of the faith, read the Book as Tennyson read it, who took his "daily range in Holy Writ"—but find time too for Tennyson. He is the poet of faith. But faith with him was no vague sentiment, no desperate hope in probabilities, it was the realest thing he knew; the "seeing of the soul," another name for spiritual experience. "Not the acceptance of truth on the testimony of history or tradition, but the soul's vision of what belongs to it by nature." Unless the preacher of things eternal knows something of that mystic method of assurance; unless he cultivates with patient care that highest faculty of the soul which seizes the things that last through all the maze of things that vanish and appall, he is lost, and the sheep fall prey to the wolves of vanity and doubt.

IV. The openness of his mind to all truth and the strength of his conviction concerning fundamental truth is a combination not found, but surely needed, in every Christian pulpit. Let his volume fall open anywhere, and one reading follows a Berean mind, wholly void of unreasoned prejudices, bias, or bigotry, eager and determined to know what is true no matter what that may turn out to be; willing to put every cherished belief of the race, the most sacred inheritances of the ancient faith, to the severest tests that the mind of a modern age could devise; a broad welcome for truth from any source; abhorrence for the narrow dogmatism which sees in its own credal utterances the final form of truth. His whole message is a mighty protest against any faith or creed that is exclusive of larger light. To him humility

was the only true attribute in the presence of what he called the "unfathomable mysteries." "Dark is the world to thee, thyself is the reason why." He could not endure total unbelief. "I hate utter unbelief. I cannot endure that men should sacrifice everything upon the cold altar of what with their imperfect knowledge men call truth and reason. One can easily lose all belief through giving up the continual thought and care for spiritual things." And yet he could vicariously bring himself into deep and genuine sympathy with the man who had lost his faith utterly; could put himself in his place and see the world through his eyes and feel the emptiness of life as such a man feels it, and thereby was vastly better able to help him find the light. "Despair" is a masterpiece of insight into, and expression of the thoughts and feelings of the man who has lost all faith. So perfectly does the poet identify himself with the desperate mood of the maddened soul who seeks self-destruction that one almost feels it is Tennyson uttering his own protest against an order in which men

Come from the brute, poor souls,—no souls,—and to die with the brute.

No man of faith could write such a poem who had not faced with untrammelled mind and battle courage the fearful facts of human experience and thought which have driven countless souls into despair. Tennyson had faced them all, without evasion, suffering them to deal their deadliest blows; faced them with bared breast, unarmored by blind creed and unreasoned tradition; laid them by the thrust of his own great soul through nameless suffering and tears. Only such as he can deeply help the man whom the facts of life have wounded unto surrender. It is one thing to believe in the sun at noontide; it is another and far diviner thing to believe in the sun at midnight and with noontide faith assert that the morning cometh. One thing to believe in God and Love by a creed handed down and accepted without the daring of thought; another thing, and a far more Christian thing, to win out of life and experience and human problems just as they are, with open eyes and unevasive mind, a living faith in God and Love. Only that faith can reconstruct a world, defy without fear all doubt,

face with relish all mystery, find God in all experience, and put hope into human despair. Only such a faith can keep the minister from

Sowing hedgerow texts and passing by,
Nor dealing goodly counsel from a height
That makes the lowest hate it,

and make him instead

a voice
Of comfort and an open hand of help.

Tennyson lashed mercilessly the bigotry, narrowness, blindness, unreasonableness, of the creed which, though logically faultless, proved itself unfit to serve life helpfully; nor will he suffer such a creed to wash its hands in innocence of human unbelief. He utters more than the protest of the victim of "Despair" when he makes him say to the preacher:

Nay, but I'm not claiming your pity, I know you of old,
Small pity for those who have ranged from the narrow warmth of your fold.

Where you bawl'd the dark side of your faith, and a God of eternal rage,
Till you flung us back on ourselves, and the human heart, and the Age.

Great tonic is Tennyson for the prophet who covets the open mind, the untrammelled vision, the immovable faith, and the sacrificial power to put himself into the other man's experience and see life from his standpoint. To know well this poet's mind and spirit is to be inspired to breadth and charity for every honest view, passionate purpose to know the truth and make it serve life, growing certainty of the great essentials of the faith.

In the present day of ever-widening horizons, of vanishing traditions, crumbling systems, changing angles of vision and measures of value, when the man with the hoe is beginning to think for himself, it is the prophet with much of the mental attitude of Tennyson who, other things equal, shall have the deepest hold upon the mind of the age. The spirit of hesitancy and uncertainty has crept into the message of many a preacher in this age of merciless historical, psychological, and theological research. The pulpit admits much in order to be broad and modern, but the voice of assertion, the irresistible momentum of profound con-

viction, is too often conspicuous by absence, and the emasculated message is ineffective as a redeeming force in society. The frank admission of doubt and limited knowledge is a distinct element of strength when it leads straight up to the unequivocal assertion of truth that lies beyond all doubt in the preacher's mind and heart. The man in the pew, and especially the man whom we desire to have in the pew, sees the great truths and mysteries of life from angles and through experiences not common to the minister. Tennyson lived and moved and had his being in the presence of these central truths of life and yet, withal, was peculiarly near the heart and feeling of the common man. He not only deepens the convictions of the preacher himself, but can teach him how to proclaim, with a positiveness and strength of assertion that carries its own demonstration of their reality, the great structural truths upon which all faith rests. He shows one how to take captive all the revelations of an ever-progressive science and make them serve the needs of the spirit. When the religious world was trembling with the alternative, "Evolution or Revelation," he was singing of "revelation and evolution"—even "revelation through evolution." He believed with Arthur Hallam, whom he has immortalized, that the significance of things is not fixed by learning whence and how they came, but by what they are and whither they tend. He one day said to Darwin, "Your view of evolution does not make against Christianity, does it?" and the great scientist replied, "Certainly not." Thus Tennyson makes one feel at home with the thought of the age and the truth of the ages.

V. The exquisite finish of his art, combined with his abhorrence of "art for art's sake," is most wholesomely suggestive to the modern preacher. There are ever two temptations: On the one hand, to reduce time and toil upon the message. The clamor of countless things to be done and the apparent demand for freer modes of public speech invite careless preparation of the sermon. When the preacher starts on that toboggan the dead line of pulpit power is swiftly reached. On the other hand is the temptation to make the sermon an end. Scholarly vanity, the ear tuned to applause, the lordly notion that he is called to be preacher rather than pastor, and other like nonsense, may obscure the exalted

business for which a sermon exists. When the preacher, consciously or unconsciously, takes that poison he must have quick and violent emetic or his real preaching is over. For both these ills Tennyson is antidote. No care was too great, no toil too protracted and painful, to create for his thought the most perfect vehicle of expression. Here Tennyson is peer of Milton in poetry and Macaulay in prose. Speaking of a crude line of Pope's he said, "Horrible! I'd rather die than be the author of a line like that." Of Browning, who was defiantly careless of clear expression, he said, "He has worlds of music in him, but he does not get it out." He could say in lines, and more effectively, what Wordsworth would say in stanzas. To be careless with words was to him a crime. But a greater crime was words for their own sake. All artistic perfection was to him but the feather on the arrow. The phrase "art for art's sake," then common in art circles, always roused his wrath. When certain critics of this school in literature discovered in the "Idylls of the King" a great moral significance, and complained of the poet's transgression of the canons of art, he, after reading such a stricture, seized his pen in high dudgeon, and reeled off:

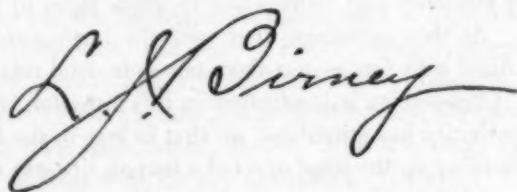
Art for Art's sake! Hail, truest Lord of Hell!
Hail, Genius, master of the moral will!
The filthiest of all paintings, painted well,
Is mightier than the purest painted ill,
Yea, mightier than the purest painted well,
So prone are we toward the broad way of Hell!

His poems are high art, but he thought of himself as prophet and wrote with that passion. He never lost sight of the gleam of responsibility for the uses of his genius. His is a noble combination of great art and the complete subordination of art to truth and life. Herein he inspires the preacher to keep his ideal of service high, his motive unselfish and true, while toiling tirelessly for the most perfect methods and forms which he can master and use.

VI. From among many others that might be mentioned we choose but one more characteristic. Tennyson writes only to the limits of experience and conviction. When we listen to him we

know what he has thought, felt, known, and lived. Beyond these limits he never goes. When asked once why he did not carry "In Memoriam" on into the future life, thereby completing the triumph of faith, he replied, "I have written what I have felt and known and I will write nothing else." This sense of moral realness which made what he uttered always the revelation of what he was, grew steadily to the end. He was willing to lose everything else, but nothing could tempt him to surrender this pearl of great price. Such temptation is known to every minister. It comes insinuatingly from many sources. Such a companionship as Tennyson affords enamors one of sincerity, and keeps in his heart the prayer of a great bishop, "Lord, make me real."

On a visit to the home of friends, "two perfectly honest Methodists," he asked for the news, and was answered, "Why, Mr. Tennyson, there is only one piece of news that I know, that Christ died for all men." Tennyson replied, "That is old news and new news and good news." Of the visit he wrote to Emily Sellwood, who later became Mrs. Tennyson, "I was half of yesterday reading anecdotes of Methodist ministers, and liked to read them too, and of the teachings of Christ, that purest Light of God." To preach at our best the "old news, the new news, and the good news . . . of that purest light of God," we will do well, next to soul-contact with the realities of which the Book is the revelation, to know the mind, to absorb the spirit, and follow the pen of Tennyson.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "L. A. Pirney". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned in the lower right quadrant of the page.

CHRISTIANITY AND INDUSTRIAL CONFLICT

FROM January to June of this year there were in our country 1,719 strikes. Unperturbed we accepted them as a reflex of the feverish condition of our industry. Last August we were threatened with a railroad strike of unexampled and unimaginable proportions. Then for the first time many of our people realized the portentousness of our industrial situation. Yet, as from a volcano, come here and there and there little waves of lava while the cone continues quiescent, so insistently and persistently have long appeared and reappeared these same elements of labor strife. Indeed our industrial situation has been quite analogous to the political situation in Europe prior to the war. The parties chiefly concerned are apparently absorbed in other matters, but alliances have been made on both sides, economic detectives are spies in most large establishments, ominous mutterings flare up at intervals from the smoldering discontent that can burn itself into contention. Solemn disavowals are made of any such intention, but an atmosphere of suspicion, hatred, tension, is perpetuated, out of which an incident may come to cause the too-ready preparations to be seized for a relentless struggle. The time approaches when the present inflation of business will subside violently. Then, to meet the post-war competitions of other countries, we will too much need efficiency and cooperation to waste them in fratricidal fighting. As they anticipate that time the farther-visioned among us are filled with foreboding about our industrial relations.

Christianity is implicated in this situation in two directions. Christianity has stimulated all that is best in the labor movement. By holding up the ideal of what a human life was made and meant to be, Christianity creates a divine discontent which stirs men to struggle for the fullest opportunity for self-development. Self-sacrifice is not honored in industry as it is in religion and patriotism and family affection. But the self-sacrifice by which men have helped themselves and their fellows through slavery to serfdom, to the wages system of our Western world, was fostered by the Chris-

tian teaching of sacrificing self for the common good. Methodism, especially, is responsible not only for a higher standard of religious reality throughout Christendom, but also for training in its class meetings many of the leaders of modern social movements. No attempt at human advance has been entirely free from unrighteousness, and not rarely in the labor movement unwise, unjust, even sinister methods have been used. When the debate becomes a dispute, and the dispute a struggle, sometimes that struggle contains arson, and even murder. With such iniquities Christianity has nothing to do, but these have something to do with Christianity. For whenever a strike of considerable size starts in a community Christian effort is thwarted. Production is interrupted, wages stop, business is paralyzed, investments bring no dividends, development is retarded, hunger enters homes; thus is much suffering inflicted upon the innocent. Worse things than these happen: peace and good will become strife and hatred, truth disappears with the distortion of facts for self-justification, a lawlessness is engendered which continues long after the trouble subsides. The beaten party retires sullenly, determined to renew the conflict at the first favorable opportunity. In congregations, as in the community, black bitter animosities abide that may have the ferocity of a Southern feud. At a widely gathered Methodist congress the suggestion was publicly made by one of the visitors that a collection might fittingly be received toward the erection of an edifice at a neighboring new model industrial town. Promptly a few left the church, then more, until a hundred had gone. Years before there had been a strike whose rancors still lingered to disintegrate and disrupt the town. Because they menace our hearts and our altars it is recognized that Christianity must deal with vice and intemperance. For the same reason Christianity must deal with industrial conflict. Individual Christian employers and employees are comparatively helpless. The most benevolent employer, unless he is a genius or the maker of a monopoly, is restricted in matters of wages, hours of service, welfare equipment, by his meanest competitor. Similarly, faithful employees are often forced by their fellows into attitudes and actions that are contrary to their disposition and conviction. In

such a situation Christianity has the right to demand that something shall be done legislatively. Could anything be more foolish than our refusal to foresee the logical sequence of symptoms daily seen! Possibly more preposterous is our happy-go-lucky assumption that, so long as we can maintain tolerable quietness, industrial peace will somehow eventually ensue. The average American acts toward industrial disturbances in our democracy much as does a hen toward a brood of ducklings she has hatched. The hen makes the best of their oddities until the day comes when their taking to the water arouses her inertia. So when we are annoyed by the union regulation of some mechanic in our house do we testily pronounce final judgment upon the whole age-long labor movement through which, and not by benevolence, most of labor's gains have been secured. When some ugly public outbreak occurs we are exasperated by the inconvenience it causes us. We care more about that outbreak being settled soon than about it being settled right. Thereupon we return to our customary hibernation. Three years ago a Federal Commission was appointed to ascertain the underlying causes of dissatisfaction in industrial relations. That Commission had the resources and the authority to secure the facts. It was sternly expected to present its conclusions, in bulky volumes if it pleased, but also in bills drafted for presentation to Congress and State Legislatures. It spent a half million dollars; examined five hundred witnesses; accepted testimony covering 19,000 typewritten pages. That Commission presented the minor report of Professor Commons, which was commended by social scholars. Its main conclusions were a disappointing hash of opinions and facts, and we have still no consistent constructive policy for eradicating industrial evils and no competent tribunal for avoiding and adjusting industrial disputes. Thus, when after months of monitory agitation we were confronted last August with a calamity appalling to contemplate, the Adamson Act was passed as an expediency of haste regretted by the reflective. Then a Presidential election followed, and we are no more prepared as a general mobilization is ordered to the largest armies of capital and labor ever assembled. There are those who say it is Utopian to suppose that any plan can be devised for the peace-

able settlement of industrial differences. So it is also alleged about war, as it has been about every wider application of law to human action. I assert that, by as much as our present situation is irrational and irritating and unChristian, by that much the most pressing problem of American statesmanship is not the impertinent intermeddling with Europe's conflict, but the devisement of a plan for the relief of industrial tension.

Though most economic problems have moral implications I think it is not within the province of Christianity to dictate the manner in which they shall be solved. Our Master offers us his example. Jesus was asked by one of two brothers to settle a dispute about their inheritance. He declined, in the question, Who made me a judge or divider over you? The labor organizations are no longer asking the churches for aid in improving their conditions. They are announcing they will fight for what they want without, and, if necessary, in spite of the church. To recover their favor some want the pulpit to depart from speaking in what they pronounce to be "pious platitudes and glittering generalities," and to support specific economic propositions. As anxious as anyone can be to open every appeal for the gospel, yet does it not seem that we should imitate our Master? As an employer, indeed, the church must take a position upon disputed policies; and that position should be exemplary. More than those realize whose associations are chiefly rural or commercial or domestic, Methodism is composed of members whose sympathies are with labor's aspirations. Then should there not be more members of our Book Committee in whom labor has confidence that their personal equation permits them to apprehend the employee's point of view? But the pulpit is not the place for the discussion of mooted economic matters. The Rights of Labor, the Eight-Hour Day, the Minimum Wage, the Open Shop, Industrial Efficiency, these are among the pulpit topics announced in New York this fall. They seem to me inappropriate. That is not because I am intimidated by the abuse which a rhinoceros' skin might stand without suffering, likely to be showered upon those who speak on such subjects to congregations that will be helped by such speaking. As a good citizen a minister should

attempt to be an intelligent student of these questions and be ready to express his opinions upon proper occasions. Nor need he accept the slur that ministers, lacking the training and temperament for economic direction, seek to substitute sentiment and eloquence for knowledge and judgment. Ministers meet and read after both sides; and many are patient students of social experimentation. From these probably an equal number could be chosen as competent to deal with industrial problems as are the present generation of lawmakers. The remedy for that situation, however, is the securing of abler public men. For when the minister becomes primarily a defender of vested powers or an advocate of economic changes he is abdicating some of his divinest opportunities and endangering the larger possibilities of his ministry. The more important part of Christianity is to determine the spirit in which these problems shall be solved. It is a historic fact that a strong-arm policy on the part of either labor or capital always reacts. And the most discouraging feature of the present situation is the many who cannot put themselves in the place of another, but speak in indiscriminating and intemperate denunciations. Imperious patronizing employers speak of labor as animated machinery; as one of the units of cost; as a commodity subject to the unalterable law of supply and demand. They describe the leaders of labor as miscreants, rapacious vampires bent on robbing them of the control of their own business. Defiant, dictatorial labor leaders regard all employers as tyrannical skinflints—they discount that managing ability which is so rare that society can afford to pay largely for it; they would demonstrate their equality by hurling bricks of insult at employers. Were all employers and employees as suspicious as these they would argue each other into anger, and, in their inability to be just, bloody class conflict would be inevitable. But, like ancient Gaul, mankind is into three parts divided, and the most hopeful element in our industrial relations is the growing importance of public opinion. The advertising columns of the press testify that the enlistment of public opinion is now considered essential to the winning of a strike or a lockout. Soon, whatever the immediate result, the ultimate verdict will be the decision of

public opinion. And since that opinion, despite its apparent forgetfulness, is accumulatively condemnatory it will not be lightly flouted. Christianity can make a powerful contribution to industrial solutions through molding the public opinion. Christianity can insist that, with such far-reaching responsibility, public opinion must be informed and fair. Christianity can mediate between employers and employees until they regard each other not as overlords or dependents, but as partners in production. Christianity can teach capital and labor that, as men made in the image of God and bound for the same judgment, they have more interests in common than they have supposed. Then will they be more apt to consider factors of permanent opposition with mutual respect, if not with mutual magnanimity. If Christianity can achieve this mediation it need envy no other contribution to industrial progress. Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., is the individual most despised by the laboring classes of this country. Mother Jones, as she is called, is the most inveterate of our agitators. When they were brought together recently they each conceded that they were enlightened. He confessed to her that as a matter of principle the things she complained of were wrong and they found themselves in substantial agreement concerning the necessity for reform. She said, "The young man means the best he knows how; it isn't his fault he was reared in a luxury that kept him from knowing anything about real things. I see I have misrepresented him and I shall reverse what I have been saying." This approachment is a picture of many employers and employees all over this country who have achieved the capacity to see from each other's point of view. Such relations cannot dispense with hard economic thinking, but they are dawn rays for the future of American industry.

The teaching of Jesus supplies the ideals which should govern industrial adjustment. They may well be pondered in this Republic, where sooner or later it shall be realized that political democracy and industrial feudalism can never live in harmony under the same roof. Beware of covetousness, said Jesus. Which surely is a timely warning still, when the hourly effort of multitudes of employers and employees alike is to get all they can at

whatever cost to the community. A controlled desire for gain is an indispensable human stimulus without which a business is on the way not to be beneficial but to be bankrupt. Amid the floridness of Oriental address Jesus was careful of speech, and what he said in that which we translate covetousness was, Beware of wanting more, and more, and more, and ever more, even with enough. This Jesus condemned because a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesses. Abundance, Jesus said. It is often argued that if laborers were given larger wages and more leisure they would waste them in idleness and drinking. Some of them would. And if rich men were given larger dividends some of them would misuse them to gamble in Wall Street speculations; and some of their sons would daredevil-ride through our streets in higher power motor cars. But every class has the right to be judged as a whole, and not by its weakest members. Industry is to make wages and profits, but industry is also to make with them more life for its participants. For the sake of life we must protect property; but Lincoln expressed the Christian emphasis when he said, "We are for both the man and the dollar. If we must choose between them, we put the man above the dollar." When the wages of a business are too low to admit of decent standards of family life, when the hours are too excessive to permit proper rest and relaxation, when a subservience is required from either employer or employee that consumes manhood, then is that business heathenish. And the same divine call that sends missionaries across the seas, calls for Christians equipped with efficiency to do, without excessive fussiness, what is ethically and economically reasonable. Until that is done, where it does not now exist, we cannot say "Christian America." For what shall it profit our United States, or any other land, if we gain the whole world and lose our soul?

John W. Langdale

SHAKESPEARE AND THE COMMON MAN

THE tercentenary of the death of Shakespeare has come to its close with some odd emphasis of more or less value. Of late a book with the title *Shakespeare in the Time of War* indicates to what an extreme excess of praise will carry one. In the work mentioned quotations are taken from Shakespeare's dramas and deftly applied, with more or less fitness, to prominent characters and races in the present giant struggle. To illustrate, this from *Julius Cæsar* is applied to the German ambition:

Our legions are brim-full; our cause is ripe;
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.

This use of England's great writer might well serve as a burlesque upon prediction. Some might take the quotation to heart. Not we. It has the same sound as that use of the Bible in which special texts are sought for every turn of life, failing in which the helpless soul goes adrift and leaves the onlooker to marvel at human credulity. At the most England's vast distress strains for justification or consolation while offering new worship before an ancient shrine. It is not the present aim to show how well and how truly Shakespeare interpreted the place of the man at the bottom in the development of England's national life; rather to show that he did not see deeply enough, was not able to fully grasp several of the great epochs in which he displayed his characters. He is not to be held responsible, indeed, for staging what was not in his mind's eye. It is to no man's discredit to be unable to see and comprehend what is hidden from his vision and power of analysis. Shakespeare was not a seer, nor was he an analyst of the past. One thing he knew: the human heart. The trend of social forces escaped him. No man knew them.

Taine in his inimitable handling of the meaning of Shakespeare says: "How did Shakespeare succeed, and by what extraordinary instinct did he divine the remote conclusions, the deepest insights of physiology and psychology? He had a complete imagination; his whole genius lies in that imagination."

Without attempting to swim in too deep or too opposing waters, we may remind ourselves that in its highest flights and with its longest stretch of wing imagination does not make something out of nothing. At all times it is a realist. It has its own laws, and when it stages a man it does not start across the platform with two unmixable fractions and emerge at the farther wing with a non-descript integer unknown to science and defying poetry. Shakespeare was not a seer, if that means to predict the new out of the unknown. Neither was he a master-interpreter of the past. What no man could in his time know he could not divine. Given like conditions of social or political life he ventured to predict. Otherwise not. He could not foresee the development of the English monarchy, gradually yielding to the series of forces which played upon it, gradually transforming it from a real power into a figure-head, nor could he see the path filled with the plain people of England rising to undreamed might in Parliament. No man held the vision in the days of feudalism. The common man was not worth while in the days of Shakespeare's early dramas. It would have been raw art for Shakespeare to try out an impossible scene such as Bernard Shaw might well portray at this time. Keir Hardie would have been a droll anachronism in the thirteenth century, a stupid unreality. Neither the rude folk in the foreground nor royalty in boxes would have stood for such an error of vision. In the forefront of Shakespeare's dramas were bishops, nobles, and kings. It may be that he did not intend or try to do the lower folk justice. Doubtless there is much truth in such a view. At any rate, he opens his early drama of King Richard III with the noble vision of old John of Gaunt:

Methinks I am a prophet new inspired,
And thus expiring do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last.

Then he recalls his native isle:

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle, . . .
This happy breed of men, . . .
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings.

So great a prophecy had little or no place for the long roll of lead-

ers under whose direction England has marched up the heights as the leader of civilization. Neither Cromwell, nor Chinese Gordon, nor "Tommy Atkins" has place in it, nor could have had in the poet's eye. When Schlegel called the historical plays "A mirror for kings" he spoke truly. For in his mighty staging of struggle and triumph Shakespeare plays his pawns never as potential leaders. Royalty, primates, knights, castles, cathedrals, thrones, were on a par both as institutions and as individuals. In no like sense was the swineherd or the school-room to be used in the drama. Shakespeare passed by the plain sailor and the nameless landsman as being without any place or prestige in the main movements of England's nationality gains.

In themselves the ten chronicle plays suggest a moral even if they do not propose one. The chief event, now dragging, now hastening its course, is the decline and fall of the house of Plantagenet. From Richard II to Henry IV are eight plays, every reign being touched. Henry IV forces the abdication of his cousin, and in turn becomes himself the victim of his revolting nobles. He had, however, been led to strike heavy blows at the feudal system and with its slow decay the common people began their slow march upward. The Commons in Parliament began to assert themselves. Henry V did nothing to increase the harmony and to strengthen the inner life of the island, yet with his victory at Agincourt the name of England won a prestige which to our day has still its high place. However, in the weak days of his son, Henry VI, his fame saw a temporary decline, and the rivalries among the nobles told upon the progress of the Commons and planted armed camps throughout England. Even before the incompetent son of Henry V breathed his last his crown was lifted from his brow and placed upon the head of the brilliant but dissolute Edward IV. The land, exhausted by continuous strife, left him to hold the crown without dispute. The cup of the Plantagenets came to the full when Richard III usurped the throne. His death on Bosworth field closed the dynasty under which were mingled much shame and much glory.

The Plantagenet was a remarkable ruler. His contemporaries accounted for his double excellence, both of fire and life, by tracing

back his descent to a demon ancestress. John was the worst of his line. If anyone is disposed to think that Shakespeare missed his chance of setting forth in immortal pictures the story of the Great Charter as secured from John by a band of the commonalty, to the discomfiture of both king and nobility, a careful examination of the work of the real agents involved will save him from error. For it was not true that the lower orders wrung the instrument from the king. They were not equal to such work. It required the best of leadership to corner the crafty king. Since McKechnie has examined the field, and looked with microscope upon the era and the document as well, men have seen with a new light. In the vanguard of the nobles who hustled the angry king until he, in his impotent frenzy at Runnymede, chewed the straw in his tent and swore awful oaths, were such men as Stephen Langton, the high-minded archbishop, and William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke. The enthusiasm with which the Londoners greeted them on their return to the city fully exhibits the mind and heart of the whole populace, a freedom-loving throng. They were not active in extorting the Charter from John, but got its benefits through the agency of the nobles and the Church. The "homo liber" of the Charter was possibly not from the lower levels of English society, and the concessions were wrung by the aristocrats for their weaker fellows. Thus Shakespeare may have refused to enter a field of doubtful value to him in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when not caring to celebrate the triumph of the nobility over royalty. Feudalism was becoming a thing of the past. When the great queen was given to boxing the ears of Essex and others it was not time to stir men against royalty. The giant pendulum had swung from feudalism to royalty, and now that England was becoming nationalized and unified and Protestantized, no live reminders of slumbering influences would find welcome in the theater.

In the time of Henry IV the merry rascals, Poins, Pistol, and Bardolph, were dramatic possibilities in connection with the fun-loving prince, though in the days of Magna Charta and later there was small place for them. The difference between John and the nobles at Runnymede and Prince Hal with his Falstaffian crew

at Gad's Hill was measureless. Both were witnesses of scenes, in the one case, of tragic character, in the other of comic interest, on the banks of the Thames. Yet while the same stream rippled past the island on which King John swore false oaths, and swelled to fuller volume where the roystering prince rollicked with the fast old knight, yet whole ages separated the lives and habits of the two monarchs. Not in miles but in spiritual and legal guarantees of human rights do we properly reckon the progress of mankind. That Shakespeare did not lack a field in which to display his genius in the portrayal either of individual character or of certain types of life or of racial development is not worth trying to prove. Yet he makes little effort anywhere to set forth the common man in type, either in the era of John or of Richard II. He certainly was happy in having Crecy, and the times of the Peasants' Revolt. But he did not use them. It must be that what he did not know well he did not care to use, or else he omitted to introduce what was not of dramatic or even of financial profit. If he knew what we now know, that the end of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth centuries were rich in dramatic possibilities, so far as the man in the lower ranks was concerned, and of profoundest interest to the student of history, he was strangely and inexplicably indifferent to a rich mine of dramatic power, or, on the other hand, he passed in unconcern what ought to have got the touch of his genius-gifted hand. He was like the slave Hebrew, and could not have been equal to the task of making bricks without straw. What was the good of trying to manipulate pawns when kings and queens had the major charm even for the groundlings? His non-use of the opportunity to show his feeling toward the rising of the common man we account for in part when we turn to Coriolanus, where he evidently reveals his dislike of the Roman mob.

If it is urged that the Jack Cade uprising enters the stage in Henry VI, when the angry throng included merchants, laborers, boatmen, and a few from the inferior clergy, yet the meaning of the whole affair is summed up in gloom when the king grants knighthood to Cade's murderer. It remains true here as elsewhere that the dramatic values are confined to the selfish strifes of the

upper classes. At any rate it is worth while to keep in mind that Shakespeare knew the quality of Cade's followers, their instability, their quickness to stir up trouble, their tamperings with order and just rule, and so he leaned, in his sympathy, with the side which was under profound obligations to preserve order. In this he shared the feelings of all great men, for they have always been lovers of order. This applies to men good and bad, to Cromwell, Napoleon, and even to Old Nick. It includes Alexander Hamilton and Abraham Lincoln. Had Shakespeare dramatized the time of transition from the judges to the kings of Palestine he would have preferred the story of Saul, or that of David, to the days of Judea's lawless years, "when every man did what was right in his own eyes." The great Dublin scholar Professor Dowden has offered a capital reason for what appears as the fact of the omission by the dramatist of a fair use of the common man, and his seeming preference for royal circles. The upper classes furnished Shakespeare the better field for discussing the battles and triumphs of his own moral life. In the conflicts of kings he was watching the ups and downs in his own regal soul. In these observations he never ran counter to the moral order of the world. In his Henry V he evidently shows his favorite. He has much to say of honor. Three men portray three different kinds or types of honor. While he plainly enjoys old Falstaff, he soon disposes of him, for while he offsets the vanity of Hotspur's sense of honor, the fat knight's honor is too shallow a thing with which to engage in serious battle for the name and fate of England. The unctuous rogue served as a capital offset to the fiery Hotspur, and made light of the feudalism which was slowly going to its doom in the days after Edward III. In the real hero, his favorite, Henry V, Shakespeare set upon the stage the chief of the three kinds of honor which fascinated his hearers. In order we name them all: First there is the titled bravado, Hotspur; second, the burlesque in Falstaff; third, the manly courage of the prince. With him the triangle is complete. While the honor of Hotspur clothed itself with the attitudinizing of an earlier day, and while Falstaff made it ridiculous, it remained for the young king on a real battlefield, Agincourt, to regain the confidence of English hearts with his

If it be a sin to covet honor
I am the most offending soul alive.

Henry's touchstone of honor was of different sort from that of the fat scamp or the hot-head. Neither pretense nor mockery played any part in the earnest and simple-minded prince. His good-fellowship with the men of the lower ranks in the midst of bloody fight, in the ditches of Harfleur, and on the ridges of Agincourt, speak across the centuries with animating voice to all classes of England, of rank and no rank, spending their treasures in the muddy trenches of western France. The same fields ripen and the same skies grow red now as when Henry led his worn followers to hard-won victory in 1415. It is as it should be. For in Henry's words the same inspiration stirs the blood of the men of England.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead.

While I would not be guilty of the folly charged in beginning this paper I cannot let slip the chance to say one final word. As then, so now, there has come a new unity to England. Walter Besant was right; it is not the King, nor the House of Lords, nor the Commons, nor the Cabinet, but the people who rule England. What Shakespeare did not foresee, could not foresee, has come to pass. Yet he caught a glimpse of the great day. With Henry V there went down to the shore and across the Channel men of all classes, and they returned having fought their enemy to a standstill. Fluellen of Wales, Macmorris of Ireland, and Jamy of Scotland were truly significant of a United English Empire, though they did not talk like the Englishmen of the Court. Each had his peculiar brogue, yet they were one in their devotion to their frank and manly king. How is it now? To-day one note fills the bugle, and one breeze blows through the feather, the shamrock, and the thistle.

Not to let slip the opportunity for another suggestion: Whether the bard knew it or not, the common man was coming up. A hint of it is found in the conclusion of the long cycle of the history plays. Henry VII came to the throne with a backing of the Commons by the vote of their choice. Before that time

kings were such by right of blood of inheritance, not by any free choice of the Commons. Though succeeding days witnessed the Commons beaten down and even temporarily silenced during the Tudor despotism, the free power was not allowed to suffer extinction. It reasserted itself, after the brief tyranny of Henry VIII, with daring and true dignity, and under the leadership of a unified Parliament Englishmen breathed more freely.

The great national epic of Shakespeare began with the prophecy of John of Gaunt. It closes with that of Cranmer at the font where the babe of Anne Boleyn is presented for baptism. So the long struggle ends and Shakespeare closes his life work and the mighty story which he began with the tyranny of John bending before the Pope and concluded with the entering in of a free Protestantism.

R. J. Fennell

PHILOSOPHY AND THE WAR

IN order to discuss the connection of philosophy and the European war it is necessary to make distinctions. The relation of philosophy to the war is not identical with the attitude of philosophers. And philosophy may be studied either as one of the alleged causes of the conflict or as influenced in its own development by the progress and the outcome of the struggle.

In the first place, philosophy and philosophers are not to be identified in speaking of the war, or at least a distinction must be drawn between philosophy and the position of those contemporary thinkers whose views have appeared in print. The attitude of these has made a sorry spectacle. In many instances their arguments have lacked the detachment and the poise, not to speak of nobler qualities, which are counted peculiarly the philosopher's own. It is true, of course, that philosophical scholars have not been alone in this position. It is possible for the student of philosophy to discover imperfect and ignoble comfort in the example of learned colleagues in other fields. There are the professors of international law with their thesis that no principle is sacred which limits the destructive enterprises of their nations. There are the professors of theology marshaled to support the military propaganda. There are the classical historians who have shown how history may be misinterpreted and misapplied. But, if the philosophers have not been the sole offenders, none have done worse than they. It is a relief to turn to the broader implications of speculative thought. These we consider, however, as asserted causes of the war, not in relation to the results which may be expected to follow from it. That the course of philosophy may be substantially influenced by the struggle is, indeed, beyond all question. The probability even of such an outcome may be argued both from the nature of philosophy and from the history of the present crisis. And already indications are manifest of changes wrought in those spiritual conditions by which, in large measure, the trend of philosophical speculation is determined.

In several of the warring nations observers have noted a revival of religious feeling comparable to the results produced in earlier centuries by other wars. Men writing from the trenches speak of their altered appraisal of the realities of life as day by day they stand face to face with death. Not only Rupert Brooke, but poets unknown before find deeper inspiration for their verse:

Cast aside regret and rue,
Think what you are marching to;
Little live, great pass.

Wherefore, men marching
On the road to death, sing!
Pour your gladness on earth's head,
So be merry, so be dead.

Thus sang an English lad, son of one of our choicest professors of moral philosophy, ere his voice was forever stilled in battle. And let us not forget the report of those two socialists who more than a year ago recorded the effects of six months spent by them in France. A young New Yorker and his wife, they had enlisted in the ambulance service. Returning a half year later they thus described the alteration in their point of view: Before the war they had believed in internationalism, at the front they had learned to appreciate the significance of patriotism and national feeling; previously they had subscribed to the doctrine of human goodness and perfectibility, their experience near the firing line had convinced them of the reality of sin, for sin they had seen in actual operation.

Evidently such experiences repeated in multitudes of minds may profoundly influence the spirit of the age, and the spirit of the age expresses itself, among other ways, in the philosophy which seeks its reflective interpretation. The central issues of the war, again—the state, neutrality, law, international obligation—include elements of a directly philosophical kind. Nevertheless the time has not yet come to consider the changes produced by the struggle. These are by no means yet complete. The facts themselves are accomplished only in a partial measure, and after they have been achieved years must pass before it will be possible

to estimate them in terms of ultimate values. All, for some time yet, nations at war and peaceful peoples, must bend to the task of battling through the dreary situation. This will imply thought as well as action, but thought on the issues immediately before the world. Ulterior results cannot reasonably be considered until a later time. With philosophy as one of the causes of the war the case is different. Already scholars of reputation—German, French, English, and American—have taken up the subject. And, although concerning this point also final judgment may better be reserved, it is possible at least to begin the examination of the questions which are involved. At the outbreak of the war much was said of the influence of Nietzsche; and in a book which must shortly be considered Wundt has praised Nietzsche as the latest exponent of the German idealistic tradition. There are, however, few philosophers by profession who find it possible to join in the view that Nietzscheanism precipitated the war. Nietzsche was a strange, erratic genius. Like his life, his philosophy passed through several phases. In the final stage it culminated in intense opposition to the established ethical and social order, in particular to the ethics of Christianity. Of Christian doctrine Nietzsche had less to say, for he held it outlawed by the progress of modern knowledge. But Christian ethics, the morality of humility, of sympathy, of helpful service—on this European civilization continues to be based, and this too he considered detrimental to the progress of the world. Not humility, but resolute self-esteem, not altruism, but the assertion of individual strength, not the will to serve, but the will to power, not the greatest good of the greatest number, but the development of the superman—such is to be the ideal of the future. The traditional morality was wrought out in the decline of Israel by a subject people with the mind of slaves; let it be abandoned for an ideal of vigor and self-assertion. Not indeed for a principle of license or of self-indulgence. The superman is to discipline himself as well as to neglect the advantage of the herd. He must himself renounce in order to further the coming of the superior stock. But indulgence, even, or license is better than the cult of weakness, the coddling of the unfit, the protection and the increase of the men

of lower rank. What is needed is a transformation of moral values. The ideal of pity and benevolence must be replaced by a new gospel, by the gospel of the will to power. These principles of Nietzsche sound suspiciously familiar. They betray a remarkable resemblance to watchwords which since August, 1914, have echoed round the world. So that it is tempting to conclude that the will to power has for two long years been exhibiting its depravity throughout embattled Europe. And the case involves more than kinship in elements of doctrine: the rejection of moral restraints which Nietzsche favored finds its counterpart in the contempt for obligation which has characterized the military spirit and the calculated brutalities to which this has too often led. Nevertheless, there are elements of difference here as well as points of contact. The Nietzschean conception was individual rather than social, its author favored an aristocracy of culture and condemned nationalism; his ideal was the superman, not the superstate. Questions suggest themselves, once more, concerning the extent and the continuance of Nietzsche's influence. He found admirers, no doubt, and made disciples. The audacity of his teachings, their connection with other doctrines accepted by our age, the brilliant literary style in which he expressed his paradoxes, attracted followers without as well as within the Fatherland. But his views encountered opposition even at home, so that he never attained a place among the intellectual and moral leaders of the German people. And although his influence persists the first flush of his renown had passed before the conflict of the nations loomed upon the European horizon. Finally, it must be doubted whether the substantive causes of the war are to be found in any abstract system; whether they should not rather be analyzed in terms of concrete conditions, explained by factors of national development, of economic tendency, and other non-speculative facts. For such reasons most students of philosophy decline to hold Nietzsche responsible for the great war. It would be rash indeed to deny his influence. To rate it substantial and decisive, on the other hand, would amount to an exaggeration of the case.

A second discussion differs in several respects from the arguments which have so far been considered. It is entitled, if we

translate the German, *The Nations and their Philosophy*, and it comes from the pen of Wundt, the noted psychologist and philosopher of Leipsic. Wundt is a veteran scholar. Behind him stretches a long career of learned achievement. By his work in psychology, in logic, in ethics, he has made himself one of the influential thinkers of the age. Now he comes forward with a little book of counsel to his countrymen concerning the gravest issues of our time. The work was completed in March, 1915. Thus it is of later date than many other books upon the war, and presumably more free than these from the passion of the opening conflict. Indeed, the author tells us in his preface that his conclusions had been maturing in his mind for some years before the war broke out; further, that they have been drawn, without prejudice or anger, for purposes of general information, although recent events have given them added emphasis. One is tempted to wish, however, that Wundt might prove mistaken in this statement of his own position. It would be happier to believe him misled by the illusions which have obsessed the nation as a whole than to find in this brochure a misuse of scholarship to confirm the writer's countrymen in their effort to dominate the world. The thesis of Wundt's argument is German superiority as this is shown by the development of modern philosophy. Germany, he tells us, began the modern age, for he counts as German every thinker who by any stretch can be classed as such. In the seventeenth century France continued the movement, contributing to the progress of European thought. Britain did something in the eighteenth century, although its influence was mostly unimportant and of a baneful sort. Germany has been the home of lofty idealistic thinking, to her has passed the leadership of the nineteenth century, in her guidance and her supremacy rests the hope for the future of the world. The defense of this remarkable thesis includes specimens of historical imagination equally surprising, as the writer takes his data now from the practical, now from the speculative field. A nation's spirit is shown by its songs. So in the strophes of the "Marseillaise" the Frenchman raves of glory since in his wars he seeks personal or national prestige. To the Teuton, urges our philosopher, fighting for prestige is

incomprehensible; it lies outside the circle of his mind. The English—and for the English Wundt reserves his venom—sing “Rule Britannia, rule the waves” in the true spirit of their insatiable lust for the fleshpots of the world. For England always seeks material domination, pursues it though it call for the sacrifice of her own sons or drench the world in blood. The German, on the other hand, fights always for ideal ends. “The Watch on the Rhine” illustrates his spirit of loyalty and devotion. Written a generation before the war of 1870-71, and in that crisis caught up from the neglect into which it had fallen, this hymn is instinct with the idea of duty—the idea which inspires the German alike in warfare and in the affairs of peace. He sheds his blood not for glory or for gain, but out of patriotic fervor, from devotion to the welfare of the Fatherland.

Now, how has it been possible for a scholar of the first rank to argue in this way? His argument, indeed, represents traditional judgments and deeply rooted prejudices of the Teutonic mind, but here these are urged as seriously reasoned conclusions. Is Wundt, then, self-deceived?—or is he misleading his countrymen?—or, under the influence of emotional stress, is he doing something of both, misled himself the while by the reliance on abstractions which is so characteristic of the national habit? Whatever be the explanation, his work is equally at fault when he passes to more definite questions of philosophical interpretation. The English thinkers, he contends, move constantly on a low plane. From Bacon and Locke to Herbert Spencer they have kept close to surface fact, not soaring, like the German, into the region of the absolute and the ideal. As in world-affairs the English seek material gain, so their philosophy favors utilitarian views. In ethics their doctrine is not only utilitarian but selfish; in contrast to the principle of duty and the categorical imperative which Kant burned into the consciousness of the German people. To the British political philosopher the state is simply a contingent beneficial arrangement, for he never considers it in the light of political principles of a substantive kind. In the philosophy of religion—shades of Locke and Berkeley, of Hume and Spencer, even, and other thinkers of the negative school!—the

Briton is conspicuously missing; when he does discuss religion he approaches the subject from the lower, empirical side and his interest is determined by the profit to be derived from faith. Here once more we have an extraordinary combination of truth and buncombe. And even if it continues a mistaken tradition of German scholarship, dating more than a century back, the question again presses, How is it to be explained? And what may be expected from the uneducated German when he is instructed in this fashion by the leaders in his, nay, in Europe's intellectual world? For example, consider one of Wundt's most emphatic arguments: The Englishman is moved always by advantage, the German by the idea of duty, and by this alone; and the fact is shown—or it has been brought about—by the steady preference of the English for the utilitarian analysis of morals. Is there no distinction, then, between the metaphysics of ethical theory and the content of practical morality? Are we to overlook the evident truth that practice varies far less than the philosophical systems which are constructed to account for it? Further, and more concretely, can it be that Wundt fails to recognize the emphasis which has been placed on duty—duty ideal and complete—by English utilitarians throughout the modern age? Let us recall Locke's services to liberty in the long struggle between the Stuarts and the people. Let us remember the efforts of Bentham and the Mills in behalf of measures of reform. Contrast Spencer's fervent advocacy of peace with the insistence of Wundt's compatriots on the ideals of battle. To doubt the ethical temper of such thinkers would be little less absurd than to question that of Kant himself. One might as well rate the loyalty of German soldiers, splendid though it be, superior to the spirit of the men of English blood, streaming forth from shop and market, from factory and from mine, from castles also and from college halls, who have given their lives for country and for civilization from Flanders to the narrows of the Dardanelles.

In spite of these defects, Wundt's argument suggests a conclusion which has been reached by scholars in many different lands, that the philosophical antecedents of the war may be found in the work of the German idealistic school. This conclusion has

been most ably defended by an American writer, Professor Dewey, in his *German Philosophy and Politics*. Dewey, however, obscures the issue by his insistence on his own pragmatic point of view. Not only has German idealism led toward the war, but, as he contends, the conception of the state on which the war is based logically follows from this type of philosophical doctrine. And he closes with an admonition to Americans in view of the political thinking of the future: If we wish to escape absolutism and militarism let us avoid the metaphysics from which these proceed, let us in our political and social thinking adhere to the concrete, the experimental, the practical point of view.

Professor Dewey's interpretation has gained greater favor outside philosophical circles than among philosophers by profession. The facts on which it is based have been noted by scholars of different nationalities and varying schools of thought. From this statement, however, his criticism of Kant should be excluded, for in regard to Kant his work is historically vulnerable. It is true that the later idealism developed from Kant's theoretical philosophy; but this development Kant himself vehemently repudiated. It is also true that the Kantian doctrine of ethics was formal almost to the point of emptiness; but its insistence on the spirit of morality has rung like a watchword through the nineteenth century as a whole. And the teachings of Kant on political questions run counter to absolutism and militarism of every kind. His essay "On Perpetual Peace," published in 1795, anticipates not a few of the positions which have been commended since August two years ago. Peace is the ideal of national life. Peace can be secured only through the establishment of republicanism, that is, representative government. Professional standing armies should gradually be abolished. Instead of a congeries of hostile nations Europe must be transformed into a federation of peaceful states. Such were some of Kant's principal conclusions, and they should not be overlooked in the endeavor to determine the responsibility for the later German doctrine. For here Wundt, despite his fallacies, is nearer to the truth. The author of the *Critique of Practical Reason* and the *Metaphysics of Ethics*

blessed the later modern world. If his views on peace and war had gained equal currency Europe by now might be a league of peace, not a shambles and a byword to the world.

It is thus to the successors of Kant that the philosophical tradition traces back. Hegel, the greatest of them all, exalted the Germans as the leaders in the Reformation and post-Reformation history. Hegel also consummated the doctrine of the absolute state. And in the third decade of the last century, in the period of slackness after the Napoleonic wars, this doctrine was welcomed by the reactionary government of Prussia. Hegel's pupils, once more, and his disciples worked actively in historical and political philosophy, handing down the theory of the master to the new generation of their countrymen. Between Kant and Hegel, however, came Fichte. And Fichte, as Germans assert and foreign scholars agree, was the philosophical author of the spirit of the war. The first stages of Fichte's influence make a splendid story. In his earlier career the philosopher had been an internationalist, though he always believed in the supremacy of the state. Then followed the French invasion and the subjugation of the Fatherland. Unlike Hegel, unlike some other cosmopolitans, Fichte felt the pressure of the national disaster. In theory and practically he now became an ardent patriot. With voice and pen he joined in the revival of the spirit of the nation. Nay, he endeavored to take his part in active service, as a chaplain out of orders, and, indirectly, he lost his life through the devotion of his household to war relief.

Fichte's most important work was undertaken in 1807-08. In the winter of that year he delivered in Berlin his celebrated Addresses to the German Nation. Prussia lay prostrate under Napoleon's hand. To act, even to speak, as a patriotic Prussian was to risk imprisonment or to imperil life itself. From Fichte's lecture room the patrols of the French hussars might be heard without as, to crowding audiences, he explained his hopes for the resurrection of the nation. The age is degenerate, he cried. European civilization has run out. Force and contrasted weakness, the brutal invasion of human rights, on the one hand, the loss of self-respect and manhood on the other, ignorance, baseness, and, back of all, self-seeking—such is the end to which the age of the en-

lightenment has come. There remains but one way of restoration: a new generation must be reared by education. The people must be trained to put forth its latent moral power; from ignorance it must be led on to knowledge, for selfishness and baseness it must substitute devotion to common ends, patriotism will culminate in religion as both are interpreted in terms of idealistic truth. And now in what land is there hope for such renewal? Which of the European peoples is fitted to become the savior of the coming age? Unquestionably, Fichte argues, salvation depends upon the German nation, and on this alone. The Germans only have preserved the conditions of recovery from the general decadence. For, in measure, they retain the virtues of the primitive stock. Their language is purer and more virile than the Latin tongues; in spite of its shortcomings, their civilization stands intrinsically above all foreign culture. They represent an *Urvolk*, an original and model stem, and on such alone the needed education can be grafted with promise of success. This is the prophet's message to his people in the time of their calamity. Rise and redeem yourselves, he proclaims; prepare the way for a new and better age. And why? Because ye are the elect nation. No other possesses the power of recovery. You must save yourselves—but not for yourselves alone. For if ye fail humanity will perish with you! Is it any wonder that Germany cherishes the name of Fichte on the roll of her national heroes? And when, in 1913, the centenary of the war of liberation was celebrated—in direct anticipation, it may be added, of the present conflict—it was just as well as natural that his work should be honored among the forces which had saved the nation at the crisis of its later history. But here once more, and finally, it is necessary to guard against exaggeration. So far as philosophy goes, Fichte originated much that of late has grown unhappily familiar. That which was splendid doctrine in Napoleon's time, preached to conquered Prussia, became poison to Imperial Germany, rich, prosperous, and dominant. For a weak, subject people to believe itself elect may favor human progress. When divine preference is boasted by an empire increasing in wealth, foremost in science, intoxicated with military power, and organized on the basis of eighteenth-century statcraft, the conclusion needs no

longer to be drawn in words; the facts now haunt the minds of men by day, at times they disturb even our dreams.

But has this result been due to philosophy alone? And must idealism accept responsibility for whatever share is chargeable to abstract thought? At this point contemporary idealists demur to the conclusions which have just been set forth. It was not the doctrine itself, they argue, that has brought about the present crisis, but precisely the abandonment of the doctrine. The philosophy of Kant and Fichte had inspired the Germans for the uprising against Napoleon. Idealism gave to Germany, in advance of other nations, the educational system which has made her great. Hegel's absolute doctrine of the state was a benefit, not a hindrance to the national progress. In itself it recognized the interests of the spirit and refused to base politics on naked force; under its guidance the Germans learned that true freedom can be found only in submission to the order established by the will of all. From the middle of the nineteenth century, however, the situation changed. The influence of the idealistic school had waned. Physical science was in the ascendant and speculation at its lowest ebb. Issuing from science, and fostered by the industrial expansion of the age, materialism flourished, sometimes in its crudest forms. Men philosophized now in terms of Darwinism, or, if they had recourse to metaphysics at all, they favored the doctrine of blind will first taught by Schopenhauer and revived in recent times by the madman, Nietzsche. Thus the later thinking met halfway the militarism of the new empire. Materialism, not idealism, joined with the military spirit, and it was from this unhallowed union that the present calamity was born. A full appraisal of these arguments would require prolonged discussion. Briefly stated, the truth appears to be that, while the idealists plead ably in mitigation of the verdict passed upon their doctrines, they cannot altogether break it down. Fichte was the philosophical author of the dogma that Germanism rules supreme. Hegel developed and enforced the doctrine of the absolute state. The contention, on the other hand, that the element of force came from other than idealistic sources has greater cogency, especially if the balance is struck between the influence of philosophy and of the non-philosophical factors.

For in the end it may well be questioned whether the war has in any large sense been directly due to abstract thought. Consider for a moment the political development of later Germany. In the eighteenth century Frederick the Great had affected philosophy, in the earlier nineteenth Frederick William IV would neglect affairs of state to study doctrinal theology. But Bismarck, at least after his university days, and Moltke, and the old Kaiser—was there ever a triumvirate of leaders less marked by predilection for speculative concerns? And if any one man can be counted responsible—posthumously responsible—for the present war, the question may be suggested whether that man was not Otto, Prinz von Bismarck. He disapproved, no doubt, of policies from which the war has sprung: colonial development, naval expansion, hostility to Russia, and the like. But as men study the matter with growing comprehension it becomes increasingly clear that the conflict was brought about by erroneous political and military conceptions developing under the desire for economic gain. And in later Germany this political organization was, for the most part, the work of Bismarck's genius. The system had a wider rootage, reaching down into the German character and back into Prussia's historic past. These tendencies, however, were summed up, they were incarnated, in Bismarck. He was the founder of the German Empire. And he reared it on the basis of force. The result our time has seen. For not on the German nation, for all its gifts and powers, depends the future of humanity, but on the overthrow of this principle which it has adopted as its own.

A. C. Armstrong

A PURITAN COMMENTATOR

I THINK I may venture a few words, by way of introduction, on the trials and burdens of a bibliophile. Eugene Field begins his delightful little poem, "Dear Old London," in this breezy fashion:

When I was broke in London in the fall of '89
I chanced to spy in Oxford Street this tantalizing sign:
"A Splendid Horace cheap for Cash!" Of course I had to look
Upon the vaunted bargain, and it was a noble book!
A finer one I've never seen, nor can I hope to see—
The first edition, richly bound, and clean as clean can be;
And just to think, for three-pounds-ten I might have had that Pine,
When I was broke in London in the fall of '89!

I have often passed through the same experience and it has become a chronic condition to find myself "broke" when I have seen some special bargain at Scribner's, Dodd & Mead's or Brentano's.

For a generation I had been enamored of a certain commentator. I cannot tell where I first met him, but I recall that I found great delight in reading excerpts from him in Spurgeon's Treasury of David. I then registered a vow that if I could run across him anywhere, in any old bookstore, he should be mine. So I used to rummage Bartlett's, and Colesworthy's, and the rest of the Cornhill and Tremont Street bookstores in Boston, and whenever I got a chance in New York or Philadelphia or Baltimore I pressed my inquiries for my commentator. But most men had never heard of him, and few had ever seen him, and none possessed him. Once I found a man who had heard of a man who knew where my commentator could be found, but in the end I was disappointed. I was like the grand vizier in Markham's Shoes of Happiness. He found no possessor of happiness, but was

Told of a rumor, from far Algiers,
Of a man who had never tasted tears.
So off they went rocking by desert wells,
Cheered on by the sound of the camel bells,

Till out on the road where the hot hours ran
They were told by the chief of a caravan
That the man was dead—the one glad man!

So all my broad avenues ended in footpaths that passed into a squirrel's track and ran up a tree. And all the while it was getting into the warp and woof of my soul that I must have my commentator before I died. At last I went to a famous bookseller and mortgaged my library and put my sermons into pawn, so to say, and said, "Now find for me in Paternoster Row, or Fleet Street, or Piccadilly, or Quaritch's, the one dusty set that hides the gems from the Puritan mine that I must have in my hand before I can die happy." The war was on. Nobody was interested to look for commentators. Everybody in England was forced to look for Zeppelins and U-boats. But, to whatever sovereign men give allegiance, the *golden* sovereign is coin in any realm. At last, after a year of search, I got word from London that my commentator had been found and that he would be shipped. How my heart pulsed for that old commentator! If he had been in the flesh I could hardly have been more anxious lest U-boat 53 or some other monster of the deep would shoot him through at the midnight hour without warning, and send him to keep company with the wicked admirals of the Spanish Armada whom he so feared in his lifetime and over whose destruction he sang a hymn of praise.

My adventurous commentator escaped all dangers of the deep, of storm and battle, and one bright day I got word—and the bill—from my bookseller telling me that the desire of my life was about to be realized. From his hand I took the five stout volumes. As I looked at them with reverence I had no difficulty in believing that they were contemporary with Shakespeare and Milton. They even looked as if they might go back to the time of which Knowles sings.

Helen's lips are sifted dust,
Ilion is consumed with rust,
All the galleons of Greece
Drink the ocean's dreamless peace.

I do not know where the volumes had been kept—perhaps in

the library of some castle or in some antiquarian's treasured store. As I opened them I found the pages were uncut. No unfriendly critic had ever thumbed them nor had lover caressed their pages; it was virgin soil to me. How my heart trembled as I cut the pages! Thus it happened that, after voyagings as eventful and more extended than those of Vergil's hero, I came to put by the side of Henry and Lange and Westcott and MacLaren and Weiss and George Adam Smith, and others too numerous to name, my Puritan commentator, John Trapp.

John Trapp was born in a little village not far from Stratford-on-Avon, June 5, 1601. A little way off, on the 8th of September the same year, Mary Shakespeare, mother of William, was left a widow. Trapp was Oxford bred, and with the self-respect of a cultured intellect he failed not to announce on his "commentaries" that he was "sometime of Christ Church in Oxford." He left the University with an A.M. in 1624. The head master of the free school in Stratford-on-Avon was old, and desired an associate to take the superintendency of the establishment, and young Trapp was accepted for the position. It was in the year 1624 that he married Anne Gibbard, a Christian name that reminds us of another Anne who only a few months before, in 1623, had been laid beside her immortal husband in that world's pilgrim-shrine, the north side of the chancel in Christ Church, Stratford-on-Avon. The grandchildren of Shakespeare were doubtless among the pupils of Trapp, and Mistress Suzanne Hall, "witty above her sex," daughter of Shakespeare, was, with her husband, among his personal friends. For sixteen years Trapp was occupied with his school duties and occasional service at the Chapel of Luddington, near Stratford. His first book was published in 1638 and called "God's Love Tokens." In 1639 to 1662 Trapp designates himself in all his title pages as "pastor and preacher of the word of God in Weston-on-Avon in Gloucestershire." It will be recalled that contemporaneous with Trapp were Shakespeare, Francis Bacon, Milton, George, Duke of Buckingham; Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir William Temple, John Locke, John Bunyan, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Edward Coke, Ben Jonson, Thomas Kent, Bishop of Bath; Sir Isaac Newton, John Hampden, William Penn, Oliver

Cromwell, and scores of others whose influence was mighty to make or to mar the character and virtue of men. Those who are familiar with the story of the Civil War in England will know that in Trapp's time Church and State alike were in confusion. It was a crisis-time, during which all Englishmen were choosing their parties and preparing for civil war. "The old corselet and steel cap, the old pike and sword and carbine, were being taken down from the wall where they had hung since the Armada; the hunter and the farm-horse were being trained to stand fire; squadrons of yeomen, battalions of burghers, were being drilled by officers who had served under Gustavus; French and German engineers were organizing the artillery; uniforms were being made for Newcastle's white coats, Hampden's green coats, Lord Saye's blue coats, the City of London's red coats." So writes Goldwin Smith. He says "friends who had taken opposite sides with sad hearts were waving a last farewell to one another across the widening gulf." Trapp chose the side of the nation sorrowfully and reluctantly, but decisively, and aided the marshaling of Roundhead against Cavalier for the right. When Trapp dedicates his Commentary on the New Testament to Colonel Bridges, governor of Warwick Castle, he says, "This book of mine doth at once both crave and claim your patronage; for I cannot bethink me of anyone that—all things considered—hath better right to it and me than yourself. I must never forget how that, being carried prisoner by the enemy, you soon let me off by exchange; and after that, being by them driven from house and home, you received me to harbor; yea, being driven out of one pulpit—where they thought to have surprised me—you presently put me into another, where I had a comfortable employment and a competent encouragement." Then follows as extraordinary a revelation as ever has been made concerning the circumstances under which a book was produced: "What hours I could THEN well spare," he continues, "from the *pensum diurnum* of praying and preaching I gladly spent on these Notes upon the New Testament; as hating with the Athenians *ἡσυχίαν ἀπράγμονα*, a fruitless feriation, and holding—with Cato that account must be given, not of our labour only, but of our leisure also." Then very pathetically, "for that two years' space, well nigh, that I lived in

your garrison I think I may truly say with Seneca, 'I laboured night and day (amidst many fears and tears for the labouring Church and bleeding State) that I might be some way serviceable to the public and to you. And albeit I was even sick at heart sometimes of the affliction of Joseph, and even ready through faintness to let fall my pen, as it befell Jerome, when, writing upon Ezekiel, he heard of the sacking of the city of Rome by the Goths; yet as God, who comforteth those that are cast down gave us any *lucida intervalla* (this last triumphant year especially) I took heart afresh to set closer to the work which now, by God's grace, is brought to some period.' In "this last triumphant year" he refers to Cromwell's glorious victory.

Samuel Clarke wrote of Trapp: "He is a man . . . who hath wholly devoted and given up himself to the service of God's Church, and doth naturally care for the good thereof; witness his constant preaching, even whilst the burthen and care of a public school lay upon him; and now in these calamitous and bloody times, wherein he hath suffered deeply, being driven from his charge, and forced to shroud himself in a garrison of the Parliament's; yet, notwithstanding his daily labours amongst the soldiers, and in the midst of the noises of guns and drums, he hath betaken himself to writing of Commentaries upon the sacred Scriptures." These "noises of guns and drums" under whose din our calm Puritan wrote his Notes remind us of Richard Baxter's sermon in the village church of Alcester while the roaring of the cannon announced the battle of Edgehill.

Besides his service in the garrison, and taking of the Covenant, and sharing in the Parliament's ecclesiastical commission, Trapp scatters up and down his "Commentaries" burning words that leave no doubt as to his sentiments. He mourns over the gallant Lord Brook in beautiful contrast with the superstitious twaddle of retribution, by Laud, on the same event; and has articulate and lofty thanks for Edgehill and Naseby. He was out-and-out a Presbyterian, but uncontroversial and element. After the restoration, in 1660, Trapp was permitted to go back to his school. No more eloquent proof could be adduced to the immovable place he had won in the respect and confidence of the community. It telleth also,

perchance, that he had mellowed as he aged and lived a quiet and peaceable life, being of the type of Melancthon rather than Luther, or Richard Sibbes rather than John Goodwin. And so he went "out and in" in all simpleness unto the end. He died on the 17th of October, 1669, and was buried in his own church of Weston-upon-Avon, within the communion rail, and "near to the grave of his sometime wife." His son John, then vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, placed a plain stone over his parents. It is now time-worn, and half illegible, but the passer-by will not fail to find it. A Puritan historian says of him: "He never had, or even wished for, any preferment besides his vicarage [of Weston], which lay at the convenient distance of two miles from his school. His character for strictness of life and as a preacher was such that he was, on the foot of his merit, offered very considerable benefices, which he refused to accept, *as his condition was equal to his wishes.*" Even during his life he was held in the profoundest veneration by his contemporaries. In every subsequently published "Exposition" or "Commentary" you find Trapp quoted with better than merely laudatory epithets—his immense hunger for "work" and laboriousness in everything having signal recognition; and the son-in-law of William Shakespeare, in that oldest of books ever ventured to the press, whether read in its quaint Latin or in Cooke's plain-speeched English—*Observations on English Bodies*—interweaves with his printed Prescription for him—and which is a curiosity in itself, and its homely wording—this great testimony: "Mr. J. Trapp, minister, for his piety and learning, second to none." With similar respect, indeed reverent love does the famous Thomas Hall of King's Norton—ripest and rarest of the later Puritans, and a genuine scholar—dedicate to him his *Pulpit Guarded*. Two of the great commentators of his time, Drs. John Bryan and Obadiah Grew, say, "We need not commend the author; all his works speak him to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed; an interpreter; one among a thousand."

The literary taste of that Puritan time as evidenced by the commendations which appear in these volumes is a most interesting study. For instance, the Christian reader is addressed by Samuel Clarke "from his study in Threadneedle Street, July 27, 1654,"

in this fashion: "Though an attestation from me to this work is but to light a candle to the sun, the author being so well known and approved of in the Church of Christ by his former labours; yet out of my respect to the author and desire of thy profit, I thought fit to tell thee, that besides the golden eloquence, sweet similitudes, and fitly applied histories, which thou shalt find interwoven through all this work, thou shalt meet with more for exposition and opening of the difficult texts in this than in most former commentaries." And to Trapp himself he writes of this last book of the prophets:

And was I so mistrustful as to fear
There would no more of Trap in print appear?
Oh! now I see 'twas but *in part*, in pledge;
What we received before was but to edge
Our appetites, so it hath. We like, and wish
We might feast every day on such a dish.

In the Queen's English of almost 300 years ago Trapp gives us sentences which have whole sermons in them. Not even Matthew Henry is so original and thought-provoking. May I call attention to a few sentences out of his commentary on the Gospels to show you a little of his quality and temper?

Commenting on Jesus being led into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil, he says: "Luther observed of himself that when God was about to set him upon any special service he either laid some fit of sickness upon him beforehand, or turned Satan loose upon him. So no sooner was Christ out of the water of baptism than in the fire of temptation. ('Into the Wilderness.') Likely the wilderness of Sinai, where Moses and Elias had fasted before. These three great fasters met afterwards in Mount Tabor." "The devil took advantage of the place here to assault our Saviour in the desert, but was beaten on his own dunghill, that we might overcome through him that loved us, the fiend being already foiled by Christ. As Christ was tempted, so David, after his anointment, was hunted as a partridge upon the mountains. Israel is no sooner out of Egypt than Pharaoh pursues them. Hezekiah no sooner had kept that solemn passover than Sennacherib comes up against him. St. Paul is assaulted with vile temptations after the

abundance of his revelation. While Jacob would be Laban's drudge and packhorse all was well; but when once he began to flee, he makes after him with all his might." All was jolly quiet at Ephesus before St. Paul came thither; but then "there arose no small stir about that way." "All the while our Saviour lay in his father's shop, and meddled only with carpenter's chips, the devil troubled him not. But now that he is to enter more publicly upon his office of mediatorship, the tempter pierceth his tender soul with many sorrows by solicitation to sin." Elsewhere he says "ministers are fishers. A busy profession, a toilsome calling, no idle man's occupation, as the vulgar conceit it, nor needless trade, taken up alate to pick a living out of." Let God's fishermen busy themselves as they must, sometimes in preparing, sometimes in mending, sometimes in casting abroad, sometimes in drawing in the net, "that they may separate the precious from the vile, and no man shall have just cause to twit them with idleness or to say they have an easy life, and that it is neither sin nor pity to defraud them." "There is not a hair on our heads, white or black, but hath God for the maker and God for the master too. Let those that pride themselves in their hair think what a heavy account Absalom made to God for that sin. Long hair in women is a token of modesty. But modesty grows short in men as their hair grows long." "Justin Martyr, an ancient writer, testifieth that our Saviour, ere he entered upon the ministry, made ploughs, yokes, etc. But was that not an honest occupation? And did not this Carpenter make a coffin for Julian, that persecuting apostate?—as a Christian school-master fitly answered Libanius sarcastically demanding what the carpenter's son was a-doing now." Of the woman who said, "Yea, the dogs eat of the crumbs," he says, "Lo, she locks herself within Christ's denial and picks an argument of speeding out of a repulse. 'Be it that I am a dog,' saith this brave woman, 'yet some crumbs of comfort, Lord! Dogs, though they may not eat the children's meat (if they offer to do so they are shut out of doors), yet if children full fed crumble their meat and make waste of it, as they will, and as the Jews now do, may not the Gentile dogs lick up those leavings?' Thus she reasons it, and thus she makes use of anything she can lay hold of whereby she may hope the better to

prevail. Those who are hunger-starved are glad to feed upon hedge-fruit, and will make hard shift rather than perish. All the fee Christ required for his cures was 'Go and tell what God hath done for thee.' But we, instead of being temples of God's praise become, many times, graves of his benefits." "What a life Christ hath with the best of us ere he can bring us to anything! Corruption will have some flurts, some outbursts. Nothing cleaves to us more pertinaciously than this evil heart of unbelief; like a fretting leprosy in our cottages of clay, though the walls be well scraped, yet it will never utter out till the house be demolished." Of Judas's Kiss he says, "Ah, lewd losel! betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss? Givest thou thy Lord such rank poison in such a golden cup? Consignest thou thy treachery with so sweet a symbol of peace? Jesuits at this day kiss and kill familiarly. Gifford, Hodgson and others had set Savage a-work to kill Queen Elizabeth; they first set forth a book to persuade the English Catholics to attempt nothing against her. So they sent the Squire out of Spain to poison the Queen, they taught him to anoint the pommel of her saddle with poison covertly and then to pray with a loud voice, God save the Queen. Lopez, another of their agents, affirmed at Tyburn that he had loved the Queen as he had loved Jesus Christ, which from a Jew was heard not without laughter." "God dwells in the assembly of saints. Shall we like stoics sty up ourselves?" Of the Judgment of Ananias and Sapphira he says, "Hypocrites shall be uncased; no goat in a sheepskin shall steal on Christ's right hand at the last day. The first motion of selling his possession was of the Holy Ghost; but Beelzebub had soon fly-blown and corrupted it." "Patrick Hamilton, a Scotch martyr, being in the fire, cited and appealed the black-friar called Campbell, that accused him, to appear before the High God, as general Judge of all men, to answer to the innocency of his death betwixt that and a certain day of the next month, which he there named. The friar died immediately before the day came without remorse of conscience. The Judge of the earth keepeth his petty Sessions now, letting the law pass upon some, reserving the rest till the great assize. Superiors may not slight their inferiors, sith they cannot be without them, as one time or other they will be forced to acknowledge. It

was a saying of General Vere to the King of Denmark, that kings cared not for soldiers until such time as their crowns hung on the one side of their heads." He comments in the 13th chapter of Corinthians that if we were as constant frequentors of the Church as Anna the prophetess was of the temple, if our ears were nailed to the Church doors, if our knees were grown as hard as camel's knees with much kneeling before the Lord, if our faces were furrowed with continued weeping, as Peter's is said to have been, yet if we wanted charity all were nothing. "Unless I draw out my soul as well as my sheaf to the hungry," is his comment on "though I bestow all my goods." "Many shrink up charity to an hand-breadth, to giving of alms. 'Though I give myself to be burned,' as Servetus the heretic did at Geneva A.D., 1555; so Mauzius the Anabaptist gave his body to be drowned at Tigure, A.D., 1527; Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, to be beheaded for holding the Pope's supremacy; Friar Forest to be hanged for the same reason. And how many of our popish martyrs have worn the 'Tyburn tippet,' as Father Latimer phrased it. Like bells, they will never be well tuned until well hanged." "Charity beareth all things as the cross main beam in a house supporteth the whole building." "It is the saying of Hugo Cardinalis that the devil hath two daughters, Covetousness and Luxury, or riotousness; the former he married of old to the Jews, the latter to the Gentiles. But now the Popish priests and Romish clergy have taken them both from their husbands and use them as their own." Concerning abstinence he says: "Luther was a small meat man and a great faster, 'So for many days together,' saith Melancthon, 'I have observed him to content himself with a little piece of bread and a herring.' Being often invited to feasts, he came not, lest he should lose so much time through invitations; and I know not what Satan procures it that I cannot say nay, and yet it repents me to have done it. The belly is a troublesome client, saith one; an evil beast saith another; an ingenious artist saith a third. What bird soever fly, what fish soever swim, what beast soever run about, are buried in our bellies, saith Seneca; what marvel, then, though we ourselves are soon brought to burial? And let that be a second motive to moderate feeding." Just what that word might indicate is not quite plain,

but concerning giving he says: "Also that late painful and powerful preacher of God's word at Banbury, as he was much in pressing this duty of liberality, so himself abounded in works of mercy. He set apart and expended, for the space of many years for good uses, the tenth part of his yearly comings in, both out of his temporal and ecclesiastical means of maintenance. Neither may I here forget that late reverend man of God, Mr. John Ballam, pastor of the church at Evesham (my spiritual father and bountiful benefactor), nor Mr. Simon Trapp, late minister of God's word at Stratford upon Avon, my dear and near kinsman, both in the flesh and in the faith. Both of which, out of that little they had, for God saw fit to hold them here to strait allowance who deserved a larger proportion; but a rich stone is of no less worth when locked up in a wicker casket than when set in a bishop's mitre. He laid up by them weekly in store somewhat for the poor, of that their little. They were no losers by it. The poor man's box is Christ's treasury, and with what affection." "The modest beginnings of sin will make way for immodest proceedings." "It is a hard thing to have a brazen face and a broken heart." "Free me from the damning and the dominating power of sin, both from the sting and the stain of it, from the guilt and the shame, from the crime and curse, from the power and punishment. Let any person be justified and my lusts mortified."

Addressing the market men of Boston, standing with their white frocks on and filling Faneuil Hall, I heard Sam Jones begin his address on the 23d Psalm, "A sheep will get lost nearer home than any other animal." Trapp says, "Swine in a storm run home and at night will make to the trough, but a sheep can make no shift to save itself from tempest. There it stands, and will perish if not driven away by the Shepherd. Lo! such a silly, shiftless thing is man left to himself." Of David's desire to be a doorkeeper in God's house he says: "A doorkeeper is first in, last out; so would David be in holy assemblies. Tardy hearers would be loth to beg this office out of his hand." Of prayer he says: "While prayer standeth still the whole trade of Godliness standeth still likewise, and to cast off prayer is to cast off God. We must take heed of falling from the affections of prayer though we continue

doing the duty. Prayer doth sweetly settle the soul and lodge a blessed serenity in it."

It seems a far cry from the days of the King James Version, the organization of the Independent Church at Scrooby, the landing of the Pilgrims, the Westminster Assembly, the Scotch Covenant, the establishment of Presbyterianism; when Cromwell was Lord Protector, when *Paradise Lost* was written, and when John Bunyan began to preach, but all of this John Trapp saw and in much of it he had a share. Those were hard and stormy times, but great men lived and wrought in them and we are entered into their labors. With reverence I turn the pages of my old Commentator. His was a militant religion, and some of his words seem harsh to our quiescent age, but he and his at least *had* a religion for which they were willing to live or die. They fought the good fight and they kept the faith.

Their bones are dust;
Their good swords rust;
Their souls are with the Saints, we trust.

C. L. Grodum.

W. N. CLARKE IN A NEW ROLE

It is neither possible nor desirable that the brethren who furnish the list of books in our Course of Study for Preachers should be burdened with responsibility for the views of those whom they select. The question is not, Do I as a member of that committee indorse all the views of this book? but, Is the book one of the best of its kind, and one with which all our young clergy might well be acquainted, perhaps ought to be acquainted? It was this point of view which placed on the Course the revolutionary book of my friend, Professor of Church History Rauschenbusch, *Christianity and the Social Crisis*, which would have dumfounded our fathers, and it is this which has put in one of the most engaging books in systematic theology ever written, the late Professor Clarke's *Outlines of Christian Theology*; of which the Rev. Charles B. Dalton, B.D., a very able son of Drew, published a thoughtful and restrained criticism in this REVIEW, 1903, and which takes the place of Professor Curtis's *System of Christian Doctrine* in the Course.

After twenty years in the Baptist pastorate and four years as teacher in McMaster University, Toronto, Dr. William N. Clarke (born in Cazenovia) became professor of theology in his Alma Mater, Colgate University (Hamilton Theological Seminary), Hamilton, N. Y., in 1890, which position he held till his death, in 1915, aged seventy-four. In 1894 he came out with a private or tentative publication of his theological lectures to his students, and these were received with such eclat that they were permanently published by Scribners in 1898, and by 1914 had entered their twenty-first edition. Probably no single volume in systematic theology published in America ever had a more enthusiastic reception among evangelical Christians. This wide success is not hard to understand. It was due to the clarity of the style, the reasonableness and quiet moderation of the argument, and especially to the way in which the book met the so-called liberal or advanced theological movement which, in the wake of evolu-

tion and Ritschlianism, was beginning by 1894 to penetrate all orthodox churches. Thousands of ministers and laymen were reacting against the high-and-dry orthodoxy of their youth, but between the champions of the old and those of the new had not yet found themselves. Here was a man who with masterly power mediated between orthodoxy and heterodoxy, between Trinitarianism and Unitarianism, between a too stiff conservatism and too invertebrate liberalism. Nor was this mediation at the price of vagueness. There was a sureness of step, a clear-cut statement free from technicalities, and a unique openness to the best in the old and the best in the new, a maturity and decision of judgment, and all bathed in a Christian spirit. All this made an irresistible appeal. Hence the tremendous success of Clarke's Theology. Another secret of that success is the lack of sectarianism. Though Clarke was a Baptist clergyman no one would suspect it. His catholicity swallowed his Baptist beliefs, which never appear. There is not a line on baptism, or the Lord's Supper, and though historically the American Baptists are Calvinists the author repudiates Calvinism. He is an Arminian through and through and even holds the possibility of final lapse for the Christian, though he well says that God seeks to make it morally impossible (420-1). For a Baptist to write a theology with no trace of distinctively Baptist teaching is a miracle. Is Clarke a Ritschlian? Yes, and no. He is a Ritschlian in his weak hold on Scripture, in his doctrine of atonement and justification, in his eschatology, and in a general toning down of doctrinal stalwartness. But he is not a Ritschlian in the Trinity, Divinity of Christ, nor in the high place he assigns to the Gospel of John. How did Clarke meet the demand of the age for a central place of rest where conservative and liberal could join hands in essential Christianity?

On the conservative side he retained the doctrines of Trinity and Deity of Christ, and yet freed them from overstatement or mechanical statement, so that the progressive men in the old churches could hold them. He boldly clings to the Miraculous Birth, and yet minimizes its importance. He retains John's Gospel as full spiritual authority, and yet says it represents a later stage

of reflection. He holds Christ essentially divine, but rejects the historic doctrine of his two wills. He emphasizes the humanity of Jesus, that that humanity was central in him, but that he was also absolutely divine. He is not a Sabellian, nor a Unitarian, nor a dynamic Monarchian (like the modern liberals), but he comes near enough to each to attract each. He holds to depravity or original sin as racial weakness, and therefore not in the old Protestant sense. His chief departures from historic Christianity are as follows:

1. His doctrine of Scripture. Here he is Ritschlian. The Bible is simply a record of revelation and serves all essential purposes when it is trustworthy, like Ridpath's History. Some of the things he says here and elsewhere are admirable and true, but there is much of precious truth he does not say. Both Christ and the apostles had a much higher view of Scripture than Clarke, and especially the latter's view does injustice to the Scripture itself, which reveals itself as inspired in a sense not only absolutely unique, but overwhelmingly divine. That is, the Bible itself, in its religious and moral parts, shows itself as inspired of God to the spiritually open mind just as the sun on a summer's midday shows itself as shining to the open eye. Therefore the Bible is the supreme rule of faith and life. Clarke is too minimizing and halting here, and that makes his whole theology somewhat uncertain. If you, only loosely attached to the Word, can reason on these doctrines as Clarke does, and thus build up your plausible sentences, your Unitarian neighbor reasons on them still more loosely attached, and reaches, to him, a still finer result. But both reason in a vacuum. If God spoke to the prophets and in his Son, and if we have that revelation in the Scripture, as most liberals grant, then unless your theology is thoroughly Scriptural you are like one beating the air. Study of Church History would have helped him in several places, as, for instance, in his thought of a possible future incorporation of a modern book in the canon of Scripture. The New Testament is organically connected with the foundation of Christianity and first diffusion of the Spirit, and that any modern book could have pedagogically or spiritually the immediateness of impression or religious compul-

sion as fontal books which is the mark of all the New Testament is as inconceivable as it is historically impossible.

2. His Doctrine of Atonement. His fear of Scripture is nowhere more clearly seen than in his explaining away the Biblical ideas of atonement. Even the great word propitiation he whittles away till it means almost nothing—a word that is the very heart of the Bible doctrine. His doctrine simmers down to the moral influence theory. Unlike Christ and Paul, Clarke sees nothing in the eternal veracities of God which called for the eternal atonement. He follows Ritschl in making the center of God's nature love only, which means that we have no God worthy of the name. Love is at the center, but if the core of God is not also truth, righteousness, holiness, justice, we not only do not have the God of revelation, but we do not have a possible God. Clarke's defect here is fundamental. If he had studied the Greek Testament and scientific commentaries more and modern liberals less he would have done better justice to Bible truth. So also in regard to the history of atonement. If he had gone over any scientific history of doctrine I do not see how he could have retailed that stale misrepresentation that the ancient Church till Anselm believed, that atonement was ransom to Satan (p. 319). It is discouraging that so eminent a theologian as Clarke should have become another sponsor for so contemptible a slander. That two or three men in a thousand years brought in as *one* element in their idea of atonement a kind of ransom to Satan has made most of the liberals color-blind to what theologians generally really taught. In fact, a more scholarly canvass of his sources is a great defect of Clarke. The happy easy-going idealism of his book, and the serenity with which he utters doubtful points as self-evident, need checking by study of great books in systematic theology and in the history of doctrine. I have no space to do that checking here for his individual statements. Take one among many: "Punishment is absolutely untransferable" (p. 331). While not even a Calvinist holds that punishment was transferred to Christ in a literal sense, what Clarke says is untrue. Punishment is not only sometimes transferred in practice (many strikes are instances), but psychologically it is one of the most familiar things in life, and it is

psychological and spiritual truths which atonement and other doctrines illustrate.

3. His Doctrine of Justification. In harmony with the Scriptural doctrine of atonement as ransom, or propitiation, or substitution (of course spiritually and ethically conceived), is the New Testament idea of justification by faith as a declaring righteous of the sinner for his faith on account of Christ and his work. Following his treatment of Bible and atonement and his Ritschlian trend, Clarke harks back partly to Schleiermacher and partly to Catholicism on justification, making it dependent on the new life and subsequent to it. Not only does this overturn the whole New Testament idea of the salvation of sinners, but if Luther and Wesley had had this idea we would still have been living in the Middle Ages.

4. His Doctrine of the Last Things. In this general drift it is not surprising that Clarke denies both the Second Coming, which is declared in the Bible much more clearly and emphatically than the First Coming was, and the eternal punishment of the lost, which was almost axiomatic with Christ. This is due to the slight hold which Scripture has with our author and the strong hold which "modern opinion" has with him. He speaks often of this or that view being "common in our time," "our own age," "the modern world," "present tendency of Christian thought," "a change that our time has witnessed," "Christian thought in our time," "all Christian thought is tending," etc. This is attractive to those who trim their theology to present gales, but a deeper question is, Where can we find eternal truth? the words of eternal life? The wind may veer to-morrow, but your bark is headed toward Him who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Therefore, the pole star, mariner! Methodism has always felt that Christ and the apostles were more important than the "Christian thought in our time."

John Alfred Faulkner

WHAT A PAINTER TAUGHT A PREACHER

WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE, who entered into rest on the 25th of October, was America's foremost artist. It was my high privilege to be his mother's pastor, and through her I became acquainted with her famous son. She told me many things about his early struggles and final victories, but when I met him face to face he became my teacher in many things. Since his departure I have recalled many lessons learned from him, and I have thought that his words might be of value to others who are seeking to make the very best out of life's ministry.

DOING DEFINITE THINGS

During my visit to his studio one afternoon, after showing me several of his works of art, he said: "I learned early in life one of the secrets of success, namely, to do definite things. I was very early impressed with the idea that my life work was to be that of a portrait painter. To that end my people permitted me to have a room which I called my den. I purchased the portraits of the Presidents of the United States and began to copy them. I never worked at random. I focused my energies, and I would say to you, if you desire to succeed you must not scatter your forces. You must be able to tabulate your day's work. A person's weakness is in his wanderings; his failure in his thinness, and his folly in seeking to plow every field. You cannot run the city and your job. Working here, and there, and everywhere is working nowhere. The secret of real greatness is sticking to one thing until you are its master."

WHEN DOWNED, GET UP

"When I was a youngster in Indianapolis I was ambitious to be a student in the school of a certain artist of that city. I took him some of my best work. He looked at it with a frown and said: 'Young fellow, your work shows no sign of a future artist. I have no time to bother with you.' I shall never forget to my dying day how I felt that morning. I knew my own heart and

mind, and I was determined though turned down to get up and go to work with greater vim and vigor than ever before. I found an artist who gave me a place in his studio, and it was not long ere the one who turned me down was glad to come and study my sketches."

I said to him, "Mr. Chase, is not this true in all professions of life, that some are turned down who afterward become very proficient? I remember well one of the most noted preachers of our day who was refused admission by a certain Conference. I also have definite knowledge of a young man who was a great lover of books and inclined toward spiritual things, who went to a prominent business man and told him he felt called to the Christian ministry. He turned the youth down by saying, 'David, you have neither the gift nor the grace for that great profession.' This young man heard his Master's voice from within, and became one of the foremost preachers and authors of his day."

Here the great artist smiled, and said: "He who stays down when he is turned down will never rise very high in his profession, but he who gets up every time he is turned down will some day reach the summit of success."

YOU MUST PAY THE PRICE

I walked with him through his studio, catching every word that fell from his lips. It was honey on every flower. He said: "I found out when young if I expected to be an artist I must pay the price. I knew no one would lie awake at nights thinking about me becoming an artist, unless it was my sacred mother. I said to myself before I left for Munich, Germany: 'Chase, if you wish to succeed in Europe, you must go and begin at the very bottom of the ladder, and work your way, round by round, and even build the ladder by which you climb. If anyone ever paid the price for success I did. I labored for eight years almost unnoticed, until one day my instructor came and gave me commission to paint his children. This was the turn in the tide.'"

Here he paused, then turned toward me, and continued: "You are young in your profession. I would impress upon your mind that your rise or fall will not depend on your Bishop, or

on the one who precedes or follows you; it will depend on you absolutely. Never blame others for your failure. That man who does not reach the top through his own ability and persistent endeavor will not remain there. Learn this lesson of life, that no one can keep you down but yourself."

TRUTH, QUALITY, TREATMENT

We were now looking at the portrait of Dr. Sparhawk Jones. "That is so true to life," I said. Then he looked at me with his large eyes and spoke with a certain French accent: "I am always looking for the *truth*. I am never satisfied until my portraits are true to the subject in hand. When I wanted to paint a fish, I hired it from the market so as to get a certain exact coloring. When I paint a historic character I learn everything there is to be known about the period and the person to be painted. Truth is above all else with me. I smiled once, to see a modern picture with ancient garments.

"My next important concern is how to treat the truth gathered. Here I consider the place for real creative and original genius. I place as much time on seeking to give my subjects the correct treatment as any other part of my artistic work.

"The next thing that concerns me deeply, and I think it is the vital thought in all my endeavor, and that is the *quality* of my work. I watch with a keen eye for essentials. I know we are living in the age of values, and if my pictures are to have value they must have the essential quality. For years I copied the great works of the Italian, French, German, and English artists, with one purpose of reaching the quality of their work.

"I consider these are the three main points in your profession to be practiced if you are to succeed. You must first of all find the truth, then treat it with an artist's skill, giving it the quality of a spiritual diplomat, and you will be able to turn people's ears into eyes, by being a painting preacher, rather than a preaching preacher."

THE ART OF OMISSION

I said to Mr. Chase on one occasion, "I have noted in your

portraits that the backgrounds are without decoration." He replied, "It is ever my purpose to omit from the picture everything that is unnecessary. During my student days in Europe I learned after severe training the art of omission. There was a time when I thought a portrait should have a very attractive background, but experience has taught me that anything that detracts from the subject in hand is detrimental to the life of the picture."

"Well, Mr. Chase, this is as necessary for the preacher to learn as for the painter, for so many have never made a study of what to leave out of a discourse."

UP TO THE AGE

I asked Mr. Chase of the Old Masters in art, and if he thought it worth while to spend time in copying them. He replied: "It was of great value to me in my younger days, but I learned an important lesson from a friend artist who came to my studio when I was abroad, and after looking at my work, said: 'Chase, it's all right to spend your time copying the Old Masters, but you must bring your work up to the age in which we live, and a little in advance if possible. You are living too much in the past.' This," said Mr. Chase, "set me thinking, and I soon learned the value of his statement. I began to bring my art to the age in which I lived. I found it well to know the great painters of the past, their strength and weakness, but I found the people wanting a certain personality brought out in each portrait that would attract attention.

"Then I have learned the value of this one thing I do. I am not a preacher, a gardener, or a merchant. I am first and last and all the time a painter, and I let nothing interfere with my working hours. While I love my family as fondly as any father, yet they know it is an unwritten law that nothing must come between me and my work. This is not saying that a man should not have a vocation and an avocation, but his avocation should never take the time due his vocation."

SPENDING A VACATION

We sat down before one of his Shinnecock Hill pictures, and

he said: "That is one of my vacation pieces. I learned while in Germany the value of time, and how to spend a vacation. I did not need so much a cessation from labor as a change of work, so in the summer I live and work out of doors with my pupils when in this country. When abroad I take my students through the art galleries of Europe, and then I return to my New York studio greatly refreshed in mind and body, ready for my indoor work."

Just a bit of personal experience. It may be of value to some one who is willing to get an artist's view point. After my visit to Mr. Chase I happened to worship in a church the first Sunday after the preacher's vacation. He had been away four weeks. Before he began his discourse, he said: "Dear friends, you will have to excuse me this morning from giving you much of a sermon, for I did not arrive home among my books until late Friday evening. I have been to the mountains, and there's not much there to talk about." The sermon was stale.

I have learned to prepare just as much for my rest as my work days. The country is always my choice. If on a farm, I go with the brook, climb with the squirrel, run with the dog, play with the children, talk with the farmers, merchants, and millers, study the law and conditions of growth, and always return home with material enough for several articles and my first month's messages.

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY

In talking to Mrs. Chase about her son receiving medals for merit at home and abroad, I asked her if it made any difference in him, or was he in any way jealous of such artists as Sargent, Whistler, or Abbey. She replied: "I taught my son the lesson of humility when he was a youth, telling him 'the bird that soars the highest and sings the sweetest builds the lowest.' It looks to me as if the more medals he receives the humbler he grows. He has not one particle of professional jealousy flowing through his veins." I asked Mr. Chase concerning professional jealousy among great artists. He said: "Sometimes you will find jealousy where you least expect it, but I have learned that no really great artist has time for petty jealousies. I have made

it a point in my career to commend any person who could do a superior piece of work.

"In our profession we are looking for artists who can create, and there is no reason whatsoever for a true painter to be jealous of any of his craft. It has pained me sorely to find men in church and state tinctured with this green-eyed monster. No man who is controlled by jealousy can reach very far in his profession. In your profession," he said, "the fingers of jealousy should never drop their tincture into the ministerial mind. You men should live on the hills of eternal sunshine, where petty jealousies can never come."

INDIVIDUAL SERVICE

I asked Mr. Chase one day how he managed to give his students so much personal attention. He replied: "It is my rule to give individual service. I have learned that each person is an individual, and must be dealt with so differently than any other person. I must give to each pupil my best instruction if I am to get valuable results. I feel a deep concern for each personality, and I have no right to take money unless I give value in return." I looked at him and replied: "Mr. Chase, is not this true in my ministry as much as in yours? Should I not give to those under my care as much personal attention as you do with those under your training?" From that day Mr. Chase gave me a vision of individual service which fired my heart with a new resolve to deal with men as individuals rather than people in mass.

This method of individual service brought boys and girls, young men and young women, strong men and strong women constantly into fellowship with the Church of Jesus Christ.

S. Trevena Jackson

SIDNEY LANIER, A PROPHET OF THE SOCIAL AWAKENING

"AND they said one to another, 'Behold, this dreamer cometh.'" These were the words of men whose lives were bent on securing wealth, a group which failed to understand, and because it failed attacked him who dreamed. And it has ever been that man has looked upon the dreamer as one who benefits not, one who is an idle parasite, one who fails to fill the niche God has hewn for him out of the walls of time. Sidney Lanier was a dreamer, a lover of music, a mystic. Yet, like the dreamer of old, he takes his place as ruler of Egypt when he thunders forth the truths that men are but beginning to understand, the truths that the world has heard in that most beautiful of his greater works, *The Symphony*.

This majestic symphony, wherein Lanier is to bring forth his life views, opens with the violins singing. The first notes startle the man of social passion, and he listens:

O Trade! O Trade! would thou wert dead!
The Time needs heart—'tis tired of head.

This from the poet of the southland, the dreamer? Aye, 'tis fitting he should so speak; he is but a dreamer, replies the man whose heart is gold and soul is greed. The violins sing on and answer the one who questions; telling of all that Trade, the personification of the social order that envelops us, can bring.

Grant thee, O Trade! thine uttermost hope;
Level red gold with blue sky-slope,
And base it deep as devils grope:
When all 's done, what hast thou won
Of the only sweet that's under the sun?
Ay, can'st thou buy a single sigh
Of true love's least, least ecstasy?

The violins sing not alone. All the mightier strings assemble, and in swinging tones say on: "Yea, what avail the endless tale

of gain by cunning and plus by sale?" The question asked, more confident are they and now command.

Look up the land, look down the land,
The poor, the poor, the poor, they stand
Wedged by the pressing of Trade's hand
Against an inward-opening door
That pressure tightens evermore.

This hast thou done, O Trade! and the vibrating viols accuse more strong. The poor, oh,

They sigh a monstrous foul-air sigh
For the outside leagues of liberty,
Where Art, sweet lark, translates the sky
Into a heavenly melody.
"Each day, all day" (these poor folks say),
"In the same old year-long, drear-long way,
We weave in the mills and heave in the kilns,
We sieve mine-meshes under the hills,
And thieve much gold from the Devil's bank tills,
To relieve, O God, what manner of ills?"

The music is telling of the heart questioning of those in the shackles of trade. The prisoners reflect, and as the symphony goes on it tells of their thought:

The beasts, they hunger, and eat, and die;
And so do we, and the world's a sty;
Hush, fellow-swine: why nuzzle and cry?
Swinehood hath no remedy,
Say many men, and hasten by,
Clamping the nose and blinking the eye.
But who said once, in the lordly tone,
Man shall not live by bread alone,
But all that cometh from the throne?

And, in truth, the word of God ne'er left the masses to whom he spoke, and the man in chains remembers the Master's words as he thinks. "Hath God said so?" God so spake and well doth man know. "But trade said No." The dreamer has two themes in play—they stand at opposite poles and rush together in the mighty conflict of music—God, and Trade as it is. Men have dared not face those who say, "Swinehood hath no remedy," and proclaim

the truth of this dreamer's song. It was left for a dreamer to dare and do, and in no uncertain note has the song been sung.

The music softens. It sings of death, of men who die that I, selfish I, may live. Hardly a movement of the bow is seen as the violins whisper the truth well known. Trade?

'Tis only war grown miserly.
If business is battle, name it so.

Still softer, till, as all died in a beauteous chord, a flute note fell

Upon the bosom of that harmony
And sailed and sailed incessantly,
As if a petal from a wild-rose blown
Had fluttered down upon that pool of tone
And, boatwise, dropped o' the convex side,
And floated down the glassy tide
And clarified and glorified
The solemn place where the shadows bide.

The flute song tells of nature, and of God; nature, her offerings and her soul; nature, here in the midst of battleground, here where the bugle sound is heard, as line upon line the fighters march by, onward to the castle of gold and death. They pass, but pass not deafened, as did the sailors who sailed the siren sea, for

Nature calls, through all her system wide,
Give me thy love, O man, so long denied.

Nature beckons and calls "Come. I'm not the nature, mysterious nature, of long ago. I am real. I am thine. Why know me? Ah, all is for love—love me, I am thine." All for love, yes, but not nature alone, for has not a sweet voice said,

Love Thy neighbor.
Then first the bounds of neighborhood outspread
Beyond all confines of old ethic dread.

The door is open, and nature beckons, Enter! Enter and enjoy, for "All for love" is the motto here, love me and thy brother. But ere the door is reached by "The poor, the poor, the poor," Trade's grimy hand hath clutched the latch and denies. The

music rises and in mighty crashes, like the voice that shouted forth, "Let my people go," sings forth:

Thou Trade! Thou king of the modern days!
 Change thy ways,
 Change thy ways;
 Let the sweaty laborers file
 A little while,
 A little while,
 Where Art and Nature sing and smile.

The flute note softens and flies back to the soft tones of the stringed songsters, as voices of the reed instruments are heard. Challenge they too? Aye, and they indict.

O Trade! O Trade!
 I too well wish thee utterly dead
 If all thy heart is in thy head.
 For O my God! and O my God!
 What shameful ways have women trod
 At beckoning of Trade's golden rod!
 Alas! when sighs are trader's lies,
 And heart's-ease eyes and violet eyes
 Are merchandise!
 O purchased lips that kiss with pain!
 O cheeks coin-spotted with smirch and stain!
 O trafficked hearts that break in twain!
 —And yet what wonder at my sisters' crime?

The symphony builds up. The horns will no longer silent be. They speak forth and in strong tone shout answer to the questions,

Is honor gone into his grave?
 Will Truth's long blade ne'er gleam again?
 Shall self-wrapped husbands aye forget
 Kiss pardons for the dally fret?
 Shall lovers higgie, heart for heart,
 Till wooing grows a trading mart?
 Shall woman scorch for a single sin
 That her betrayer may revel in?
 Shall ne'er prevail the woman's plea,
 We maids would far, far whiter be
 If that our eyes might sometimes see
 Men maids in purity?
 Shall Trade aye salve his conscience-aches
 With jibes at Chivalry's old mistakes?

The climax nears. Every note is damning monstrous Trade, until at last, orchestra full, the question is hurled, "Life, Life, what art thou? How, O how? What, O what? Give us thy key." And the question rings forth from viols to reeds, from organ to drum. In mighty vibrations it repeats till answer comes at last, comes with joyous notes; notes and chords and song.

Life! Life! thou sea-fugue, writ from east to west,
Love, Love alone can pore
On thy dissolving score
Of harsh half-phrasings,
Blotted ere writ,
And double erasings
Of chords most fit.
Yea, Love, sole music-master blest,
May read thy weltering palimpsest,
To follow Time's dying melodies through,
And never lose the old in the new
And ever solve the discords true—
Love alone can do.
And ever love hears the women's sighing,
And ever hears sweet knighthood's defying,
And ever wise childhood's deep implying,
But never a trader's glozing and lying.

The message told, the music ceases—all is still. Has music spoken? So the dreamer thought, but no, 'twas his heart of love, burning with the passion that led a man to Calvary; it was the heart that spoke; the heart of Sidney Lanier, dreamer and poet, herald of a better day, when men, and birds, and trees sing the heart song, composed by love; when all shall know that the Father forsook not the sad-faced martyr on the Cross, but fulfilled in him the law and the prophets, bringing to mankind the Kingdom of Heaven.

J. Bromley Oxnam

THE PROGRESSIVE CHRISTIAN LIFE: BIBLICAL MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS IN RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

ALL forms of life are progressive. Growth is both a law and a proof of life. That which does not grow does not live, and that which may have lived, but ceases to grow, declines and dies. In agriculture, first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. In horticulture the bud and the blossom are followed by the flower and fruit. The majestic oak tree once lived in the tiny acorn. The same law prevails in the animal kingdom. The eagle was once sheltered in its mother's egg and the ferocious lion was once a little cub with which a child might play with safety. In human life we advance from infancy and early childhood to youth and manhood. There is a close parallel between the natural and the spiritual. What is true in nature is equally true in grace. Saint John writes to babes in Christ, to little children, to young and strong men, to fathers. Saint Peter exhorts us to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Saint Paul admits in his Christian life the principle of progression: "I count not myself to have apprehended; but one thing I do, forgetting . . . I press on toward," etc. Solomon compares the path of the just to the shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day. Hence it is an easy transfer of thought to consider the successive stages of the individual Christian life from grace to grace. In the study of the close analogy we do well to associate the divine with the human, the natural with the spiritual. All life emanates from God. In the vegetable kingdom all human endeavors depend for their success on divine appliances. So in the spiritual—Paul may plant, Apollos may water, but God giveth the increase. Animal and human life is from God. No processes, however strong, could generate life. So also is it with spiritual life. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." And as in the vegetable and animal kingdoms continued life and growth are dependent upon nature's many congenial and

helpful agencies, so with the Christian life. The apostle explains it: "I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me: and that life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself up for me." Thus, while it is God who worketh in us, it is ours to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling. Our special angle of vision in this article is to show the human element in our Christian development cooperating with the divine. By a process of mental transportation let us act as escort and conduct you to the summit of several mountain peaks in Bible geography suggesting the progressive stages in the Christian life. One has said, "The mountains of the Bible well repay the climber. There is a glorious prospect from their summits and a moral bracing in the breathing of their difficult air. Most of the events in Bible history which embody great principles, illustrate divine perfections, or bear impressively upon the destiny of nations have had mountains for the pedestals of their achievements." On Ararat the lone ark rested, a trial of rival faiths occurred between Baal and Astaroth and Jehovah on Mount Carmel, from Olivet the marching orders for the world's conversion to the Christian faith were announced, and from its hillside our Lord ascended to his Father and our Father. There are two vital questions in the realm of religious thought: How may I become a Christian? and, How may I retain and advance my Christian life? In our proposed journey we shall seek to answer these inquiries. We shall travel the Bible route—taking the apostolic road, halting at orthodox stages, following the old paths, the good way cast up for the righteous to walk in.

Perhaps a word in parenthesis should be stated. Many enter the Christian life in early childhood, like Samuel, Josiah, Obadiah, and Timothy. Their entrance into the Christian life was possibly unconscious, at least without marked demonstration of feeling or action, hence the kind of experience to which we may refer was not duplicated in their religious life. We thank God for Christian homes and the Sunday schools and Junior Leagues of our churches when restraining and constraining forces have checked the evil and stimulated the good, prompting them to an

early decision and a saving acceptance of Christ, without the more painful and emotional experiences of those who know what sin is and what it does. We have in mind those who have let the early period pass without deciding for Christ and who have become actual sinners, realizing what it brings of concern and fear. In our mental vision we have such a one in view; we commence the climbing.

Our first mountain is "Sinai, the mount of Religious Awakening." This is the law mountain. All creation is under law. Man is a creature of law. He is a free moral agent, capable of performing moral actions. An action is moral when it is voluntary and has respect to some law revealed. On Sinai God gave his laws to man in a written form. There were ten in number, relating us to God and our fellowmen. They are mandatory and prohibitory—Thou shalt and Thou shalt not. To disobey or transgress was sin, to which was attached the penalty of death. Amid its flashing lightning and pealing thunder, causing the mountain to tremble, the soul, conscious of its guilt as it reads the divine requirements it has failed to observe, awakened, alarmed, and deeply convicted of sin and its consequences, in the presence of a just and holy God asks, with Job, "How can a man be just with God?" with the jailer, "What must I do to be saved?" and in an agony of conscious guilt cries out, "God, be merciful to me a sinner."

We are glad we need not continue on this "mount of awakening," for close by is "Golgotha, the mount of Forgiveness." Geographically many miles separate these mountains, spiritually they are side by side. Saint Paul took the anxious jailer by the hand and answered his question by leading him to this mount of forgiveness. Yes, 'tis "Only a step to Jesus." Here Jesus the Saviour is seen on the cross, wounded, bruised, dying for us; suffering, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God. The jailer saw and believed. Like John Bunyan's pilgrim he lost his burden under the shadow of the cross. Like Spurgeon, he looked and there was life for a look at the crucified one. Millions have climbed this hill and found forgiveness. Now what? Happily saved, church relation is sought, an open confession by

Christian baptism is made, and the new life with new relations is begun.

What next? These new experiences make certain demands. I ask myself, What is required of me? I now profess to have become a Christian, how shall I know what my duties are? I am directed to "Mount Hattin, the mount of Instruction." Here the great Teacher is delivering that marvelous discourse, "The Sermon on the Mount": the constitution of the new kingdom, the platform of the new dispensation. Soon I learn how much is involved, enjoined, and how much is required, demanded, of all his disciples. Eight beatitudes describe what a Christian should be and do and expect: he is to be like salt, nutritious, purifying, preserving; light to dispel gloom and illumine, so that God's glory may be thereby promoted. The recent convert realizes that much is implied in becoming a Christian. Conversion is a radical change. It is a new creation. Much to surrender, more to accept. This is one of the crucial periods of his Christian life. Questions arise: Shall I go forward, and discharge the duties and obligations, or shall I settle back on present attainments, or, with Pliable, go back? The progressive Christian has pulled down the bridges he has passed over. Not declension, but advancement, so that he finds himself at the base of "Mount Moriah, the mount of Surrender"; the hilltop of consecration. Here Abraham won a victory. On an altar he laid his beloved son Isaac, dear to him as his own life. This is the most difficult, as it is the most important, mountain to climb. Shall I seek first the Kingdom of God, be a fully surrendered Christian, separating myself from all things sinful, even questionable? Am I willing that self should be subordinated to my Lord and Master, or shall I be satisfied with an average standard of devotion? If my purpose is progressive, then, coming to the altar of dedication after a renewed appropriation of the merits of Christ to my spiritual cleansing, I say as I pass over,

Take my soul and body's powers,
Take my memory, mind and will,
All my goods and all my hours,
All I know and all I feel,
All I think or speak or do.
Take my heart and make it new,

Now, O God, thine own I am.
Now I give thee back thine own,
Freedom, friends, and health and fame
Consecrate to Thee alone.
Thine I live, thrice happy I,
Happier still if thine I die.

We have given our all to him, now He gives his all to us.

We pass on to "Mount Hermon, the mount of Communion." Consecration is followed by blessed fellowship. Jesus has the right of way. The Holy Spirit has full possession. On the summit of Mount Hermon the disciples, beholding a transfigured Christ, said, "Master, it is good for us to be here." Thus it is with the surrendered Christian. Like Enoch, he walks with God on terms of intercourse, agreement, and intimacy. Secrets are exchanged; sweet communion is enjoyed. Now the yoke is easy—burdens light. Now the Christian life is enjoyed, not endured. God's thoughts and ways are ours. We love to love God; our delight is in the law of the Lord. With the apostle we say, "For to me to live is Christ"—by, in, for, and with Christ. He is all and in all to me.

But the height is not yet reached. Close by Mount Hermon is "Mount Pisgah, the mount of Holy Vision." From Nebo, one of the heights of Pisgah, Moses, with undimmed vision and natural force unabated, had views of the Promised Land toward which he had led God's chosen people. Passing on from Moriah and Hermon, God opens up holy visions to the progressing Christian which the natural man cannot discern and which are not given to the half-hearted Christian. God reveals by his spirit the deep things of God; heights and depths and lengths and breadths of infinite love are known to him who reaches the elevation of Pisgah. Possibly denied the advantages of the advanced biblical scholar, his clarified vision sees a meaning in the word, a beauty in Christ, a fullness in the gospel denied others who have never gone over Mount Moriah.

Just one more advance. We step off Mount Pisgah up onto "Mount Zion, the mount of Praise." Is this heaven? Yes, and No! It is a heaven to go to heaven in. So completely have these previous ascents prepared and developed the Christian that with

a love unrivaled, a faith strong, a hope radiant, a peace river-like, his meat and drink is to do the will of his Father in heaven. Patient and submissive, he rejoices evermore; he can bless the Lord at all times, even rejoice in tribulation. With Job he can say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," and sing with Habakkuk, "Although the fig tree shall not flourish, neither shall fruit be in the vine, the labor of the olive shall fail and the fields shall yield no food, the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls, yet I will rejoice in Jehovah, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

These successive stages, which represent the divine order of progression, have been reached by many. They may be secured by all. No specified length of time is given for their accomplishment. John Wesley writes that sanctification may follow justification in less than six months; a spiritual hunger and thirst may find the supplies that will fill in a brief space. Hence, back to the old paths in Christian experience and attainments for preachers and people should be our slogan. We fear the theoretical and the practical have relegated the experimental to the rear. The glory and power of our church has been its spirituality. Just in the proportion that it diminishes are we weak. If this has been discovered, with its painful and depressing results, let us reclimb these biblical mountains and reproduce the results so manifest in the days of yore. Let there be more positiveness in pulpit ministrations; then there will be more of the emotional in our pews and less indifference with the worldling. Let us inhale the spiritual ozone supplied by these biblical mountains. Then the prayer of the apostle Paul for the Ephesian church will become a blessed experience in our individual lives, and, "filled with all the fullness of God," we can distribute to others; men will take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus, and we will be enabled to lead others to Him who is made of God unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.

Albert B Richardson

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE RICH AND REEKING HUMAN PERSONALITY

"THERE are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy." Ay; and in the human personality.

"Rich and various" is Emerson's descriptive phrase: "O rich and various man! Thou palace of sight and sound; carrying in thy senses the glory of the morning and the evening and the unfathomable galaxies, in thy brain the geometry of the City of God, in thy heart the bower of love and the realm of right and wrong."

"Rich and reeking," a phrase quite as warranted and scientific as "Natural Selection" or "Survival of the Fittest," is from Chesterton, a thoughtful appreciation of whose work has recently appeared from Dr. John A. Hutton of Scotland, who confesses to an enthusiastic prejudice in Chesterton's favor, saying: "I consider him a very great and constructive force, altogether on the side of man, which is eventually on the side of God. Recalling his general line of criticism, I should say it is what pedants would call an *argumentum ad hominem*. Personally I have always held that on matters of prime human importance no other argument tells in the long run except the *argumentum ad hominem*. 'Humanly speaking,' a student began. 'My dear sir,' said his professor, 'there's no other way of speaking.'"

Another recent tribute is from Canon Adderley of Birmingham, who says to his brethren of the Church of England:

Our Anglican treatment of the biggest asset we have on the intellectual side is on a par with our general muddle-headedness as a religious body. We have never had such an apologist as Chesterton, yet he hardly ever figures at a Church meeting. We prefer the dull logic of some dry-as-dust professor from Oxford to the sparkling paradox of the greatest wit of the century. Religion is still groaning under the weight of kill-joys in this country. Chesterton would lift us up, but we won't let him. We are still scared by mid-Victorian arguments about science and miracles. G. K. C. would deliver us and keep us sane and orthodox at the same time.

I cannot imagine any one being offended by the wit of G. K. C. as a rule, though I dare say he sometimes makes a few people a little angry when he does not wait for the cap to fit, but jams it down on some particular person's head by

name. Of course, he is very bold when he writes in this sort of way: "In the inconceivable event of Mr. — [a prominent preacher] being converted to Christianity!"

Part of Dr. Hutton's tribute is as follows:

For one thing, his confidence in the value of human existence, or (to use the words we know best) his belief in God, is a very strange thing in those high places of literature and art and philosophy which together form Chesterton's chosen ground. And in his case belief in God is no difficult attainment, no conclusion to which he merely inclines simply to save him from despair or madness. He believes in God with heartiness and uproariousness. If you were to ask him for what reason he believes, he would probably retort by telling you that it is for the same reason as he eats, or laughs, or takes a walk in the moonlight, that is, *because he wants to*. He would confess to you that ultimately the reason for the faith in his heart was precisely the same as the reason for, say, the nose on his face—namely, that there it is, that he was so made. Deeply considered, that is neither frivolous nor unphilosophical. We might make a list of the most serious thinkers of the world, beginning with Saint Augustine and including such names as Pascal and our own Butler, and closing with the contemporary school of philosophy in Oxford, and with William James of Harvard, the fundamental argument for faith in each case being simply that which Chesterton states and reiterates with tremendous energy and enthusiasm: that so we are made, that to be a man is to have some share in God. This defense of faith which Chesterton has celebrated—namely, that the faculty and exercise of faith belongs to the proper life and essence of man, that belief is a normal function of the human soul—is his message to our time: it is the background and motive of all his work. He is the protagonist of normal men, seeking to declare and to defend their rights, and, above everything, their right to believe in God. Some are astonished that a man of his wide-awakeness and erudition should be saying so confidently the elementary things that he does say, and that his whole work should be penetrated by orthodox Christianity—those people who imagined that the whole Christian view of God and the world had received its quietus from Tyndall and Huxley and Renan and Strauss.

Dr. Hutton notes a similarity between Thomas Carlyle and Chesterton. As Carlyle, with grim humor, girded at the Utilitarians of his day, so Chesterton pokes fun at the "Scientists" of our own day. But there is this contrast:

Carlyle is solemn, he is heavy, he is awful. It may not be true in fact that he solemnly and austerely counseled a humble tobaccoist, who confessed that she had not the particular brand that he asked for, but had another quite as good, that "she should always deal in the eternal verities"—that may not be a true story, but it ought to be. Now Chesterton will not be solemn, and never is he so full of laughter and joy as when he is dealing with the most momentous things.

Now I venture to say that just as the teaching of Carlyle—and this is true of all merely solemn minds—is much shallower than it looks, so that the farther you go into it the less original or profound it is, so the teaching of Mr. Chesterton, gay and sportive as it frequently seems to be, is at the last always serious, and his words have the effect of sending the spirit sounding on and on. In his view the happy way of looking at things, the faculty for joy, is an integral part

of the human soul, having rights as inalienable as any other. "Merriment," he says, "is one of the world's natural flowers and not one of its exotics. Gigantesque levity, flamboyant eloquence, are the mere outbursts of a human sympathy and bravado as old and solid as the stars."

"I see everywhere in Chesterton," says Dr. Hutton, "a kind of passion to be understood. His critics are perhaps quite right in saying that he chose his manner in order to startle people into reading him. I should not put it that way; though I think there is something in it. Chesterton would hold that whatever is true is a thing that should be known, and known by as many people as possible, and that it is the first business of a man who has anything to say that he shall say it in such a way that the people, the common people, shall be drawn to hear it, and, hearing, shall understand. He should embody it in such words as shall give it its greatest immediate reach. If a man gets up on a truck at a street corner and begins to hammer a huge gong, so that everybody is compelled to look in his direction; if he lays down the gong and takes up a bell, and rings it violently, so that a crowd gathers, you must not conclude that he is a mountebank. He may be a man who has something to say. He may indeed be one of those men to whom the world has all along owed so much, who imagine that unless the people who are passing stop and listen to him they will in various ways go to the devil. Recollecting the great and even tremendous figures in history, it is only fair to wait until we hear him say what he has to say; not to condemn him by the grotesqueness of his appearance, remembering, say, John the Baptist; or by something in his language that jars; but judging him by the manifest passion which burns within him and by the fire which begins to kindle in our hearts as we listen to him. For in our day also, as in the days of Elijah, fire is the sign of God.

"It is quite as natural for him to be picturesque as it is for a great many of us—not to be. It is as natural for him to be intense and violent and excessive and uproarious as it is for some of us to be tame and timid and futile and lady-like. It is as natural for him to use startling paradoxes and attitudes as it is for us to use platitudes."

Of whom is Dr. Hutton speaking? Of William A. Sunday? No, of Gilbert K. Chesterton, who might be called a kind of Sunday among apologists, as Sunday is a sort of Chesterton among evangelists; each powerful, original, and militant in his own way, and each a surprise.

As to the present state of the scientific-philosophic battle, Dr. Hutton thinks it may now be claimed by the so long hard-pressed camp of idealists, that science has been taught her place.

To speak fairly, science has become sober and judicial, as is the way of youth always, not in deference to the advice of those who were alarmed by her recklessness, but by her own discoveries as she proceeded. Time is on the side of all the facts. It has become evident that when science leaves her sphere of criticism and observation, and presumes to unveil the last source or final purpose of things, she can only guess or talk nonsense. And it is very wonderful how widely that essential limitation of science has come to be known and understood by average people. Wonderful, too, is it, how commonly it is now understood that science, not one whit less than revelation, needs postulates, needs to create an atmosphere of hypothesis, needs to make demands upon faith, in order to get even under way. That all her processes rest upon a credulity

with regard to fundamental things, as thoroughgoing as is required by the twin-postulates of God and the soul. And such a state of things, because it raises a subtle barrier of skepticism against science whenever science seems to assail some ancient safeguard of man's peace, is a result which is already of great consequence for faith, and, in the event of any notable movement towards belief, will throw wide open many a door. It is an immense relief for some people to know, on the authority of university men, that one may believe in God and the soul without being intellectually an ass.

You see symptoms of the same subtle difference of temper in contemporary philosophical writing. Here, very abundantly, you have signs that *man* is fast coming into his own again. Even a worm must turn if he would have his wrongs observed. To a philosophy which had come to regard man as a mere article in the inventory of the Universe, there has arisen amongst us a philosophy prepared to wait upon man, hoping to attain to wisdom by observing patiently and with reverence man's habitual and instinctive life. "Pragmatism," "soft determinism," "personal idealism" are but names for a new mood, a new point of view; the one thing about which I desire at this time to note being, that it puts the accent and emphasis upon *man*. When one contrasts the idealistic philosophy of even twenty years ago with the writing which to-day, on the whole, occupies the same place in the intellectual field, one notes, I think above all other differences, a new robustness, a spirit of confidence, a certain glow and intoxication even, a zest for the battle, which were wanting from the earlier phase. Idealists to-day are very cheery persons. Rightly or wrongly, they feel that they have the ball at their foot. They are not ashamed at times to reply to an argument with a laugh or by telling a good story. When a controversialist on the other side has circumstantially demonstrated the intellectual impossibility of "believing," they will answer, as one did the other day, by protesting that he himself, at the time he is writing, is simply prancing with belief. In short, able men to-day have the hardihood to appeal from the sophistry of pure reason to the generous intimations of a healthy temperament. It may be very Philistine; but it is very human. It is the true and only useful positivism. One thing is certain, it is there, cheerful and unashamed. It is one of those "irrational" movements, one of those "offenses" against the pure reason "which must needs come," in which some elementary instinct or function, long denied, finds at length its voice, and utters its uncontrollable joy. This latest movement in philosophy, though doubtless it had its impulse in the essential nature of man, and denotes a protest by one long thwarted element of our life against the tyranny of the pure reason, has already made some valuable contributions to the apologetic for faith, over and above that sense of cheerfulness with which it has infected a great company of thinking people. It may be that not one of those contributions would convince a man who was disinclined to believe; but coming as they do at a time when, I contend, a great mass of people are waiting for a decent excuse to believe, they have the decisive effect of turning the scale. For it is one of the positions which this new philosophic tendency is not ashamed to occupy—that no pure reason can ever be given for any act of personal life, that we seldom act on reason, that the deepest things cannot be proved, that every step we take here in this world is a leap in the dark, that the evidence always stops short, and that there is no way of filling up the gap except by putting oneself into it; in short, that we live by faith, in obedience to a profound and unconquerable instinct that, to put it variously, a cosmos cannot have chaos for its crown, that there is a final correspondence between man and the Universe, or, in the language of piety, that this Universe is "none other than the house of God and the gate of Heaven."

Along that line of insight rather than of argument, it is not difficult to show that there are certain high postulates, prejudices, beliefs, without which man will never be able to accomplish the long task of life, to overcome its disheartening details; without which, most certainly, he will never bring into play the most precious qualities of his mysterious nature. Indeed, so utterly do we live at the bidding of these intangible and potent instincts, that if it could be brought home to mankind that these were not true, that they did not represent realities, it is fair to predict that life would come to a standstill, and despair and suicide would begin with the best first. From that position it is a leap which competent men who see the consequences of the other view are prepared to-day to take, that such prejudices and postulates, such beliefs and intuitions and instincts as lie at the root of man's normal and healthy life, have in that very circumstance sufficient proof and defense.

Already this recovery of personality has led to a new sense of human responsibility in the teachings of the most recent philosophy. Idealism, twenty years ago, was for the most part rabbinical. It contented itself with proving that the idealistic view was rationally tenable. It seems to me that to-day the note is nothing short of this, that the idealistic view is humanly necessary. Formerly, idealists were content to go on, registering the state of the barometer, telling us from time to time the condition of the weather; to-day, the philosophers have begun to preach. It is not putting the situation unfairly to say, that from declaring unweariedly, using the terminology of Hegelianism, that all is well, and bound to turn out well, philosophy to-day has begun to declare that everything may yet be well; but that for that very reason *everything is bound to go wrong, unless we, actual living men, see to it!*

Further, the disabling and morbid idea that we act with human propriety only when we act for reasons apprehended, that therefore we ought to hold ourselves in suspense on such a momentous matter as our personal faith and not commit ourselves, lest through further knowledge we should learn that we had decided wrongly, that morbid idea, which really would keep us in bed all day, has largely given way under this new access of health and energy. We see now that those who ask us to withhold our assent to faith, and to restrain ourselves from faithful actions, until the evidence is complete, lest further knowledge should show us that we had chosen wrongly, are asking of us something which we are not in the habit of conceding in any other department of our life. We live and learn; not learn and live.

Healthy-mindedness is the hall-mark of Chesterton's work. His writings reek with rude, exuberant health, robust and rampant. We witness in them a splendid romp of healthy human faculties, a ruddy display of muscular vitality, a disputant with the red corpuscles of his blood fairly shouting in his veins. He is a gay believer, whose irrepressible soul, guided by a resourceful and ingenious mind, finds believing to be the greatest fun in the world, and faith's adventures the most exhilarating of all human expeditions and enterprises. In this he is one with hardy, healthy Grenfell of Labrador, who tells our college boys of his joy in living the life of faith and the fun he has had in practical Christian service; one also with our own rugged and original Ben Adams of the New York East Conference, who said, at the height

of a new religious experience, "I don't pretend to be perfect, but I've found something that makes me gay." Of this gay company was also that delightful Scandinavian enthusiast, who, when friends or enemies tried to dissuade him from going as a missionary to the tropics, by saying, "Why, man, the thermometer stands at 120 in the shade," replied, with splendid bravado, "Vell, ve don't haf to stay in the shade all de time, do ve?" simply blowing their arguments out of court with a burst of laughter.

The gladdest men and women known to us are those whose lives are dedicated to Christ and who are lavishing themselves in princely service to the needs of mankind.

Chesterton is a cheerful and boisterous defender of the spiritual basis of life. In high spirits, overflowing with warm, healthy, normal instincts, big, bluff, and breezy, he bursts into the circle of the cool and cocky gentlemen who repudiate the spiritual basis of life and who airily dispose of the richest contents of the human personality. Regardless of their air of intellectual superiority and tone of finality, unabashed by the height of their foreheads—belonging himself to the high-brow caste—he pokes them in the ribs and tips their arguments over backwards. Intellectual aristocrat though he is, his manners have not the reserve which marked the caste of Vere De Vere. Jovial in spirit, he is yet grim and deadly in the severity of his grip when he encounters those who seem to him to be assailants of the fundamental interests and rights of mankind. Dr. Hutton says: "Anyone who seriously interferes with the foundations of the soul Chesterton regards as a rebel or a traitor—as a heretic in the sublime sense. And because as such he is poisoning the wells of all sane and hearty living, and cutting man off from his Source, Chesterton, like the great Florentine, would appoint him a place in hell." In truth no more serious non-professional disputant, no more strenuously earnest unofficial defender of the Christian Faith has appeared since Robert Browning laid down his mighty pen. Chesterton treats some conclusions and contentions with the disrespect they are entitled to. He deals flipantly with the frivolous. Sabatier said: "There is only one atheist and impious man—the frivolous." And conversely, Atheism, philosophical or scientific or neither, is so shallow and lazy that it is frivolous.

Chesterton's irony and sarcasm are good-natured. Ridicule is a legitimate weapon in debate. Many pretentious claims have been laughed out of court. Turn the laugh on your opponent by making

his argument look ridiculous, and he and his cause are done for. He cannot face a laugh, because he doesn't know which way to face. A laugh is as surrounding as the atmosphere, and a man cannot repel the atmosphere. In a certain Conference a self-important, persistent, and portentously solemn debater held the realm in awe until one un-awed good man appeared, who broke the spell, not by labored debate, but by occasional keen thrusts which punctured bladdered eloquence and made the oracle collapse amid a smile of general amusement. In the use of such keen, clever thrusts at his opponent Chesterton is an adept.

But withal, underneath all Chesterton's startling paradoxes, outré illustrations, and grotesque attitudes—his playful fencings and lungings—he is never engaged with anything less than the ultimate meaning of life. To him the supreme intellectual interest of life, the eternally clamorous problem, is the ultimate significance of man's existence, the meaning of the contents of the rich and reeking human personality. He puts the materialists in trouble with their own postulates by showing that those postulates imply more than was intended or suspected—that they give warrant for faith and reek with justifications for religion. In all this he has undeniably augmented the tide of speculative joy and that fundamental confidence in life which is the token and exponent of faith in God.

Chesterton is spokesman for the common man, for the intuitions, surmises, affirmations of unspoiled, unsophisticated, unartificialized human nature. He arraigns all theories and assertions which attack the soul's vested interests before the general judgment of mankind, just as civilized society tries before a mixed jury of ordinary men all offenders against individual rights or against social welfare. Of the wisdom of trial by jury Chesterton says: "The horrible thing about all legal officials, even the best, about all judges, magistrates, barristers, detectives, and policemen, is not that they are wicked (some of them are good), not that they are stupid (several of them are quite intelligent)—it is simply that they have got used to it. Strictly, they do not see the prisoner in the dock: all they see is the usual man in the usual place. They do not see the awful court of judgment: they only see their own workshop. Therefore the instinct of Christian civilization has most wisely declared that into their judgments there shall upon every occasion be infused fresh blood and fresh thoughts from the street. Men shall come in who can see the court and the crowd, the coarse faces of the policemen and the professional criminals, the wasted faces of the

wastrels, the unreal faces of the gesticulating counsel, and see it all as one sees a new picture hitherto unvisited. Our civilization has decided, and very justly decided, that determining the guilt or innocence of men is a thing too important to be trusted to trained men. If it wishes for light upon that awful matter, it asks men who know no more law than I know, but who can *feel* the things that I *felt* in the jury box. When it wants a library catalogued, or the solar system measured and weighed, or any trifle of that kind, it uses up its specialists. But when it wishes anything done which is really serious, it collects twelve of the ordinary men standing round. The same thing was done, if I remember right, by the Founder of Christianity."

We cannot do without specialists, yet there is in the common mind, not without warrant in experience and in the nature of things, considerable distrust of the specialist, whose view is confessedly and by necessity narrow and unbalanced. An old and successful Philadelphia physician said that if he were ordinarily or vaguely ill he would rather have a country doctor, with his all-around experience and practice, than the city specialists. The specialist's lack of breadth and balance impairs confidence in his judgment even in his own specialty. The most famous specialist in New York in a certain disease came from the bedside of a man of sixty, saying, "That man can live but a few hours." The man recovered; was stronger than before his sickness; and lived ten years more. A man was in agony with sudden and violent illness. The doctor who was called in suspected appendicitis, but desired the opinion of a noted specialist. The specialist announced that the appendix must be removed at once to save the patient's life. When this decision was told to the man's wife, she said, "Why, bless your soul, he hasn't any appendix; it was taken out five years ago." The most brilliant and showy specialist in nervous diseases we ever knew lacked ordinary common sense. In matters outside his specialty, and even in his prescriptions for his patients, he was fantastically injudicious, showing, as an African philosopher puts it with ingenious humor, "No mo' sense dan a mussiful providence gin'ly bestows on a young wheel-barrer." What a bright way of saying, "wooden-headed"! He was often called into the courts as a high-priced expert on insanity, but he would have been dangerously incompetent as a juror. What a ridiculous show the professional alienists made of themselves in the disgusting, scandalous, and corrupting Thaw trial, which disgraced almost everybody connected with it, from the presiding judge down. In ecclesiastical affairs the dominance of the spe-

cialist has been unfair and injurious. The Papal Church has long made the mistake of confining the regulation and propagation of religion too exclusively to those expert specialists, the clergy, with the result of tyranny at the top and ignorant, servile submission in the multitude. There are signs that the Romanists are realizing their mistake.

As for the specialists in government, where have they brought Europe? Hall Caine says, and the world believes, that the indescribably awful world-war now making Europe a hell, was precipitated after long preparation by imperial ambition, surrounded and supported by a handful of men not distinguished for intelligence or purity of motive, after a few days of delirious diplomacy, conducted in secret. Does anybody imagine that the common people, who have to endure the agony, and are cruelly sacrificed by millions, would have voted this gigantic folly and wickedness? They are suffering from the despotic control exercised over them by governmental specialists. What profits it to the slaughtered millions that a paranoiac, autocratic hereditary ruler has written his name forever into history in blazing letters of hell-fire? What would the dead men say? How long will it take the common people of Europe to learn their bitter lesson and take their own affairs into their own hands, by substituting democracy for the costly absurdity of hereditary rule by royalty and aristocracy? How long before in every land "the common sense of most," as Tennyson calls it, "shall hold the realm in awe," and "government of the people, by the people, and for the people," in Abraham Lincoln's immortal phrase, prevail among all nations? If those who made the quarrel were the only ones to fight, there would be no wars. "*Saving common sense*" resides with the multitude; and the richest fragrance in human life is the healthy aroma which reeks from the clean, upright, intelligent common man, whom God must love, reasoned Abraham Lincoln, because He has made so many of him.

The forensic manners of Chesterton, champion of the common man and spokesman for the common faith, have been complained of. He has been criticized for unceremoniousness and lack of dignity. The professional infidel, Blatchford, complains of his levity and accuses him of want of seriousness in dealing with serious subjects. If it be lawful to answer a fool according to his folly, Chesterton is not without justification in refusing to take seriously some of the assailants of the things of the spirit. Certainly they have given provocation enough to warrant the ridicule he has

given them and their speculations. Our modern professors in anti-Divinity Schools and Schools of ir-Religion have played fantastic tricks before high heaven enough to make the angels laugh as they make Chesterton shake with Gargantuan laughter at some of the performances of that curious entity, the so-called "modern mind." For example, take one preposterous absurdity which has actually been perpetrated recently with solemn face and scientific seriousness. We present a slightly free but not really inaccurate account of what essentially has happened in these very days. The congregation of the faithful was gathered for worship in the sanctuary on the holy day. The minister gave out the great hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty." Up rose a Professor of Political Economy and interrupted: "Mr. Chairman, before we sing I move to amend by striking out 'Lord God Almighty' and inserting instead 'Creative Energy.' Let us be scientific in our worship." Now it would have been like Chesterton, had he been present, to offset this professorial indecorum by lifting his massive proportions into view at this point in the unceremonious proceedings, and looming loftily on his broad foundations, physical and intellectual, recite reverently, sonorously, majestically, joyously, in concert with the million-voiced Christian centuries like the sound of many waters, the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord." Political economy has been called "the dismal science." Certainly the spectacle of a professor of that somewhat mixed and dubious science applying his learned mind to the revision of the hymns of the ages would be dismal enough if it were not so comical. A professor in the largest university in America, being asked which was his department, replied, "It is my business to look as wise as possible from the chair of Political Economy." A professor of any science, assuming to take in hand the adorations of the human soul and to reconstruct Christian hymnals by scientific standards, looks anything but wise. The scientist is valuable in his proper place, but he is not likely to be invited to conduct a prayer-meeting in the scientific spirit and on scientific principles. He would freeze the life out of it. A scientific sterilizing of the rich, warm, spontaneous elements contained in the reeking human personality would be like disinfecting a mother's kiss till it tasted like carbolic acid on the poor abused baby's lips.

Quite justifiably Chesterton feels under no compulsion to treat with punctilious deference some of the enemies of the soul. A few years ago

a party of so-called Free-thinkers spent some convivial days together. The party included an artist, a scholar, an editor, and a soldier. Their education enabled them to be more ribald in their blasphemy than bar-room loafers know how to be. At the close of their conclave, one of the party boasted that their discussions had "stripped the duds off the divinities and deities."

All the lofty titles with which the reverent human soul has offered the homage of ages to the Supreme Power, and all the names by which the divine greatness and glory are revealed to men, these glib blasphemers claim to have torn from your God.

"The high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity?" One dark night when Christians were asleep and nobody was looking these professional disrobers got a stepladder and went up and stripped Him of his "duds."

"The King" whom the Psalmist saw when the gates of glory were lifted up for "the King of glory" to come in? These highwaymen lay in wait outside the everlasting doors and "stripped the duds" from the Lord of Hosts.

"The King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God"? They have stripped the "honor and glory" from Him.

Him whom you call "Wonderful, Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace"? They have stripped Him.

"The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Father of mercies and God of all comfort," they have stripped from Him the adoring titles with which the incomparably great mind of Paul worshiped Him.

An extraordinary collection of "duds" these "old clothes men" claim to have. They are the real successors of those who found the Man of Galilee in Pilate's court, and stripped Him of His garments. Then having nailed Him naked to the cross, "they watched him there" while they gambled for His "duds."

But a discerning centurion said, "Truly this man was the Son of God."

To some things the heart answers like a man in wrath. A certain man remembers how, in the summer succeeding his graduation from Wesleyan University, a "liberal" minister tried to indoctrinate him with "liberal" up-to-date views based on the discoveries and interpretations of science. When in the progressive amplification of the dogma that modern science can account for everything, the "liberal" indoctrinator finally said that it was scientifically proved that mother's love was a purely physical impulse proceeding entirely from the

maternal organs, and added some repulsive details, the young graduate felt his whole nature revolting from the man with loathing and a sense of outrage. Like a man in wrath the boy's heart stood up and answered, "The grass is fresh upon my mother's grave, and my sorrow fresh within me. It is not long since I knelt by her bedside and heard her say with her dying breath, 'My heart and my flesh faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.' My mother's love seems to me the heavenliest and divinest gift the good God ever bestowed on me. And you dare to come here and tell me that it was only a physical impulse common to her and to the brutes. Out with you! Get away with your swinish science from my mother's deathbed!" And that progressive scientific "thinker" was shunned with horror forever after. Mother-love is a fit type of the divine.

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

This is like God's love, not like the brute's. A deep resentment rises in us when the cold-blooded brutality of science lays its icy desecrating hands on the warm vitals of our inmost life. Tennyson has said it for us in words that are immortal. Many a time for many a man as for the greatest of poets laureate when the negations of science had chilled his faith until all power of believing was benumbed, then

A warmth within the breast did melt
The freezing reason's colder part;
And like a man in wrath the Heart
Stood up and answered, "I have felt."

A certain church which we love to remember had two most worthy witnesses in its devotional meetings who balanced each other. One would rise and say, "I been a thinkin'," and he really had. The other would say, "I feel, I feel, I feel." Thinking and feeling go well in double harness. Together, they keep religion sane and warm. Aubrey

Moore said truly, "Human nature craves to be both rational and religious, and the life that is not both is neither." Man being what he is, faith is as rational as reason. If, as William James said, "Philosophy is more a matter of passionate vision than of logic," then religion and true philosophy are in that respect alike and on the same footing.

Often and often there comes to the scientific rationalistic mood a melting moment. Just when the man is most indifferent, when his unbelief seems coldest and most secure, and when he thinks perchance that he is done forever with the whole matter of religion and the soul, "There's a sunset touch, a fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death, a chorus-ending from Euripides, lines or tunes of a hymn his mother used to sing; and that's enough for the starting up of fifty hopes and fears, as old and new at once as Nature's self, to knock and push and enter in the soul." Browning has said it for us.

The notion is broached in some surprising quarters that science has the final word on everything. In the laboratories of some institutions supposed to be Christian, the dogma is announced that science is able to answer all the questions man needs to ask about life, including his own nature and destiny. Now there are vital and momentous questions about which physical science is as ignorant as a tree-toad. We ask no permission from science as to what we may believe concerning the soul and God. For good and valid reasons we believe things which transcend all science, and of which the most modern science knows no more than a black beetle knows of the Hallelujah Chorus or Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Does the beetle's ignorance discredit the chorus and the symphony or the soul which responds to them?

"The rich and reeking human personality": how rich is not scientifically known. All efforts at complete analysis of its contents—its faculties, susceptibilities, potencies—leave an unexplored residuum. In human nature there are regions hidden and mysterious, depths unfathomable, of which science partly confesses its ignorance by naming them "subconscious," "subliminal." In those depths forces unmeasured are at work, and out of them movements unpredictable and irresistible swell and upheave. Upheaves, for example, at times in individuals and in multitudes a mighty impulse toward prayer.

La Rochefoucauld, attempting in his cool analytic way a definition of love, says in substance: "It is difficult to define love. In the soul and mind and body it is an appreciation, a sympathy, a desire to appropriate; it is this, and this, and this—*plus many mysteries.*"

Physical investigation, searching its world finds everywhere this, and this, and this—*plus many mysteries.*

The acutest science, whether physical or psychological, analyzing and listing the contents of "the rich and reeking human personality," can only say after all its efforts, "Human nature contains this, and this, and this—*plus many mysteries.*"

Curtained within those mysteries behind a veil which science cannot draw aside is the sanctuary where men pray, and where the Father of Spirits interviews and communes with the spirit of the creature who is made in His own image and likeness. And there is nothing more rational, natural, and first or last inevitable than that communion and colloquy. Upon the high altar within that inner sanctuary burns forever the light which "lighteth every man that cometh into the world" unless he puts it out.

The disposition and tendency of the physicist are to deny the soul or to account for it on a purely physical basis. Richard Watson Gilder dropped in at a convention of scientists held in Washington, and found them, of course, reporting and discussing results of physical research. He said to one of them, "These discussions are interesting, but my search is for the soul." He was in very truth, as is written in a certain book, "a poet of the soul, a pilgrim of the Infinite." The scientist to whom he spoke responded in the slang of the day, "Well, you may search me."

If the physicist imagines that he can explore and analyze and inventory the contents of the rich and reeking human personality as completely as he has separated and catalogued the elements of the material universe, he is afflicted with "an error of extremely mortal mind." There are elements and forces which the scientist cannot get into his laboratory any more than a Bay of Fundy tailor can collar a tidal wave and drag it into his shop to measure it for a suit of clothes.

The inadequacy of science appeared in an editorial in a New York daily on the death of the astronomer, Dr. Percival Lowell, whose studies of the planet Mars with its alleged inhabitants and their imagined farms and canals gave him notoriety. The editorial sagely remarked that Dr. Lowell's work was a timely boon to the world because "the downfall of the old theology" had left mankind sorely in need of light, and comforting, and because such new information as Dr. Lowell brought takes the place of the old theology in furnishing inspiration and stimulus to right living and discreet behavior. As if

the thought that the hypothetical farmers and canal-boat captains in Mars may be watching us with an opera-glass is calculated to sustain our souls and keep us straight. This inane suggestion shows in how sad a plight, how badly off for noble motives mankind would be with the old theology withdrawn. But "the downfall of the old theology" has been, as Mark Twain said of his death, "grossly exaggerated." The old theology would long ago have fallen down if it were built on nothing more substantial than Dr. Lowell's doubtful speculations concerning the conjectural dwellers on the red war-god's planet. Spite of reports to the contrary the old theology is doing pretty well, thank you. Some alterations in interpretation and in the superstructure, as knowledge grows from more to more; but any "new theology" will have at bottom substantially the same foundations as the old or it will have none at all. Chesterton's distinction is that he champions essentially the old theology, its fundamental and central doctrines. In the volume entitled *Orthodoxy*, a novel and surprising polemic against newfangled dogmas, he lays about him lustily with the ancient sword of the spirit in defense of the old doctrines.

How little hold the modern deniers and disrobers and desecrators have upon mankind at large, how little impression their negations make, is powerfully demonstrated in various places in these very days. Their unimportance and futility have been recently exposed upon the walls that stand over London streets. The city has been placarded with huge official posters, on which are blazoned the appeals of the navy and the army and the nation. On those posters the British navy bids England to prayer through the lips of Admiral Beatty calling from seas incarnadined and peopled in their depths by the bodies of murdered women and babies whose mute lips plead for justice to be done. Says the Admiral: "Until a religious revival takes place at home, so long will the war continue." By the lips of General Sir William Robertson, the army speaks: "A serious determination on the part of the nation to seek divine help would undoubtedly furnish valuable aid to our soldiers and sailors." These solemn messages are posted on the streets of London. And the official posters publish, in addition to these appeals from the army and navy, this call to all thoughtful and serious-minded citizens: "Will you not join those who, every day at noon and in family prayers at home, pray for our country, our sailors and our soldiers?" The nation in its time of storm and stress flings itself upon the breast of the ancient Faith. The nation, not in weakness but in girded strength, roused and reso-

lute, with heart beating thunders and brain ablaze, goes forward on its knees, caring no more for the whole brood of "advanced thinkers" than the Amazon cares for the midges circling and zigzagging on its surface. "They say," "they say," "they say": Who cares what they say? They say nothing new. To the world at large their words are like the wind that blew on the opposite side of the globe a thousand years ago. They belong with Walt Whitman, who wrote that the odor of his armpits was finer than prayer. A perfectly beastly thing to say; for the squalor and fetor of a mind capable of such a juxtaposition and rating as that proves that the author of "My Captain, O My Captain," and "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," had spells of being essentially an orang-outang. The stalwart, rich and reeking human personality strides through towns and cities, stepping over all the faithless clan and cult without noticing them, and writes the faith of England on the bill-boards, paying no more attention to John Tyndall and his presumptuous prayer-test and the whole class whom he and his test represent than Niagara pays to the bubbles on its brink. The torrent goes over and on obedient to the silent call of the great throbbing ocean, emblem of the Infinite, which yearns for it and expectantly awaits it in the offing. The passionate prayers of the women whose brothers and husbands and sons are sacrificed, do more for a country's salvation than all the prayerless skeptics in the realm. The imperious and authoritative human heart has to be reckoned with. First or last, it will insist upon its rights, compel respect, and issue its decree, against which no antispiritual argument is of the slightest avail. The godless materialists, prayerless rationalists, and destructive biblical critics may do their worst: but after all their hacking and hewing at the Christian Faith, its roots remain untouched. Its deepest root is in the common soul of man, in human needs, cravings, instincts, premonitions, persuasions, and intuitive convictions.

From the days of Tobiah, the Ammonite, the enemy has imagined the defenses of Zion to be weak. He has said, "If even a fox go up he shall break down their stone wall." But the scoffers have ever misconceived the nature and underrated the strength of the defenses of the Faith. In these very days one startling and phenomenal evangelist has the scoffing skeptics beaten to a frazzle everywhere and all the time. By power divine, unmistakably divine, he piles up the evidences of Christianity sky-high in tens of thousands of men and women undeniably and lastingly saved from sin and death. Criticism

is poor business in the presence of such mighty works as the Lord is doing through such as he in spite of unbelief, petty criticisms, and savage denunciations. As once in the land of Judah, so now and here, it is safe to lift this song of confidence, "We have a strong city: *salvation* will God appoint for walls and bulwarks." *SALVATION* preached and practiced is the proof that God is with his people and to such evidence there is no answer. At sight of it, many kinds of devils fear and tremble, while a wondering world and an awakened and heartened church cry, "Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, neither his ear heavy that it cannot hear." Whose was the biggest funeral seen in England in this twentieth century? Not that of any scientist or soldier and littérateur, not even that of Edward VII, King and Emperor, but that of a world-evangelist, William Booth, General of the Salvation Army. To him the rich and reeking human personality gave its most affectionate, multitudinous, and tumultuous homage.

Let our professional Christian apologists attend to their momentous and indispensable business, as they are well able to do; yet, after all, it is the practical demonstrators of the gospel's power to uplift, purify, and transform the lives of individuals, homes, and communities, who build the walls and bulwarks with salvation. Certainly it is by such and by the moral power their gospel brings that the world is to be saved, rather than by all scientific discoverers and inventors put together. The Christian gospel needs proclaiming more than it needs defending. It will prove itself if given a chance. To proclaim it and apply it is the business of the evangelical churches.

Benjamin Harrison went into the White House as President with a purpose to improve the mail service of the United States. To this end, looking the country over, he settled on that great merchant John Wanamaker to be Postmaster General in order to bring the department up to highest efficiency. To the writer President Harrison said: "If a letter is addressed to John Doe or Richard Roe it should be the business of the Postoffice Department to find that man if he is anywhere on top of the earth and put that letter into his hands."

A letter from the Heavenly Father to every soul of man has been committed to the church of the living God. It is our bounden duty to see to it that this great heavenly love-letter, called the Gospel; the good news from God, reaches its destination and is delivered to those to whom it is addressed, in all the ends of the earth, and most of all in the place where we are, that all may read its messages: "Come

and let us reason together"; "Come, ye children, hearken unto me"; "Look unto me and be ye saved all the ends of the earth"; "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Almost inevitably the figure and errand of Chesterton, appearing twenty-five years ago in a time of dubitation and spiritual depression, recall Balaustion's account of the coming of Hercules to the sorrowing house of Admetus bereft of Alcestis. At the threshold, the strong man with the lion's skin covering his broad shoulders, sends his voice before him to herald through the gloomy halls the arrival of a helper; and Balaustion exclaims:

O the thrill that ran through us!
Never was aught so good as that great interrupting voice;
And sudden, into the midst of sorrow leaped
Hope, joy, salvation! Hercules is here.

The confident, jubilant, and sonorous voice of Chesterton, to not a few discouraged minds, has meant hope, joy, salvation.

"We have a strong city: *Salvation* will God appoint for walls and bulwarks." By all means and all methods—by training children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, by Christian education making schools and colleges thoroughly religious, by works of mercy and philanthropy, and by a resolute, dauntless, and persistently aggressive evangelism, let the ministry and laity of all churches go in for SALVATION! Do it now.

Is it true, as is claimed, that the great, brainy, educated, dignified Presbyterian body is leaving the Methodist Church behind in the matter of aggressive evangelism? Methodism needs to ponder on its knees, whether this claim is true. The mightiest evangelist in the world to-day, the one producing the most widespread, far-reaching, and lasting results, is a regularly ordained Presbyterian preacher. Having the full sanction and backing of his denomination, his good standing in the ministry is as firm and unquestioned as that of Francis L. Patton, or Henry van Dyke, or Howard Duffield, or J. H. Jowett.

This is the watchword for the hour,
A thrilling word, a word of power;
A battle cry, a flaming breath
That calls to conquest or to death:
A word to rouse the Church from rest
To heed the Master's high behest.
The call is given; ye hosts arise!
Our watchword is *Evangelize!*

The glad Evangel now proclaim
 Through all the earth in Jesus' Name;
 This word is ringing through the skies
Evangelize! Evangelize!
 To dying men, a fallen race,
 Make known the gift of Gospel Grace;
 The world that now in darkness lies
Evangelize! Evangelize!

It is high time for the church to mobilize all her forces. Let the order be given, "Forward along the whole line." Let each minister and church, and each school and college, with its faculty and students, choose the method they find most workable and efficient, best suited to time and place and people. Only *do it*, and do it *now*.

THE ARENA

PROHIBITION AND THE FUTURE

THE biggest question in American politics to-day is the liquor question, and the biggest victory yet gained over the saloon was gained on the seventh of last November. This victory pumped certainty into dry workers, put punch in the slogan "On to Washington," and consternation in the hearts of the liquor cohorts. It has already crystallized the national fight, which has for its definite object national constitutional prohibition by 1920. Every barometer of public opinion, every moist precipitation of the national air, and every breeze that blows indicate that there is going to be a long drought in the land. And when it comes, November seventh, in the year of Grace 1916, will be given as the time of the starting of the great drive which resulted in the capture of Washington for God, Home, and Native Land, and the hauling down of the booze flag for all time to come.

Picking up a Chicago daily about ten days after the election, I noticed a wet and dry map of Uncle Sam's domain, and some heavy-faced type just below. Under the caption, "The Results of the Wet and Dry Fight Nov. 7" appears the following:

"Michigan voted dry by over 75,000. Grand Rapids voted dry by over 3,000. Detroit, with over 800,000 population, voted even." (This was a slight error as Detroit gave a wet majority of over 6,000.)

"Montana, 20,000 against saloon. Every city in the State, except Butte, voted dry.

"South Dakota, dry by 25,000. Every city voted dry.

"Nebraska, majority against saloon over 25,000.

"Utah elected Legislature and Governor pledged to immediate enactment of State-wide prohibition.

"Florida elected Legislature and Governor pledged to immediate enactment of State-wide prohibition.

"Arkansas: Wets tried to weaken prohibitory law, but vote was more than two to one against them.

"Washington: Seattle, which voted wet two years ago by 15,000, voted dry by 20,000.

"Oregon: Wets attempted to weaken law; defeated by over 90,000. Bone dry amendment passed."

This was a graphic picture, a kind of a bird's-eye view, showing the larger and higher crests of the onrushing temperance tidal waves. And between these were thousands of smaller ones which have and will play their part in beating down the alcoholic wall that surrounds the nation.

Collier's, for December 9, has a cartoon entitled, "Double-Crossing the Bar," showing Michigan opening the blind doors of a saloon and setting out toward the rising sun of prohibition, while the booze venders on the inside howl and rage. And it takes no stretch of the imagination to guess what was said in Chicago barrooms as the denizens and operators looked on this luminating sheet of the city's great daily. There is certainly nothing in the signs of the times that would bring any comfort to the liquor trade. The wind blows only in one direction.

On that same memorable November seventh saloons died at the rate that men die in battle. In Alaska 450 were put out of business. In Michigan, 3,285; in Montana, 1,660; in Nebraska, 825; in South Dakota, 203; and in Maryland, 165, making a total of 6,528 saloons abolished in one day. The brewers demolished that same day were 114: Michigan, 79; Nebraska, 13; Montana, 19, and South Dakota, 3. We used to beg men to keep away from the saloon, but drink increased and drunkards multiplied. Now we keep the saloon away from men and crime of all kinds decreases fully 50 per cent in the first six months in cities like Seattle, Portland, and Denver. If the saloonist feels bad about the destruction of his property he may get his compensation in the knowledge that by being deprived of his trade he is bringing the greatest blessing to his age and generation. And be it known that a good conscience is the best reward for the deeds done in the body.

The map now looks pretty white, but we like best to see it whiten in State units. The dry States before November seventh, in their chronological order, were: Maine, Kansas, North Dakota, Georgia, Oklahoma, Mississippi, North Carolina, Tennessee, West Virginia, Virginia, Colorado, Oregon, Washington, Arizona, Alabama, Arkansas, Iowa, Idaho, and South Carolina. The four added at the recent election were Michigan, Montana, Nebraska, and South Dakota. At that same time Utah and Florida elected Legislatures and Governors pledged to the immediate enactment of State-wide prohibition, and before the third moon in 1917 these States will be on the water wagon. This will make 25 of the 48 States in the Union definitely committed to Prohibition. And the significant thing about the process is its very recent consummation. All these States except three have boarded the water wagon in the very near past. Looks like a drove of sheep. When one jumps the fence all the rest follow.

Giving the wet and dry map a very careful study, noting the number of dry, near-dry and partially dry States, the conviction is forced upon any impartial investigator that national prohibition is only a matter of a few short years. The traveler now can leave the Gulf or Atlantic border and journey either to Canada or the Pacific coast and never be out of a dry State. And he has the choice of two routes in the bargain. Nevada is the only State where booze and divorce hold all the territory. Every other State has been invaded by option in some form, and communities, towns, and even cities, have denied the saloon the right to live within their borders. Prohibition does certainly move on in spite of those million-dollar sinews of war collected and spent by the National Brewers' and Distillers' Association.

Coming down to the county unit, we read a story that seems too good to be true. There are 2,543 counties in the United States, and 2,238 of these are now dry, leaving only 305 wet counties in the nation. There are 78 counties in Florida and Utah. When these States pass their proposed legislation there will be only 227 wet counties out of the 2,543 in the entire country. This represents more than 80 per cent of the territory and more than 60 per cent of the population. There is no place outside of Russia that presents such a picture of booze destruction.

With the slogan, "On to Washington," ringing in our ears, and knowing that it will take 36 States to write Prohibition in the national Constitution, what are the prospects of its accomplishment? Here we must get away from dreaming, or from mere wishing what might be, or ought to be, and get down to brass tacks. It will take 36 Legislatures of 36 States to ratify the amendment that will put Uncle Sam on the water wagon for good. We must also consider the fact that booze will fight to the last ditch and that there is plenty of money that will be spent by them before they give up the ghost. To begin, the 25 dry States would ratify the amendment without delay. This would make eleven short of the goal. Going over the field and studying conditions and omens in near-dry States, we can safely count on Minnesota, Indiana, Ohio, New Mexico, and Texas lining up on the dry side by 1918. Kentucky, Wyoming, and Delaware would either ratify the amendment or pass prohibitory laws just as sure as fate. This would leave three to be secured, and Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maryland would just fit in to make the requisite number. And if perchance there would be a slip somewhere there are California, Missouri, Illinois, and Louisiana, whose Legislatures would pass a national dry amendment. The large wet cities in each one of these States, while affecting the vote for State-wide prohibition, cannot in either control the Legislature. Out of these sixteen States mentioned, that might be designated as near-dry, we indulge in no fancy when we affirm that eleven can be mustered to give the necessary three fourths for ratification. And this does not take into account the rapid growth of prohibition sentiment, but is based upon just the present status quo of the liquor situation. It is as sure as mathematics.

In considering a long-drawn-out war, such as will be involved in the fight for national prohibition, we must take in account the possibility

of an ebb in the tide. The saloon dies hard and has wonderful come-back action. What is the possibility of the dry element losing ground before national prohibition can be effected? This question has been answered in two ways. First, by the voters in Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Arizona, and Arkansas in the recent election. To be specific, in Washington a beer amendment was voted on which would have realized August A. Busch's belated ideal German saloon system. But the people of Washington, after nearly a year of no-saloon life, turned this down by over 100,000 majority. The city of Seattle, which voted wet two years ago by 15,000, voted dry this time by 20,000. Tacoma changed a wet majority of 3,000 to a dry majority of 8,000. Spokane switched from 1,500 wet to 10,000 dry. Every county in the State voted against the two liquor initiatives. Idaho changed from satutory to constitutional prohibition, three to one. Arkansas defeated a beer amendment, two to one. Arizona defeated the local option substitute initiated by the wets. Oregon literally snowed under the beer amendment. The answer is also found in the decrease of the wet majorities in California and Missouri and in the large dry vote in the cities of the nation. The second part of the answer is found in the attitude of the press in dry and near-dry States. The most influential papers on the Pacific northwest, papers that fought prohibition with all their power, have since changed and become its most enthusiastic supporters. There is hardly an influential daily left in these States that will defend the saloon. And all the rest will come to the side of that which is best when they see the good results of prohibition. As yet there have not appeared any signs of an ebb in the tide.

On the contrary, temperance sentiment is rapidly growing. And men are growing with it, and no longer public men fear the saloon. In the scientific tests of the twentieth century the saloon stands in a bad light. It looks bad, it smells bad, and its every product is bad. Five years ago Pennsylvania was considered an impregnable stronghold of liquordom. To-day in the Granite State there are eleven counties dry, and 1,500,000 Pennsylvanians live in dry territory. Measuring this with the yard-stick it would total 12,300 square miles. The mene-tek-el of King Bacchus has appeared on the wall, and it is being interpreted in no uncertain language by the ballots of a sovereign people.

Looking toward a national amendment, what are the prospects of the law getting by Congress in order that it may be submitted to the States? In the House two years ago the vote got a majority. At the same time there would have been a majority in the Senate. Things have happened since which give great hopes that the boys in Washington will think twice before they vote for the booze gang again. Out in Indiana two wet Senators and ten wet Congressmen were retired and dries elected to replace them. Here also a dry Governor was elected by a large majority. The party and the men who had bowed to the booze barons on the banks of the Wabash were eliminated from Indiana's political ballfield. Indiana did not help send Mr. Marshall to the Vice Presidency, and some folks in Washington, we think, will take the hint. Up in Michigan, one Mr. Beaks placed his political fortunes with the wets and voted against the national amendment

two years ago. Another now sits in his place while he contemplates the scattered debris of his fond hopes buried beneath an avalanche of 70,000 votes and sings "Michigan, Dry Michigan." Politicians do not always judge the way public opinion is swinging, but those who fall at this late date are beyond hope. I feel confident, however, that two thirds of them scent the direction, and that the nation-wide campaign will be on within the life of the next Congress.

It does beat all how the prophecies of the booze venders fail, and how villages, towns, and even cities get on without the saloon. And it is just a crime how home industries are ruined by prohibition—such as wife-beating, assault, desertion, and murder. And one of the things that are far from what the trade would have us believe is the significant fact that under prohibition there are more business, increased bank clearings, lower taxes, decreased crime, less pauperism, and less boot-legging. Grass is yet to grow on the streets of dry burgs.

There is one phase of this question that has given thoughtful men concern and that is the seeming destruction of property. The passage of the national amendment, just as with the State amendments, will give plenty of time for the men concerned to dispose of their stocks and salvage their furniture and fixtures. The buildings remain to be used for other purposes and there is no loss here. Chairs and tables are common commodities and would not be classed as loss. Bars could readily be turned into lunch or soft drink counters, and their glasses used in the latter business. Following it down to the last item there would be but very little property destruction in the going of the trade. Given time and care on the saloonkeeper's part, about the only thing he would lose would be his occupation, and many a man has done that, gotten another or better, and lived. This is but the common fate of millions of men every year and goes with the uncertainties of life. If the saloonkeeper's job has unfitted him for another then he had best be out and all men kept out.

With the brewery and distiller there will be plenty of uses for their buildings and equipment, and many men who formerly made booze have changed their factories since prohibition came and are getting splendid results. In Omaha one is already being made into a modern apartment house. In Wheeling, W. Va., one is now the P. O. Raymond Meat Packing Company, and doing a good business. A Cedar Rapids brewery is now a yeast packing company. The Iowa City plant has turned to a creamery and produce company. The North Yakima (Washington) brewery is now a fruit by-product company. The Salem (Oregon) brewery is now making loganberry juice. In Flint (Michigan) one has been made into a Methodist church. Henry Ford has suggested to the Michigan breweries to make wood alcohol, and Henry is thought to have worked out the practical method of making the coming fuel for his automobiles.

The immediate work of the dry forces will be to stop leaks, watch their fences, and bend toward "bone dry" legislation. At the same time Congress ought to exclude booze advertisements and solicitation letters from the mails, stop interstate shipments of intoxicating liquors, and withhold Federal license in dry States. The Federal Government should not nullify

the prohibition laws of the various States. But in the accomplishment of these minor things the aim and object of all the work and effort should not be side-tracked, namely to write prohibition in the fundamental law of the land, and so fence it and guard it that never again will alcoholic beverages prey upon the best life and blood of the nation, and to do this by the year of Grace 1920.

Gladstone, Mich.

GRANT PERKINS.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

PAUL'S FIRST LETTER TO THE CHURCH IN CORINTH

PLEA FOR CHURCH UNITY. 1 Cor. 1. 10-17.

IN the autumn of the year 50 of the Christian era a solitary traveler might have been seen entering one of the gates of the city of Corinth. Tradition represents him as a man of slight build, partly bald, a face bronzed by exposure, hands hardened by toll.

His name was once Saul of Tarsus, but now Paul, the apostle of Jesus Christ.

The city of Corinth which he is entering was situated on an isthmus which joins the Peloponnesus with the north of Greece. It was not the old classical city of Corinth which Paul was entering. The old city had been destroyed by Mummius B. C. 146, after which it had been silent for a hundred years. In A. D. 46 Corinth was rebuilt by Julius Cæsar. The glory of the new city was greater than that of the old city. Athens was greater as an intellectual center. Corinth in size, commerce, and splendor was the first city of Greece. It was, when Paul entered it, a great cosmopolitan center of six hundred thousand inhabitants; it was to that time what New York, London, Paris, and Berlin are to our times.

Its inhabitants were Greeks, Romans, Jews. It contained a mixture of the Orient and the Occident. It must have been a strange sight which met the eye of the apostle when he entered the city. He saw before him a city of boundless wealth, of boundless luxury, and also of boundless vice.

The immorality of the city was a dominant feature. To behave as a Corinthian was synonymous with gross immorality. It may have furnished the basis for the description of the abominable condition of the heathen world in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, which was written from Corinth.

But there was another side to the condition of Corinth when Paul entered it which must not be overlooked. Low moral ideas and practices existed side by side with philosophical speculations. It was an age of Sophists, of disputation, of philosophy falsely so called.

As art decayed after the Roman conquest so did literature become perverted. Stanley says: "With a worn-out philosophy, which had sunk from the sublime aspirations of Plato and the practical wisdom of Aristotle into the subtleties of the later Stoics and Epicureans." Goudge says:

"The fine language that Saint Paul despises is not the lofty eloquence of Isalah, or even of Demosthenes; the philosophy is not the philosophy of Plato, or even of Seneca. Saint Paul could have sympathized with these; it is rather the empty word-play and philosophic dilettanteism of the Corinthians of his own day. High standards had passed away. The Corinthians, as Saint Paul says of some of his teachers, measured themselves simply by themselves (2. Cor. 10. 12), and empty self-conceit was the result."

It is probable that when he entered the city of Corinth Paul, wise man that he was, would contemplate his mode of procedure.

He proposed to attack this fortress of heathenism and to bring this city into the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. It was a gigantic undertaking. To besiege and conquer this fortress of sin and of false philosophy would demand great wisdom as well as great courage.

He would probably, as was his custom, first go to the Jewish synagogue.

It will be remembered that the early converts from Judaism did not break away entirely from Judaism. They were, in their own view, still Jews and had not relinquished their Jewish privileges. They were somewhat in the position in which the early Methodists were in relation to the Church of England.

It was the privilege of learned men to enter the synagogue and address the assembled Jews.

Luke, in the Acts, narrates very concisely Paul's coming to Corinth. It was immediately after his visit to Athens, which he found wholly given up to idolatry, and where he preached his wonderful sermon on Mars' Hill, which had not been very fruitful in results.

At Corinth he made very valuable acquaintances, Acts 18. 1-5; "After these things he departed from Athens, and came to Corinth, and found a certain Jew named Aquila, who lately came from Italy with his wife Priscilla; . . . he reasoned in the synagogue every sabbath, and persuaded Jews and the Greeks."

Five or six years pass away. Paul is in Ephesus when he hears from Chloe, and perhaps others, of the disturbed condition of the Corinthian Church and of the great questions which disturbed them.

It seems that specific questions had been referred to him for solution. He is greatly distressed, as he was not able to go himself to Corinth, and he sends Timothy to travel through Macedonia to Corinth. Thus he sends directly to Corinth his first letter to the Corinthians.

CHURCH DIVISIONS AND THEIR REMEDY

After a brief introduction, which occupies verses 1-9, he enters formally upon the subject of the Epistle. Paul's first message is in regard to their party divisions. 1 Cor. 1. 10-17.

He introduces this subject quite delicately, verse 10. "Now I beseech you, brethren, through the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you, but that ye be perfected together in the same mind and in the same judgment."

This is certainly very gentle. In verse 11 he comes at once to the subject. "For it hath been signified unto me concerning you, my brethren, by them which are of the household of Chloe, that there are contentions among you."

The words "It hath been signified unto me" are hardly as strong as the original. We think the authorized version is more nearly correct: "It hath been declared unto me." The aorist tense indicates a particular time or occasion when the communication was made to Paul. Who Chloe was is not known. It may have been some one at Ephesus who was related to Corinth and who was acquainted with Saint Paul. May have been "by slaves belonging to Chloe's household." "She may have been an Ephesian lady, with some Christian slaves, who had visited Corinth." Various explanations have been given, but they are all conjectural.

The parties in the Church are indicated in verse 12. "Now this I mean, that each one of you saith, I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas, and I of Christ." How many parties; two, three, or four? "Each one" does not mean that every member of the Church had joined one of these parties, but evidently the majority had joined in the strife.

The view of Elliccott is that there were four parties. The first mentioned is the Paul party. Paul puts this first because he expects to disclaim any connection or sympathy with it or any other party.

The party of Paul was, of course, those who sympathized with his missionary propaganda among the Gentiles and were in harmony with his doctrinal views.

Apollos, under the instructions of Aquila and Priscilla (Acts 18. 26), held the same views. He is described as an eloquent Alexandrian, whose cultured style contrasted him strangely with Paul, whose style bore no marks of polish or eloquence. "What was felt to be so different in manner was soon assumed to be so in matter. Preference passed into partisanship and partisanship into the sectarian divisions which are here condemned." (See Elliccott.)

The party of Cephas. "Cephas was the Jewish designation of Peter," the form "usually adopted in Saint Paul's Epistles." Peter is used only in Gal. 2. 7, 8. These may have been the party of Judaizing teachers who may have taken occasion of these disturbances to press the claims of Peter, whom Paul had rebuked at Antioch.

The fourth party may have been those who claimed no Jewish relationship with the Lord and yet claimed Christ as their own, and used his name as the watchword of a party.

Put in terms of to-day, we would designate Paul's party as the Gentile party who favored Paul's great missionary policy; the party of Apollos as the party of culture, who were delighted with form and ritual; the Peter party, the extreme Jewish party who gave a reluctant consent to Paul's great missionary propaganda. Peter required a special vision to assure him of Gentile liberty. The Christ party may have been the common watchword of all, but it was also a gathering around personal leaders. Paul, Apollos, and Peter were the great leaders of the Church at Corinth around whom the schism gathered.

It has been remarked that it is a strange fact that no great denomination has been founded after these distinguished names. We have the Lutheran body, and the Wesleyan Church, but no Paul, Apollos, or Peter, Church, although Orders have been founded in the name of Paul.

Paul at once disclaims any connection with any of these parties, 1-13. "Is Christ divided! Was Paul crucified for you? or were ye baptized in the name of Paul? I thank God that I baptized none of you, save Crispus and Galus, lest any man should say that ye were baptized into my name."

How delicate his allusions. He depreciates only himself. He would not depreciate others. He was not crucified for them. Their true and only leader must be the Crucified One. He baptized very few of their number. He only recalled two, Crispus and Galus, who were well known to them. He recalls also the household of Stephanas. His duty was to proclaim the gospel, verse 17. "For Christ sent me not to baptize but to preach the gospel; not in wisdom of words lest the cross of Christ should be made void."

What is Paul's message in regard to these divisions? This calls us back to verse 10: "Now I beseech you, brethren, through the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions [Greek, *schisms*] among you; but that ye be perfected together in the same mind and in the same judgment."

The exact meaning of these words is difficult to reach and expositors have been greatly divided as to their meanings.

Lightfoot says, "The clause 'that ye all speak the same thing,' is a classical expression and is used of political communities which are free from factions, of different states which entertain friendly relations with each other." "To 'speak the same' is to be at peace, to make up differences." Sadler says "same mind" means "the Christian way of thinking in general—full harmony of view in regard to a Christian truth; perfect agreement in the way of solving practical questions."

Ellicott: "They must think the same things and in the same judgment and application of those thoughts." "They were to arrive at the same mental decisions in reference to the subject."

Kay: "How but by agreeing in the apostolic preaching! The apostle says not—I beseech you, brethren, that ye be content to differ or to make allowances for one another; but he says—I beseech you, brethren, that ye speak the same thing. Our first work is, not to arrive at unity, but to conform ourselves to the standard of divine truth; just as the unity of a choir is not gained by each singer striving to keep in with his neighbor, but by all following the prescribed rules of music." (Quoted from sermon of E. P. Eden.)

The important phrase rendered in the revised version "that we be perfected together" means to put together that which has been broken. The apostle here is urging them "to give up not erroneous beliefs, but party spirit." It is evident that the matter which caused the divisions is not doctrinal, for there is no evidence that there were any real differences in doctrine between Paul, Apollos, and Peter, but it was this championship of one leader over another that caused their strifes. None of the parties

had separated from the church. The contentions were always in the church. Is not this adherence to leaders a great source of most contentions within the modern church?

What, then, is Paul's remedy for the divided church? It is to lead them out of themselves and their own narrowness to Christ. Christ is always before him. Christ is mentioned nine times in the first nine verses of this chapter. He says in the tenth verse, "I beseech you through the name of the Lord Jesus Christ." The real duty of one who would heal divisions is to hold up before the parties the symbol of the Master. What does the patriotic leader do who would stir the people to patriotism? He raises in view of the people the country's standard, the "Star Spangled Banner," the symbol of our national unity. So with Christians. The recognition of their union with Christ is the solvent for all church divisions. The Cross of Christ is the symbol and the bond of our Christian unity.

Has the thought of our modern age any better solution for church differences than that presented by the apostle in this passage?

THE CONSTRUCTIVE TEACHER

THE title of this paper contains two very familiar yet very important words.

The word "constructive" has different meanings growing out of the different relations and applications in which it appears. It may mean the power to construct or the constructive faculty.

For our present purpose we employ one of its logical meanings: "tendency toward or resulting in positive conclusions; affirmation, as constructive reasoning."

The word teacher is a personal word. It is a person who has the capacity of acquiring knowledge and wisdom and has the faculty of imparting the same to others who are recognized as disciples.

According to the concordance, the verb "teach" is found in the Old and New Testaments about one hundred and ten times; "teacher" and "teachers" twenty times in the New Testament; besides the words "teachest," "teacheth," and "teaching," the word "disciples" is mentioned about two hundred times. The frequent use of the words relating to teaching shows the important plan the teacher occupies in Christianity. The teaching problem, both as to substance and methods, is one of the pressing problems of our time.

The teaching function is one of the highest functions intrusted to mankind. The position of teacher has been held in honor in all ages. It is not uncommon for those holding the highest political and ecclesiastical positions to accept the post of teacher in a college or university or professional school, without any sense of humiliation in his own feelings or in the views of others. Our blessed Lord is called "the great Teacher." His command to his chosen disciples was: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations."

The modern designation for teachers and disciples is professors and students. It is the method of the teacher, and not the substance of the teaching, that we are considering at this time. The pastor as well as the professor is a teacher and each must employ the methods adapted to his position.

The different professorial methods have been admirably presented by Rev. Dr. F. L. Patton in a biographical paper on Archibald Alexander Hodge, son of Rev. Dr. Charles Hodge, the eminent theological professor of Princeton Theological Seminary. Dr. A. A. Hodge was the successor of his father in the Chair of Systematic Theology.

Dr. Patton in his paper says: "It is possible to entertain different views of what a professor's function ought to be. According to one view a professorship means an opportunity for special investigation and leisurely research, the results of which are communicated in the lecture room to men who desire knowledge. According to another view the academic lecture is intended to stimulate interest in the department to which it belongs. It is not intended to be a substitute for independent reading and that mastery of the subject which only independent reading can give. According to still another view the professor's business is to see that a certain definite body of instruction is safely and surely transferred from his mind to the minds of those who hear him. He is not only or even chiefly to present truth that men may receive it if they choose; he is to see that they receive it. Hodge was a teacher of this type, and one of the greatest that America has ever produced."

It is the third view which we would emphasize at this time which we will call the constructive method. It assumes that certain truths have been investigated and definite conclusions have been reached, and that the teacher accepts them as the basis of his instructions to his classes and enforces them upon his students as containing the truth. It does not mean that the student is to accept all that the teacher regards as the truth, but that the instructor has so thoroughly studied the subject on which he is lecturing that he can state his views in a positive manner and help in his personal investigations. It involves substantially all the methods indicated above; "opportunity for investigation and leisurely research," "stimulating interest in the subject," and finally a "definite body of instruction" to be imparted.

The teacher before entrance upon his work must himself have been a careful and critical student of the subjects on which he is to give instruction. No one can teach that which he is not prepared to teach. His critical and logical faculties should have been employed with absolute integrity of determination to ascertain the truth. It is often a long and painful process. In the investigation of his subject, difficulties of which he never dreamed will arise from time to time. He must, however, proceed until his views are clarified, and he is able to express them with simplicity and force. If he is not satisfied with his investigation and does not feel confident of the correctness of his conclusions, he should either defer the discussion of the subject for further investigation or state that he cannot reach a satisfactory statement. Integrity of investigation

and discussion is of course fundamental. When this process of investigation and reading has been completed he can speak with the authority that comes of strong conviction. He is then a constructive teacher.

The constructive method is the natural order of intellectual procedure. It proposes to start with that which is admitted and to advance to that which logically follows from it and which from other sources has been added to it. It recognizes and puts in practice the proper function of the teacher. The constructive method of teaching is specially adapted to our times.

We are living in an iconoclastic age. Intellectual vagaries of all kinds fill the air. The easiest way to secure attention is to become the teacher of a new propaganda of something startling. The restlessness of the world in all matters of intellectual and moral values is apparent to all. The multitudes are bewildered. We are much in the condition of the ancient Athenians. "Now all the Athenians and the strangers sojourning there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or hear some new thing." Acts 17. 21.

Paul's method in that remarkable address on Mars' Hill was a distinctively constructive message. He begins with the statement, which none of his hearers questioned, that they were "very religious" and proceeds to set forth the positive message of which he was the apostle. The Divine Teacher, when he was upon earth, gave a sublime example of the constructive teacher, which all disciples of the Great Master of us all should take as a model of method. It was the authority with which he spoke that astonished the multitudes who had listened to his Sermon on the Mount. It is said in Matt. 7. 28, 29: "And it came to pass when Jesus ended these words, the multitudes were astonished at his teaching, for he taught them as one having authority and not as the scribes."

It is not our privilege to teach with such authority as the perfect infallible Teacher, but each in his measure, whether professor or pastor or instructor in any sphere, can, by prayer and study prepare and convey to others a constructive message, as necessary for the upbuilding of humanity in all that is noblest and most Christlike, which is the true object of all true teachers and teaching.

The constructive method which the writer is commending, he believes, has been the method of all great teachers and is well adapted to our times and to all times. Construction in every department of thought and activity is the crying need of the hour, and happy is every teacher who has a share in the reconstruction of the world, now passing through the great upheaval of war, on the foundation of the apostles and prophets and on Jesus Christ the Chief Cornerstone.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

LETTERS, SACRED AND PROFANE

LETTER-WRITING is a very ancient custom, as old, no doubt, as writing itself, which was practiced in many lands in gray antiquity. We have references to letters in Egypt as early as the twelfth century B. C. We read of letters in Homer, Herodotus, and the Old Testament. The Tel-el-Amarna letters are too well known to require anything but a mere mention.

There have been, too, famous collections of letters of private individuals in both Greece and Italy, such as those of Aristotle, Isocrates, Epicurus. There were four collections of Cicero's, having in all 864 letters. Seneca's letters, of about the same date as those of Saint Paul, are known to all. Letter-writing is no modern art, nor, indeed, is stenography, or shorthand.

It is not the object of this article to trace the origin of letter-writing, but rather to compare some of the letters of the New Testament with those, written in the colloquial cosmopolitan Greek, discovered in Egypt within the past forty years. Most of our data have been taken from Prof. Adolph Deissmann's works, one of the best authorities on the subject. He has found such similarity between the vocabulary, style and syntax of Saint Paul's writings and those non-literary letters lately discovered as to force him to the conclusion that the New Testament Greek is not peculiar to itself, but rather, with few minor differences of idiom, such as could be expected from a Jew writing Greek—the same as that found in the writings of those of the non-literary people who made use of cosmopolitan Greek. Many of the words and expressions formerly labeled by eminent scholars as "Hebraisms" or "biblical Greek," are now shown to be the every-day expressions of the common people, the current speech of those who spoke Greek in the Imperial age. In many cases the error arose from the fact that these learned men had neglected some of the classical writers, to say nothing of the late Greek authors. The chief reason, however, was that they had no knowledge of myriads of popular documents brought to light since their days. It is simply another instance of "authorities" drawing conclusions from insufficient data, for, alas! even learned Bible critics sometimes draw upon their imaginations.

Deissmann has collected a number of words and phrases, labeled by Cremer, Blass, and others as "Semitic" or "Hebrew," which in reality are not Semitic at all, but colloquial, non-literary Greek pure and simple. One such phrase is *δύο δύο*, two and two, or by twos. This is certainly, though so labeled, not Semitic, for even Æschylus and Sophocles use it; nay, more, it is used this very day in modern Greek, as any Greek vendor of soft drinks in any of our cities may tell us. We find, moreover, the same usage in German and Welsh. Another phrase is *ἰσχυρὸς ἀνὴρ*, to beware of. Both Blass and Wellhausen learnedly call it Hebrew or Semitic. Unfortunately for these two great scholars, a papyrus letter of August 4, 41 A. D., discovered in Egypt, contains this very phrase. In

this inscription we read: "And thou, do thou *beware* of the Jews." Certainly, this warning against the Jews does not sound Hebraic.

The so-called "Johannine style" was likewise labeled Semitic or Aramaic chiefly because of its fondness for and frequent use of "and" as a connective. A comparison of some passages from John with those in non-literary Greek letters of the period shows conclusively that the criticism is not well founded, for the practice referred to is more common in the latter than in the writings of John. Again, attention was called to John's frequent use of the first personal pronoun, as, for example, in John 10. 7-14. In this passage we find the first personal pronoun seven times. A sure proof of Semitic origin. In an inscription of about 27 B. C., quoted by Dionysius of Sicily, of only one half the length of the passage in John, the first personal pronoun is employed eight times. In another only thrice as long as the passage in John we find this pronoun twenty-six times.

The oldest Greek letter so far discovered is written by an Athenian of the fourth century B. C. and preserved in the Royal Museum at Berlin. It seems to be from a man of means, temporarily detained on a journey, to his family at Athens. The following is a part of the letter: "Mnesigerus sendeth to them that are at his home greetings and health, and he saith it is so with him. If you be willing, send me some covering, either sheepskins or goatskins, as plain as you have and not brodered with fur, and shoesoles; upon occasion I will return them." Every reader will instinctively think of Saint Paul's request that Timothy should send him the cloak which had been left at Troas.

A very interesting letter is one written 1 B. C., from an Egyptian workingman to his wife about to become a mother. It was found by Grenfell and Hunt among the Oxyrhyncus papyri. As a specimen of the composition of a laboring man and a picture of the low morality of the age, as well as of the brutal, sentimental coquettishness of the fellow, the letter, which we reproduce in full, deserves careful study: "Hilarion to Alis his sister, many greetings. Also to Berus my lady and Apollonarin. Know that we are still even now in Alexandria [sic]. Be not distressed if at the general coming in I remain at Alexandria. I pray thee and beseech thee take care of the little child. And as soon as we receive wages I will send thee up. If thou . . . are delivered, if it was a male child, let it (live); if it was female, cast it out. Thou saidst to Aphrodisias, 'Forget me not.' How can I forget thee? I pray thee, therefore, that thou be not distressed. In the year 29 of the Caesar, Pauni 23."

The letter, though addressed to his sister, was, no doubt, to his wife. It was not unusual in ancient Egypt for a brother to marry his sister. As Deissmann aptly remarks, "The letter displays a sad picture of civilization in the age which saw the birth of the great Friend of Children, a scene in which the fortunes of a proletarian family are neglected in their naked horror, a background of distinct contrast to what Jesus said of the value of little children." From the days of our Saviour to our own the condition of children has steadily improved, and their protection from cruelty and abuse is one of the cardinal doctrines of Christianity.

The discoveries of the recent past have brought to light the fact that letters were sometimes copied and kept in collections. This was done not only by the sender, but also by those who received letters. This, no doubt, may account for the apparent lack of connection noticeable in some letters. For it was very possible to paste two distinct letters so closely together as to make them appear as one. Let it also be remembered that model letter writers are not the invention of modern times. There were in all ages, as there are to-day, people who could write in some fashion, but devoid of all talent for expressing their thoughts in a written form. Hence the value of a Complete Letter Writer. The following letter of condolence was taken from such a collection of models: "The death of N. N., now blessed, hath grieved us exceedingly and constrained us to mourn and weep; for of such an earnest and altogether virtuous friend have we been bereaved. Glory then and praise be to God, who in his wisdom and incomprehensible power and providence governeth the issues to death and when it is expedient receiveth the soul unto himself."

The above, as we can readily see, must have been penned by a person of strong faith in God and immortality and shows a decided advance over the following from Oxyrhyncus and now in the library of Yale University. It was written toward the close of the apostolic age, and though full of profound sympathy and tenderness of feeling it can hardly be from a believer in Christ.

"Irene to Taonnophris and Philo, good comfort. I was as sorry and wept over the departed one as I did over Didymus [according to Deissmann, a husband or son]. And all things whatsoever were fitting, I did, and all mine. . . . But, nevertheless, against such things one can do nothing. Therefore comfort ye one another. Fare ye well. Athyr. 1, that is, October 28."

The writer knows the pains and sorrows caused by the death of some dear ones, but knows not how to console the family so sorely bereaved. How tantalizingly futile the exhortation, "Comfort ye one another." For they are evidently ignorant of the great Comforter. They do not seem to know anything of the words of Saint Paul (1 Thess. 4. 18f.), who knows the power of the resurrection and speaks so confidently of "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

One more selection from the Letter Writer. The language, as the reader will observe, is very general and perfunctory. It is a vague request for pardon, and about as meaningless as the well-known phrase, "I beg your pardon," of our time. The letter is as follows:

"I know that I erred in that I treated thee ill. Wherefore, having repented, I beg pardon for the error. But for the Lord's sake, delay not to forgive me. For it is just to pardon friends who stumble, and especially when they desire to obtain pardon."

There is no hint, whatever, as to the nature of the error made. And so the model might be used for any error or crime, small or great.

It would be quite wrong to conclude that spoiled children are the product of modern times or of the new education, for the species was known as early at least as the second century of our era in the land of

Egypt, as we see from the following letter of a young Egyptian schoolboy to his father, who having occasion to visit Alexandria conveniently forgot to take the youngster along with him to the capital. Both grammar and spelling are bad and so is the spirit of the boy. We reproduce the letter verbatim so that the reader may see how a naughty boy of nearly 2,000 years ago could write: "Theon to Theon his father, greeting: Thou hast done well. Thou hast not carried me with thee to the town. If thou wilt not carry me with thee to Alexandria, I will not write thee a letter, nor speak [to] thee, nor wish thee health. But if thou goest to Alexandria, I will not take hand from thee, nor greet thee again henceforth. If thou wilt not carry me these things come to pass. My mother also said to Archelaus, 'He driveth me mad, away with him!' But thou hast done well. Thou hast sent me great gifts—locust-beans. They deceived us there on the 12th day, when thou didst sail. Finally, send for me, I beseech thee. If thou sendest not, I will not eat or drink. Even so. Fare thee well, I pray. Tybi 18"—January 13.

Deissmann characterizes this letter of the urchin as impudent, sarcastic, and ironical. "He will stop everything that a well-brought-up child should do to its parents—wishing them goodby, shaking hands, wishing them good health and writing letters," and—worst of all (?)—he will starve to death of his own free will.

The next letter is from a certain Caor, Papas of Hermopolis, to a Christian military officer in the Fayum. It was written about 346 A. D. Papas, usually rendered Pope and sometimes Bishop, here, no doubt, is assumed by a village priest, for Hermopolis was a little insignificant village. The language, too, betrays the plebeian, unworthy of a Bishop even of that age. Moreover, it is not uncommon even in our day to apply the title bishop to a common, ordinary village minister, at least in a semi-jocular way. And who does not know the extravagant use of the title doctor to ministers, small and great, in our cities? The letter, as we shall see, recalls most vividly the letter of Paul to Philemon. It is taken from a collection of letters, sixty in all, to Abinnaeus, and reads as follows: "To my master and beloved brother Abinnaeus (?) the *Præpositus*, Caor, Papas of Hermopolis, greeting. I salute thy children much. I would have thee know, Lord, concerning Paul the soldier, concerning his flight. Pardon him this once, seeing that I am without leisure to come unto thee at this present. And, if he desist not, he will come again into thy hands another time. Fare thee well, I pray, many years, my lord brother."

In his letter to Philemon Paul intercedes for a runaway slave, while Caor, the village priest, nearly two hundred years later, precisely in the same spirit as the great apostle, appeals to a military officer for clemency to a deserter, penitent on account of his offense and anxious to return to his post.

"This little genre painting," says Deissmann, "gains interest when we remember that the treatment of deserters was a problem that occupied the early church, and even led to a conciliar decree. In the year 314 the Council of Arles determined that those who throw down their arms shall be excommunicate."

As already stated, though these papyri and ostraca are written in many scripts and languages, the bulk of those discovered are in the common, cosmopolitan Greek. Strangely enough, though the seat of government was at Rome and Latin was the court language, Latin inscriptions discovered in Egypt are comparatively rare. And yet this is to be expected if we remember that most of the inscriptions already brought to light have been dug out of the rubbish heaps of little villages in Egypt—and not from the places where imperial documents were kept—and were thus the correspondence, records, etc., of the lower classes of the citizenship. However, some Latin inscriptions were found at Oxyrhynchus by Grenfell and Hunt. Here is one from the Deissmann collection. It is from the second century of our era: "To Julius Domitius, military tribune of the legion, from Aurelius Archelaus his *beneficiaries*, greeting. Already aforetime I have recommended unto thee Theon my friend, and now also I pray, lord, that thou mayest have him before thine eyes as myself. For he is such a man that he may be loved by thee. For he left his own people, his goods and business, and followed me. And through all things he has kept me in safety. And therefore I pray of thee that he may have entering in unto thee. And he is able to declare unto thee all things concerning our business. Whatsoever he hath told me so it was in very deed. I have loved the man. . . . Be ye most happy, lord, many years, with all thine, in good health. Have this letter before thine eyes, lord, and think that I speak with thee. Farewell."

The above, as all may see, contains several expressions quite familiar to readers of the New Testament. We instinctively think of Peter's words: "Lo, we have left all, and have followed thee," and also the words of Paul in 1 Thess. 1. 9 and Col. 4. 7. If the writer was not a Christian he was certainly highly humane, and filled with Christian sentiments.

As could be expected, there have been discovered quite a number of Coptic inscriptions in Egypt. Coptic was the language of the Copts, the native Christians of Egypt, and "racially the purest representatives of the ancient Egyptians." Coptic is no longer spoken, but was supplanted nearly two hundred years ago by the Arabic. Deissmann selected two of these ostraca from the collection of Mr. W. E. Crum. They are both of about 600 A. D., a time when the Coptic Church was beginning to wane in influence and just on the eve of the Moslem conquest. The fact that they are ostraca, the cheapest and most primitive material for correspondence, bears witness to the simplicity, shall we not say poverty, of the Coptic Church. We reproduce one of these ostraca. It is a letter written by a priest to his Bishop in behalf of three men desirous of ordination to deacon's orders. That the priest, and not one of the candidates, wrote this letter does not necessarily show that not one of the three could write, but rather that the ordained priest stood nearer the Bishop than they did. The letter is as follows: "I, Samuel, Jacob and Aaron, we unite to our holy father Apa Abraham, the Bishop. Seeing we have requested thy paternity that thou wouldst ordain us deacons, we are ready to observe the commands and canons and to obey those above us and be obedient to the superiors and to watch our beds on the days

of communion and to . . . Gospel according to John and learn it by heart by the end of Pentecost. If we do not learn it by heart, and cease to practice it, there is no hand on us. And we will not trade nor take usury, nor will we go abroad without asking [leave]. I, Hemai, and Apa Jacob, son of Job, we are guarantors for Samuel. I, Simeon, and Atre, we are guarantors for Jacob. I, Patermute the priest, and Moses and Lassa, we are guarantors for Aaron. I, Patermute, this least of priests, have been requested and have written this tablet and am witness."

We learn from Coptic inscriptions that candidates for deacon's orders were, among other things, required to commit to memory long portions of the New Testament and Psalms before ordination. Others had to commit to memory an entire Gospel, then recite it publicly or write it out. Still others had to memorize twenty-five psalms, two of Paul's epistles, and several chapters of the Gospels.

The other ostrakon selected by Deissmann is an episcopal communication, and may be regarded as "a kind of letter of excommunication." It is very severe in tone and directed against a certain Psate, who had been guilty of making the poor wretched, and oppressing them. He is compared to Judas, to Gehazi, to Zimri, to the accusers of Daniel and Susanna, etc. The venerable prelate, no doubt, justifies his language, harsh as it is, because it is almost entirely drawn from the Scriptures.

Whoever may desire to pursue this subject further may study with great profit the works of Deissmann, Milligan, and especially the *Oxyrhynchus Papyri* published by Grenfell and Hunt.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Religion of Power. A Study of Christianity in Relation to the Quest for Salvation in the Græco-Roman World, and its Significance for the Present Age. By HARRIS E. KIRK, D.D. 8vo, pp. xi+317. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50 net.

In his latest volume, *The Bearing of Recent Discovery on the Trustworthiness of the New Testament*, Professor Ramsay pointed out that the word "power" (*dynamis*) was one of the technical terms in the language of pagan religion, superstition, and magic. "Power" was what the devotees respected and worshiped; any exhibition of 'power' must have its cause in something that was divine. The term 'power' in plural was used to denote actions exhibiting power like that of God. The goddess who 'makes impossibilities possible' is thanked in a Phrygian inscription." The great problem of the first century was how to translate "knowledge" into "power" and precept into performance. That age of

many religious panaceas found out by bitter experience the fallacy of one of our popular sayings that "Knowledge is power." Its best thinkers were agreed that human nature could not furnish a moral dynamic. Christianity came into a world that was intellectually effete, morally bankrupt, socially corrupt, and religiously exhausted. This is the subject of Dr. Kirk's lectures in the present volume, and right well does he demonstrate the finality and fruitfulness of Christianity in the first century as well as in the twentieth century. When we hear so frequently criticisms to the effect that men in the American pastorate are not producing scholarly works, it is encouraging to meet with this book by the pastor of the Franklin Street Presbyterian Church, Baltimore. It contains a conclusive answer to much of the current superficial opinion and random generalization of the day. The study of history exercises a very sobering and steady influence; it also gives one the right perspective, as he glances down the centuries and takes careful note of what Christianity has done for the world, and what it is competent to do in meeting our own deep needs in the midst of anguish and defeat. The first lecture, on "The Westward Movement of Christianity," is a searching characterization of the genuine needs of the first century and the conditions which favored the spread of the gospel of redemption. Nothing, however, is said of the remarkable facilities for travel and communication which were offered by Rome through its new roads and new postal system; nor is any mention made of the wonderful unifying of the empire by the extensive spread of the Greek language. These were not merely incidental but providential openings, as Professor G. H. Moulton and Professor Caspar René Gregory have so well shown in their writings. Very lucid is the presentation of the various modes of access to God and their failure to obtain peace. "The moral sense of the age was running far in advance of its religious supports." The pathos of the situation was that eager and restless souls were skeptical of familiar ways of salvation and turned away from the established usages of religion to the multiplied cults of that time, which were like broken cisterns that held no water. In many respects there is a similarity to our own times. The Oriental religions or cults which made a bid for support, in addition to Judaism, were the Cybele-Attis cult from Phrygia, certain Syrian nature cults of a monotheistic trend, the Isis-Serapis cult from Egypt, and the cult of Mithra, which was the greatest and most powerful. Unlike the state religion of Rome, which was cold, austere, and abstract, these cults were warm, sensuous, passionate, and they enthusiastically appealed to the imagination. Christianity came into competition with all of them and won out because, unlike the ritual appeal associated with these mystery religions, it made an ethical appeal to the conscience. This fact is well brought out, and it deserves study in view of many modern cults which place comfort above character, and think more of emotional sympathy than of sacrificial sanctity. The lecture on "The Ethical Quest Among the Greeks" takes into consideration the respective contributions of Socrates, the first ethical thinker who taught men to reflect, of Plato, of Aristotle, and of the two schools of Stoicism and Epicureanism, the first of which believed

in overcoming the world by defiance, while the second attempted it by a judicious compromise and the avoidance of extremes. The *Ethical Quest Among the Romans* reviews the contributions made by Lucretius, who condemned religion—which was associated in his mind with the superstitions of priestcraft and not with the scientific study of the nature of things; by Virgil, the most spiritual man of the heathen world, and by Seneca, whose stoicism did not dull his perception of moral reality, but was rather mellowed by an intensified sense of God. The next lecture, on "The Legal Quest Among the Jews," is an informing study of Pharisaism. The remaining four lectures, on Christianity as the religion of power, are the answer to the first five on the quest for safe conduct. This second part of the volume may be regarded as a constructive and convincing exposition of Paul's challenging declaration: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Here is a clear distinction well stated: "The test of religion by means of discussion is an easy test, since it can be indefinitely prolonged, and maintain its credit for a considerable time without peril to itself. But it is quite another matter when one falls back on performances. That is the acid test of religion." Judged by this exact and searching test, Christianity is shown to be absolutely satisfying. The secret of its greatness is due to the great deed on the Cross "for us men and for our salvation." Familiar terms like justification, reconciliation, adoption, sanctification, and election are interpreted from a new point of view, and the author enhances the significance of the Christian experience which these words suggest. How Christianity satisfied the needs of that age is well demonstrated in the last lecture, and in conclusion the author states what it will do for our own age. The need for a conception of God on whom one might depend was met by the revelation of Divine Fatherhood, which was based on redemption rather than on providence. The Christian doctrine of sin properly diagnosed the world's spiritual distress; yet so far from producing discouragement, as lesser investigations usually did, it always made the diagnosis in connection with the offer of pardon. The sacrificial death of the Saviour was the basis for faith in the righting power of God. The incarnation of God in Christ was evidence that the Eternal God had come into man's life as an abiding power. The historic significance of Christianity, which is causal far more than cognitive, appeals with equal force and conclusiveness to the modern man. His discontent is due to prosperity and not to poverty, and if he knows it he can see that his unrest and distress of spirit can be wholly removed only as he comes into dynamic relationship with God in Jesus Christ.

The Renaissance of Jesus. By JAMES ROBERTSON CAMERON, M.A. 8vo, pp. xvi+315. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, \$1.50 net.

EACH age sees Jesus from a different angle, but it reaches one and the same conclusion. It is that he can and does satisfy its clamorous needs.

We need to-day such a conception of Jesus as will do adequate justice to his moral greatness and his spiritual supremacy, so that he will be recognized as comprehending and controlling all phases of our complex activities. We saw elsewhere that Dr. Newman Smyth in his volume on "The Meaning of Personal Life" reached the conclusion, by way of science and psychology, that the spiritual dynamic of personal life came to its highest power in Jesus. Mr. Cameron concludes, after a searching consideration of the progress of historical criticism, literature, art, music, and philosophy, that the personality of Jesus is bound to no one age and to no one group of witnesses. "Its uniqueness is not that of its own self-consciousness alone, but of its own self-consciousness accepted and approved age by age. In Christendom there is no eclipsing of that consciousness. That one Face, far from vanish, rather grows." In the personality of Jesus there is something which belongs to every age, as in the greatest art and poetry." Another writer, Mr. Richard Roberts, who has recently been called from London to the pastorate of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, in his very remarkable book on *The Renaissance of Faith*, wrote: "The course of history is punctuated with such happenings as these—Renaissances, Reformations, Revivals, Revolutions. The progress of the race has not been a steady ascent." But whatever may be the circumstances of any period, and however discordant may be its voices, we find unity and unanimity of sentiment concerning the inevitable Fact of Christ. The most valuable feature of Mr. Cameron's volume is the way in which he shows how all the divers interpretations of life make for a rediscovery of Jesus. Herein are the words in the Epistle to the Hebrews more richly elucidated: "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." The substance of Part I, on "Historical Criticism and Reconstruction," is to the effect that this critical movement has re-possessed us of the personality of Jesus, and brought it into a clearness which it never had before. "It has presented it anew, clothed in the atmosphere and color of the first age, commanding and creative, moving on a various background of failure, passion, and perplexity. It has swept aside the obstacles, or most of them, which were once a cause of stumbling and has lifted up the face of Jesus to our nearer gaze. It has evoked a kind of second advent. It has revived the primitive sense of wonder." This has been made possible because the historic method begets an ample reverence for the past, and an ample freedom none the less. A very recent illustration of how violence has been done to the historic method is that of *The Brook Kerith*, by George Moore, who is a literary artist, but whose imagination has wrought havoc with history in this novel. In modern literature, art, and music, Mr. Cameron recognizes the spiritual note as one of the healthy signs heralding the better day. He has devoted considerable space to Wordsworth, because he uttered the new note with an authentic voice, which had in it that change of tone which told of newness "felt in the blood and felt along the heart." By the side of him is placed Millet, who might almost be called the Wordsworth of France. This peasant painter had the same feeling of nearness to Nature, of mystic reverence in its presence, and a

sense of fellowship between it and man. Beethoven was the bridge between the formalism of the eighteenth century and the faith and freedom of the nineteenth. His idealism, optimism, mysticism, and faith find expression in the symphonies. The purpose of philosophy is to mark the immanence of reason in all the arts. Part III is a lucid record by one who has thought himself through the conflicting theories of true and false philosophy. Mr. Cameron is outspoken in his faith in idealism. He believes that it is only the idealistic interpretation of life which enables us rightly to appreciate the majesty of God and the dignity of man as finally revealed in the person of Jesus. If Kant redirected the course of thought, and was the first to give expression in connected terms to the spirit of the age, Hegel formulated the systematic doctrine of self-consciousness, the concrete unity of things and thought, the outward and inward nature and spirit. The other philosophers whom he takes note of are T. H. Green, Bradley, and Bosanquet. He writes throughout with the ease of one who has mastered his subject and who knows how to write in a clear and pleasant style. In the final and constructive part, on "The Christ That Was and Is to Be," he emphasizes the uniquely distinctive element in the character of our Divine Saviour and Lord: "Grace is the creative secret of Jesus and the Gospel, of his sonship and his saviourhood, and is precisely that which the creed of immanence, as it is found in the highest art and thinking of our age, is most concerned to reproduce." He then goes on to show by the writers of the New Testament, grace was the first word and the last word. Peter marked the era of transition from Jewish Messianism to the Christology of Jesus. To Paul grace was essentially recreative. The Epistle to the Hebrews is not only full of the argument of grace, but full of the very atmosphere of grace, which is more convincing than the argument. "It is, however, to the Fourth Gospel that we owe not only the luminous expression, 'full of grace and truth,' but a portrayal of the person guided by that point of view." This thought is developed with original insight, so that he enables us to see in this adequate phrase, "full of grace and truth," the keynote of the Fourth Gospel and its philosophy of eternal life. This is one of the most valuable portions of the volume. John got home to the secret of the personality of Jesus as no one else within the circle of the New Testament. "If he works upon the work of Paul, he nevertheless outstrips him in the power with which he blends the historical and mystic factors of faith. He interprets the Jesus of history in terms of the Christ of faith, and the Christ of faith in terms of the Jesus of history." The supreme business of the Church is to interpret the extraordinary vision of the spiritual immensity and magnitude of Jesus, as found in the New Testament, in terms of modern thought. Happy the preacher who sees the vision of the human need of salvation and of the Divine supply of grace, and who is able to direct his hearers to Christ, whose commands are invitations, whose imperatives entreaties, whose severities the sanctities of sacrifice which no one knowing him would wish away.

Recovered Yesterdays in Literature. By WILLIAM A. QUAYLE. 12mo, pp. 306. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, \$1.50, net.

THIS is the latest of the score of unique volumes from the heart of Bishop Quayle. We say "heart" designedly. Who else's writings beat so ceaselessly with heart-throbs, in so many directions on so varied subjects? "Incomparable" is a suitable adjective for describing this many-volumed blossomy literature. We, at least, know of nothing like it. Here are nine essays, several of which appeared first in the METHODIST REVIEW, solicited by us. We enrich our readers by reprinting here the essay on "The Literature of Devotion": which will promote rather than diminish the sale of the book, inasmuch as this taste of its contents will create more craving for the book itself. In a Review like ours, devotional literature and the devotional life should have a large place. Not knowing where to find anything more stimulating and helpful, we use Bishop Quayle, presenting most of his essay without quotation marks. Here it is:

To the thoughtful mood not many things are so impressive as to hear the invitation, "Brother Trueheart, will you lead us in prayer?" Here is a captaincy we have given little heed to in our thoughts of leadership, and yet a captaincy so solemn and sublime as to find no equivalent among the renowned leaderships of men. "Lead us in prayer." Adventure for us and ahead of us out toward God—that is what this invitation urges. But we have forgotten this noble and notable meaning, or, what is perhaps more true, we have never remembered it. He who leads in prayer goes out before us in bold and holy quest of God—climbs the high Sinai as Moses did, unafraid and yet all afraid, to find God and order his cause and our cause before him. In no way can one man render another a wiser and calmer service than in giving direction to his Godward thoughts—to give, so to say, an initial impulse toward our heavenly Father. Good men and women want to walk out into the divine presence, which is the supreme journey taken by a soul. God is not hard to find, truly; and yet to come to him in the mood of love and devout search both facilitates and enriches our meeting. God is "not far from any one of us," but how to hasten to him with immediacy, with laughing and yet sanctified and sedate approach, is an art to be studied as above all arts made much of among the sons of men. And when some man, schooled in the direct route to God, sets out, I for one will ask him to let me follow in his steps. I will care to be at the interview. For many years I have noticed this leadership in prayer with personal and pathetic interest, and seldom have failed in finding as I followed in the wake of prayer to have my spirit helped and sanctified. In prayer meeting the philosophy is not ourselves to pray at our own initiative, but to follow the initiative of another, to go his road to God. I love the road prayer takes, and have with uniformity found how helpful the journey was when taken so. Each heart has its method of access. Each has some subtle undertone of pathos springing from a dead past risen to life for a flickering moment, some groping of heart after that hand of pity which assuages the heart-

ache of the world, some sudden leap of faith strong and bold as if an angel made it, some ingenious appeal half childish and half grand, some vision of old truths which made old truths new as love; and this is included in the ordinary leadership of prayer.

Devotional literature is such reading as puts the heart in the mood of prayer; for to make life a prayer is to be religious. This is widely different from suggesting that life is to do nothing but pray. Such a life might be essentially undevout. He who sees his brother have need and restricts his helping to prayer would be in every regard irreligious. Doing is as devout as praying. Religion consists not in praying a prayer, but in being a prayer; and the devout life, whether in cornfield or kitchen, is on its knees. With such devotion God is well pleased. Prayer is to be understood as the setting of the soul toward God as the tide sets for the shore. Anything this side of that is elocution and not prayer, while anything suffused with this spirit is grandly devout and profoundly religious. To induce this mood, then, is the end of devotion. To make the heart pant for God as the stag for the water brooks when wearied with his running is to render the chiefest service. The devout life is the prayer-charged life. When this is the spirit condition there is no trouble in keeping in tune with heaven and in touch with God. When the devotee may whisper to himself in a whisper's whisper, "I am a prayer," then will he work with least friction, sing not knowing he sings, pray with his fingers and his feet, toil thinking his work a whole holiday of gladness. This is, as we moderns understand, the Christ theory of devotion. They who say prayers through long nights of vigil and fasting and of cold are not the apostolic succession in such fashion as those who know that the prayers God is most concerned in are those which bleed from the fingers worn to the bone with toiling for the saving of the world. The Christian is a workingman, sweaty with his toil. Yet are we moderns, while clearer-visioned than they who thought to leave the world to get at God, in danger of overworking our work idea. Life is not as the sunflower, wholly in the sun, but as the violet, partly in shade, partly in sun. Doing is not life's totality. There are midnights just as there are noons; and every midnight is on the road to noon. We shall not err in reckoning that we are in danger of loss in the sum total of possible effectiveness in working over much, in growing breathless, in fumbling our skein when a pause in the toil would be a helper to our effort. The art of pause is not an inconsequential part of the art of music. The rests are in the score. So must there be a pause in the holy life or the music will be sadly marred. One of a pastor's many joys is that as he goes from house to house in the brotherly vocation of pastoral visitation he can take breathing spells by being in strict privacy with God while he is in transit from one house to another. And so he comes to each parishioner fresh from God. How that privacy washes away the drudgery, so called, from the pastoral office, how filled with calm delight it makes an afternoon so spent, how the Ineffable Presence shines on him as he walks about! It is like a day of summer sunshine in a winter month. The hard-worked man can thus find abundant interval for privacy with God. I have known crowded busi-

ness men whose times were crammed with many callers and with many business times, and have sometimes asked them how they contrived to get a moment's space with God, and have had an answer, "I seize the moment when it comes to have my word with God." This is the secret of the holy life. We are crowded, but not so crowded as that we may not have quiet in which to make our breathing unto the "God of all comfort." We must make our battle against being crowded. We must have space to catch our breath and calm the unquiet of our turbulent career.

Hence the need of devotional literature, such books as shall help us unto the ways of God and shall underscore the weightier thoughts and relations. I have had hours many and happy with such books, and count them among my major joys and helpers. Now, we are all so much ourselves as that no one else can prescribe a devotional literature for us any more than he could a table bill of fare, though for all this we must have noticed how similar the dietary tastes of men are. We eat about the same staples. A salad, a sherbet, and such accompaniments will differ, but the edibles are mainly similar. And it may be so with large matters more than we are wont to suppose. Some staples of devotion must appeal to every spirit. All this allowed, room must be left for the individual taste in the devout as in the artistic life. I do not find myself, for instance, helped by the writings of Andrew Murray or F. B. Meyer. This, I hope, is no reflection on me, and assuredly is no reflection on them. To some, even to many, they do make appeal. I chance not to be of that company. They seem to me to write religious platitudes which lack locomotion. They get nowhere. They lack for me the divine element in such writings, namely, the power to push the soul off into the sea of God as a friend sometimes pushes our boat from the strand when on summer nights we take the neglected oars for a row across waters flushed with the afterglow. The push out into God's sea is what makes a manual of devotion for me. I assume that is what everybody wants and what each must in the end determine for himself. Each must select for his own moral palate. Good talk does not suffice for me to take leadership for my devout life. There must be worthy talk, words that sweat beneath their weight of holy meaning, words which are like initiations into mysteries, greeting with a surprise the soul when it sets eyes upon their face. I demand the quality of the apocalypse. A revelation must be involved. Only where such is do I feel that my life is thrust out into the presence of the mysterious God. In much so-called devotional literature appears to me to be this cardinal defect, of supposing that pious talk is devotional talk. Still, speaking for myself, this is an outrageous blunder. Pious platitudes are irreligious when meant for the leadership of others. To indulge in them for oneself may or may not be justifiable, but to inflict them on others in the name of religious reflections is a breach of morals. Goody-goody talk is not devotional, but that talk is devotional which with manly step starts out blithely heavenward, does not saunter but strides, that catches us in its forward goings, and we swing out toward Him for whom the soul is hungry. A devotional book is not an argument on religious matters, not in necessity the exposition of certain Scripture texts, not the settled

face (as to say, "We shall now be devout"). "The Divine Pursuit" and "In the Hour of Silence" seem written more or less to defend the author against some charge—I would suppose from the tone, not knowing, against a charge of heresy. A book of devotion is not a heresy trial either on one side or the other. Cardinal Bona's *Guide to Eternity* is open to serious objection: 1. It is more heathen than Christian. 2. Its views of women are thoroughly those of a priest and utterly unlike the views of Jesus. 3. The book lacks the impulse Godward. We are weary for deep-sea soundings of the heart. Some books are good exegeses of given texts, but are not winged. They cannot fly, much less make him who reads them fly. They tell what no man in sobriety denies, but no electric spark is in the telling. This is the character of many manuals of devotion with which I am familiar. I would not say, "I dislike them," but would say, "I mislike them." They do not tell lies; but they do not render truths engaging. They are not radiant, heavenly, replete with longing, glorious with hope, uncontaminate with fear. The note the poet organist lost and could never reproduce is the note these writings have lost. I care not for their music. This is not named as if readers were concerned with my personal predilections, but as a word of reminder why these suggestions of devotional literature take the road they do. Nothing dogmatic is here asserted, but simply something personal. As each has his favorite flower, so each has his spiritual preferences; and these infringe not upon the rights of anybody else. Give me leave for my poetry for my heart.

What, then, from this standpoint, would appear to be the marks of a devotional book? 1. It would say something. 2. It would say something that breaks across the shore line of soul as a fifth wave across the sea bar. 3. It should possess depth as a deep wave, "Too deep for sound and foam." 4. It should have the power to wake the better part of the heart. It should have the tang of the unanticipated. 6. It should be big with God. 7. It should prate little, exhort little, but say much, and urge the soul like Christ talking with it face to face. 8. It should cause the heart to drift into the prayer mood as a quiet wind drifts a boat. 9. It should serve to give divine matters a stately preeminence which shall belittle every other thing when swung into the field of vision. 10. It should make God a joy and his service a holy passion to the soul.

In the list to follow no attempt is made to be exhaustive and give a list of devotional books; but the proclaimed purpose is to name such books or parts of books as have proven devotionally helpful to myself, with the hope that what has given me succor might have leading for others, for it is barely conceivable that in many helpers of one there would not be found some helpers to all. This list is now submitted: Saint Augustine's "The City of God" and "Confessions"; Bishop Hall's "Meditations"; Baxter's "The Saints' Everlasting Rest"; Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Holy Dying"; Bunyan's three books, "Grace Abounding," "The Holy War," and "Pilgrim's Progress"; Spurgeon's "Treasury of David"; "Wesley's Journal"; A Kempis's "Imitation of Christ"; Luther's "Table Talk"; "Rutherford's Letters"; Phelps's "The Still Hour"; "The Book of Common Prayer"; "Clarke on the Promises"; William Law's "Serious

Call"; Horder's "American Sacred Poetry"; "The Shadow of a Rock"; "Lancelot Andrewes's Private Devotions"; the "Life of George Müller"; "The New Acts of the Apostles"; Keble's "Christian Year"; George Herbert's "Bishop Wilson's Sacra Privata"; Armstrong Black's "The Evening and the Morning"; Young's "Helps for the Quiet Hour"; Joseph Parker's Prayers; Beecher's Prayers and Sermons; Pascal's "Pensees"; Bishop How's "For All the Saints Who from Their Labors Rest"; Newman's "The Dream of Gerontius"; Jay's "Morning and Evening Exercises"; George Matheson's "Times of Retirement" and "Studies in the Portrait of Christ" and "Rests by the River"; The Prayers of the Bible; Spenser's "Faerie Queene"; Tennyson's "In Memoriam," "The Idyls of the King," "The Vision of Sin," and "The Palace of Art"; Browning's "Instans Tyrannus," "Prospice," "Christmas Eve," "Easter Day," and "Saul"; Matthew Arnold's "East London"; Bryant's "To a Waterfowl"; W. H. Channing's "My Symphony"; Henry van Dyke's "The Source" and "The Other Wise Man"; Longfellow's sonnet, "As a Fond Mother when the Day is O'er"; Rowland Williams's "Psalms and Litanies"; Bacon's three essays, "Of Truth," "Of Atheism," and "On Death"; Milton's sonnets "On His Blindness," "This Three Years Day these Eyes," and "Written on His Reaching the Age of Twenty-three"; Lowell's "Sir Launfal," and "The Present Crisis"; Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty"; Whittier's "Pictures," "Our Master," "The Eternal Goodness," "Questions of Life," and "At Last"; Annie Trumbull Slosson's "Deacon Phoebe's Selfish Natur"; Hawthorne's "Earth's Holocaust," and "The Celestial Railroad"; The Hymnal; the Bible.

"The City of God" is to me devotional, not so much, I think, in what it is as in the memory it evokes. The name itself sets my heart singing and hastes me to the hill from which, without lifting up my eyes, I can see the eternal city of which I trust myself to be a citizen. I can see the glinting of the golden streets and the glimmer of the golden towers and catch the blaze of walls of chrysoprase and sardius and see the peaceful river flow and catch the splendor of the "sea of glass mingled with fire." Ah me, my heart, the City of God! And thus I am touched to dreams in thinking of that early Christian who saw, past all the checkered careers of falling states, the fadeless glory of the things of God. That was a vision! Augustine wrote the first philosophy of history; and to compare it with Hegel the similarity is striking. That old lover of the Lord pulled the far ends of the circle of the ages together and made them touch. The venture was wild with daring, and he marches like a captain in the army of our God. And the "Confessions" fairly boil out of a big, hot heart. Augustine was not a repressed quantity, like Matthew Arnold, but an expressed quantity. The veins in his forehead are swollen to bursting, and you can hear the drumbeat of his heart—a heart aware of God, and wisely afraid of him. I like that attitude. We shall do well to go to school to him. There is something in God to fear; and in our over-worked phrase "the Fatherhood of God," many of us have forgotten the fearfulness of God. He is in a high hill; and they who walk that way must take great heed. "With godly fear" is a thought worth practicing

our lips to pronounce and our heart to remember. A passion for God—that was Saint Augustine. He wanted God; all besides seemed dirt-cheap. He would watch the sun with unwinking eyes and loved the glare of thoughts that burned like fire. He raised all great questions simply because he must who fellowships with God. The Gospels are writ in capitals because all things which touch the Christ are rendered illustrious. The sovereignty of God engulfed him as the sea does the random bather. And if he overdrew this side of the divine character, think it not strange. He saw how august God was and tarried there. His mistake in emphasis was natural and laudable. Thought was not yet schooled to get the exact emphasis; but he caught sight of some great meaning foreign to the thoughts of man thus far and blazed it on the pages of his book. God is great—Augustine knew that. God is white light—he knew that too; and so sin was black as summer storm clouds. No book is wholesome devotional reading which does not by affirmation or inference assert the wickedness of sin and so, ring the alarm bells of the soul. Sin not a mistake but a curse—that is the tune to which devotion has set its music. All best lives are white with fear of sin, like a scared soldier. Notice that in the books as they pass before our eyes. "O wretched man that I am!" Who is that calling? Paul? No, the centuries of men and women who have caught a full vision of God. Who see him fall out of conceit with themselves. "Sin" is a hard word in the vocabulary of a profound life met with God. That is the crux for Huxley and Darwin and Arnold and Tyndall and the ironers down of the rude wrinkle God calls sin. They think by snubbing sin to iron it out; but their treatment of sin is their doom as moralists. Bunyan and Andrewes and Rutherford and Parker and Browning and Matheson knew better. Sin is a diabolus, an attacker. This is admirably wrought in "The Holy War;" and for that in particular do I praise that similitude. Sin never wearied, ever renewing its aggressions, subtle, acrimonious, fertile in expedient, indirect, never defeated when defeated—is that not sin? Does it not lie abased in the light of the Eden of the heart always ready, ready to make speedy entrance? Read "The Holy War"!

Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," for a vivid, that is, a just sense of sin, has no equal outside the book of God. It is tremendous with the sense of sin, and as tremendous with a sense of grace when men turn from their sins. This book burns like a tank of oil. Compared with such writings as Cardinal Newman's, the contrast is visible even to poor eyes in such way as no argument could disclose the defect in Newman's religious writings. Of "Pilgrim's Progress," to use many words would be "vain repetition." Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "'Pilgrim's Progress,' the Divina Commedia of Protestantism, is probably the only religious poem—for it is a poem in all but versification—which is read through like a novel by those who take it up for the first time." In an expression of opinion among prominent Wesleyan ministers some years ago as to those books which had been profoundly influential in their career, scarcely one omitted "Pilgrim's Progress." In our day we read it too little. This book you cannot outgrow. Its fidelity to the experiences of a Christian is so

absolute as to make a moving picture of a Christian career. The book is poetry, as Holmes has said. This Bedford tinker when his heart is moved with the gospel—and a big heart he has—steps into poetry as naturally as a happy child into singing. The Saxon tongue finds the wine pressed from its grapes at the hands of this manly man who thought it joy to suffer for the Christ. I read it repeatedly in a single year. I go and walk alongside Pilgrim and find my heart and lips at prayer as we make journey together toward the Delectable Mountains. When with him I must lift the song. Bishop Hall's "Meditations" have such godly depths, wisdom, research, such gracious piety, such wide goings in search of God, that to hold his hand is strength. You cannot think religion insipid when with him. Baxter's "Saints' Rest"—is it because this book I have belonged to my long-lost mother that its words are become so dear? that she read it with a heart on fire? To untwist these scarlet threads of love is not permissible. We cannot tell; but this "Rest" is dear to me, and its uphill look is full of comfort to my heart. Jeremy Taylor—but why linger? Who does not know the honey-sweet words of the poet divine, and who does not find them full of grace? They mind me of the breath of the heather on the sea cliffs where my father and mother spent their childhood. Spurgeon's "Treasury of David" I value not so much for what Spurgeon has said—though in such a book he is at his best—but for that quaint multitudinousness of sayings of the saints of God he has gathered into this harvest field of his. The good gather about the psalms as bees about purple asters. "Wesley's Journal" and "A Kempis" are to be read together. A Kempis is in the most part too lacking in vigor to suit strength, too like day-dreams on holy things, though on occasion, as in his prayer, he becomes the full brother of strength; but to read him, the man of sequestered life, and Wesley, the man of the world parish, the circuit rider whose goings could only be hedged in by death, will afford a wholeness, a helper for the antipodes of life. A Kempis, cloistered, introspective; Wesley, "shod with the preparation of the gospel"—for his journeys are so oft that other sandals would wear out. Wesley has dreams, but they lift into action. I know not any books so incitant to action, wakeful, intelligent, and to service cheerful and delightful, as "Wesley's Journal." "Luther's Table Talk" must do anybody good. That healthy manliness of his off dress parade, devout, humorous, vigorous, talking out of the deep places of a life which knew only one star—how his talk does put a man in tune with the infinite! Of Rutherford, say only Adeney's words: "These letters stand in the front rank of devotional works." They glow with a great love and mind us of the love of Christ. "The Still Hour" makes us think as well as pray. "The Book of Common Prayer" has access in it. What more need be affirmed? "Clarke on the Promises" is a book packed full of only what God has promised. They are words sweet, very sweet to hear.

William Law's "Serious Call" is so great and wise and devout a book that Samuel Johnson and John Wesley both found meat for men in it, and Wesley's own hand made an abridgment of it for his Methodists, not as agreeing with the mystical tendency of the author, but as being heart-

ened by his profound religiousness. I have found the book very good to know. In Horder and in "The Shadow of the Rock" are poems which can lead the thought and love to God. Andrewes, so loved of Alexander Whyte, is loved of all who know a big heart—hungry, wanting God. "The Life of George Müller" is faith rendered into modern English. "The New Acts of the Apostles" is a story to put fire in the bones. Keble's "Christian Year" sings us on our way heavenward. "Quaint George Herbert!" His quaint poetical conceits do but lend emphasis to the man's love of Christ. "The Evening and the Morning" has the true devotional uplift for my spirit. "Helps for the Quiet Hour," chosen with that fine literary instinct characteristic of Dr. Young, has words fit to help the traveler along the road to God. Parker's and Beecher's prayers have wings. Of "Sacra Privata" and "Psalms and Litanies," while many words would not suffice to say the truth concerning books which are crammed with beauty, help, nobility, insight, devoutness, and divine healing, no other word than this is permissible: The books help the faith out a long way toward God. Those good men, if they could know this, would rejoice and be exceeding glad. How "All Saints" hymn rouses sluggishness into animation, doubt to faith! "The Dream of Gerontius" has vagaries truly Roman Catholic, but a hint of great truths and vision of them, betimes, are good for a soul to have.

For me, George Matheson is without a peer among contemporary devotional writers. He says things. He is not given over to ejaculatory piety, but freights his meditations with such heavenly truths that as you read, yourself become ejaculatory should you proceed. The singer needs not himself applaud; the auditors will do that if the music prove worthy. In Matheson is the moving of the waters seaward; and his prayers are like your father's when his heart was full. In the poems and prose writings here named as devotional, no time is afforded to underscore. But how good they are and full of heavenward look! This remark of Lowell regarding the "Ode to Duty" may touch with a caress these various works: "In the 'Ode to Duty' he [Wordsworth] speaks out of an ampler ether than in any other of his poems, and which may safely challenge insolent Greece and haughty Rome for a comparison in either kind or degree." From these varied souls may be had a world of help ruddy with the blood of life. I cannot estimate their services to myself, those services have been so real, so varied, so instinct with the generosity learned of Christ, so unthought-out and spontaneous, like the lift of birds. I bless the God who lifted minds to render such a holy help.

The Hymnal! Dwell upon its contribution of help! Who reads Charles Wesley's "Wrestling Jacob," Bernard of Cluny's "Jerusalem the Golden," Thomas Oliver's "The God of Abram Praise," impregnates his soul with odors grown in heaven. 'Tis a book of divine leadings, rich in worthy renderings of love and longing and hope fearless of despair. "Let us all sing!"

And God's Book! Read the Psalms for their sense of God and man, and man as interesting to God. How God and man are caught up together in the Psalter! Where man is, there God is, and interested in man beyond

belief. This is it which makes the Psalms perpetual as the refrain for the heart. This it is which sobs in those tearful tunes where God is seen and man is seen very full of sin. We shall never outgrow the "Sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow"; and the "Shepherd Psalm" shall whisper from sleepy lips while mankind endures. We have committed it so to heart that we say it while we fall to sleep. Job abashes the soul. Nehemiah makes sloth and indifference to hang head in shame. Lamentations drenches the soul with the grief for a state ruined and a city sin-dethroned. All the prophets wake the life to God. They blow like bugles of tempest. Ecclesiastes declares the insufficiency of the world to satisfy the hunger of man's life. Luke is so human, Matthew so kingly, Mark so martial, John so Christ-filled. Paul's prayers have a celestial summons in them. They take wing when we least anticipate it. And the prayers of Jesus, how they hearten and subdue, how they guide and sustain, how they take the soul into the holiest of all and make such climates have the homelike feeling! He knew how to pray. The cry, the fleeing for succor, the gratitude that laughs while it wipes tears from the eyes, the resignation, the sublime fortitude, all in the prayers of Him who taught us how to pray. Jesus's prayers walk straight into the presence of God. They are not experiment, rather a child walking a well-known path to his father's door. Blessed prayers, blessed access! And the Passion of the Saviour is devotion's self. If ever the heart has dried up like parched ground, if prayers come slow like words to a wandering intellect, then read the "passion" chapters of the Gospels. The hill they climb leads into heaven. To see Him there! Will that not make the dry heart to be rained upon with tears? I read and cry, "My Christ, my cross!" We are to read each Gospel as if it were a journey to a mountain top; for each Gospel narrative climbs to the cross that clouds the mountain's summit with its midnight gloom. The august spectacle of the God dying for a single human soul, that brings us to our knees, that hushes our poor babblings into expectant silence. The Dying God! Dying for me! I *must* pray!

I have been impressed that there is a room and need for a book of devotion which should be put into twelve vest-pocket booklets, one for each month, thus making the carrying it to the office, on the train, on the street car possible, and yet make the books of sufficient bulk to contain for each day a prayer, a text, a Scripture passage, a selection in verse or prose from some of those nobler words the hearts of manly and holy men have bubbled up like fountains of water. This would be a book of days. The Anglican devotional books are for the church year; a deeper Christian philosophy should have a book for God's year. The entirety of the year is God's and ours. The secular and the sacred year synchronize: each day and each season, mine and God's, is the right interpretation of the calendar. And a book conceived from this standpoint and executed with wide knowledge of the hymns of the ages, with a gift of prayer and a knowledge of the prayers of holy women and men, would not such a volume or volume series (twelve booklets for the months of the year) be a distinct helper for the holy life? All the ages and all the minds

might lend their voices to such a book of days. The advantage, as I have found, of a book of devotion has been that it has set the thoughts of the day out with God, and has supplied, so to say, provender for the day's thinking and the day's delight. A scripture looks very different when set out thus alone than when sunk in the context. The average Bible word is too large for the soul to pronounce more than one of them at once; and when they are isolated the real magnitude and meaning light the landscape of our thought. I appeal to all lovers of God's Book whether this be not so. One passage will serve as a staff for the heart all day. The leaning on it for the day of toil makes the staff precious ever after. And a poem holding a radiant thought in solution, to be set out from the book wherein it was housed with many others, becomes thereby personal and visible. The same is true of a thought in noble prose or a prayer which flowed from a heart in which God was consequential. Such a page pushes the boat of life out into the sea of day, gives it a vigorous thrust which holds to the heart through the livelong day. A book of devotion should be catholic, fetched from afar. The wise souls were never dwellers in a single house. Like families, they live under many roofs. This is the objection to such a book, to select at random, as "For Days and Years," by Lear. It is an Anglican book and contains that amusing church egotism which writes church with a capital "C" and dissenter with a small "d," and the selections of words from the wise are all but entirely from the church fathers or Roman Catholics or Anglicans. The obliviousness to the wide Christian world outside of these limits is humorous rather than devotional. Cardinal Newman is scarcely the sanest and most wholesome religious guide, to say the least. What is wanted is to walk through the churches as Christ among the candlesticks, going everywhere and hearing all and holding the most precious truths as the flower the dew. True Christianity is eclectic in tastes. What holy moods have meditated and what holy men have done—these are the precious considerations. What cares the good man's heart what church David Livingstone was of, or Thomas Coke, or Hannington, or Gardiner? For each we thank God and take courage. "There is one God and Father over all, who is rich unto all that call upon him"; and that is the conclusion of the whole matter so far as touches the point of devotion. That heart which held God's hand, it is good to touch. Those eyes which for a sublime moment looked into the face of God, it is blessed to look into. The whole family of God is sacred; and the voice of any one of them, no matter what name he wears, is good to hear. "Did not our hearts burn while we listened to him by the way?" And there is and can be but one answer.

Let us listen to the words of Brother Standfast as he stands in the river waiting his turn to pass "To where beyond these voices there is peace," recalling Rufus Choate's words, "On the whole, the most eloquent, mellifluous talk that was ever put together in the English language was the speech of Mr. Standfast in the river"; "This River has been a Terror to many, yea, the thoughts of it also have often frightened me. But now methinks I stand easy; my Foot is fixed upon that on which the

Feet of the Priests that bare the Ark of the Covenant stood while Israel went over this Jordan. The Waters indeed are to the Palate bitter and to the Stomach cold, yet the thoughts of what I am going to and of the Conduct that waits for me on the other side do lie as a glowing coal at my Heart. I see myself now at the end of my journey, my toilsome days are ended. I am going now to see that Head that was crowned with Thorns, and that Face that was spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by Hearsay and Faith, but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with Him in whose company I delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of, and wherever I have seen the print of his Shoe in the Earth, there I have coveted to set my Foot too. His name has been to me as a Clivet-box, yea, sweeter than all Perfume. His voice to me has been the most sweet, and his Countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the Light of the Sun. His Word I did use to gather for my Food, and for Antidotes against my Faintings. He has held me, and I have kept me from mine iniquities, yea, my Steps hath he strengthened in his Way." The Editor of this REVIEW thinks that the material for a great sermon on books and reading is in this rare essay. A goodly number of well-thumbed choice devotional books in a minister's library are good for his own soul and for his hearers if he goes to his pulpit full of the spirit of such books. We all owe a large debt to that inspiring spiritual leader, Dr. James Mudge, for the wise, sane, up-lifting service he has rendered by his writing to the devotional life of thousands.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Wordsworth: How to Know Him. By C. T. WINCHESTER, A.M., L.H.D. 12mo, pp. 296. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, cloth, with portrait, \$1.25 net.

WOODROW WILSON has called Professor Winchester of Wesleyan University, "The greatest teacher of English literature in America." We feel sure that no other teacher of English literature in America has made more teachers of English literature from among his students, by masterly instruction and inspiring stimulation, than appear in the long list of men in high positions in the world of letters who gladly acknowledge that they owe themselves and their careers to Professor Winchester. A partial list of professors, editors, and authors who owe their training and inspiration to him is as follows:

Daniel Dorchester, Professor English Literature, Boston University.

Levi Gilbert, Editor Western Christian Advocate.

Archie E. Palmer, editorially connected with Princeton Review and North American Review.

William E. Mead, Professor English Language and Literature, Wesleyan University.

Bradford E. McIntire, Professor English Literature, Dickinson College.

David G. Downey, Author *Modern Poets* and *Christian Teaching*, etc., book editor *The Methodist Book Concern*.

Albert Perry Walker, Professor English Literature and Head Master Girls' High School, Boston, Mass.; also Editor of various English textbooks, and Author *Essentials of English History*.

Oscar Kuhns, Author *Sense of the Infinite*, *Dante and the English Poets*, *A One-Sided Autobiography*, Professor Romance Languages, Wesleyan University.

Harry K. Munroe, Professor of English, Allegheny College.

William E. Smyser, Professor English Literature, Ohio Wesleyan University.

Stockton Axson, Professor English Literature, Princeton University; Professor English Literature, Rice Institute.

Frank C. Bray, Editor *The Chautauquan*, and Managing Editor the Chautauqua Press.

Richard W. Cooper, Professor English Literature, Hamline University; President Upper Iowa University.

Albert E. Hancock, Professor English Literature, Haverford College; Author, *The French Revolution and the English Poets*, *Life of John Keats*, and two or three novels.

Frederick A. King, Literary Editor, *Literary Digest*.

Lincoln R. Gibbs, Professor of English Wells College; Mount Union College; University of Pittsburgh.

Harvey C. Grumbine, Professor English Literature, University of Wooster.

Ashley H. Thorndike, Associate Professor English Western Reserve; Professor English Literature Northwestern University, Columbia University.

Abraham H. Espenshade, Professor of English, Pennsylvania State College; Author, *Essentials of English*.

Frederic Lawrence Knowles, on staff of *Atlantic Monthly*; Literary Adviser L. C. Page & Co., and Dana Estes & Co.; Author, *On Life's Stairway*, *Love Triumphant*, and other minor works.

William Seaver Woods, Editor *Literary Digest*.

Cornelius C. Berrien, on staff *New York Sun*.

Jean Louise de Forest, Author *The Love Affair of a Homely Girl*, and other shorter stories.

Ferris Greenslet, Associate Editor, *Atlantic Monthly*; Literary Adviser Houghton Mifflin Co.; Author, Joseph Glanvill, *The Quest of the Holy Grail*, Walter Pater, James Russell Lowell, Thomas Bailey Aldrich; Editor of *Longfellow's Sonnets*, *Ticknor's Life and Journals*, *Praed's Poems*.

Frederic William Roe, Professor of English, Wisconsin University.

Harry Torsey Baker, Instructor in English, Harvard; Instructor and Assistant Professor Beloit College; Assistant Professor University of Illinois.

Lee F. Hartman, Associate Editor, *Harper's Magazine*.

William Harry Clemons, Instructor in English, Princeton University; Reference Librarian.

Carl F. Price, Author, *The Music and Hymnody of the Methodist Hymnal*.

Thomas P. Beyer, Professor of English, Hamline University.

Lucius L. Palmer, on staff New York Sun.

Henry A. White, Instructor in Purdue University; Instructor in Colby University.

George W. Sherburn, Instructor in English, Northwestern University, in Beloit College, in Wesleyan University; Teaching Fellow and Associate in Chicago University.

Ernest F. Amy, Associate Professor of English, Ohio Wesleyan.

Carl W. Doxsee, Instructor in English, Morningside College.

Francis C. Lockwood, Professor of English Literature, Allegheny College, University of Arizona; Author, *Browning's Philosophy of Life*.

Morse Allen, Ohio Wesleyan.

John C. White, in Northwestern.

A great list, indeed! But only part of the fruitage of a powerfully inspirational and illuminating life of as devoted teaching as was ever given to students anywhere. Almost equally significant is the fact that few teachers of English literature have ever been in so great demand for lecturing before institutions outside their own as Professor Winchester. He has refused many invitations in justice to duties in his own college. Indeed, it has been almost impossible for him to go far from home for the purpose of lecturing. Here is a partial list of institutions before which he has given formal courses of three or more lectures: He has lectured at the Thanksgiving season in Wells College every year for twenty-five years, being present there about ten days, and giving at least six lectures at each visit; three courses of lectures in the Johns Hopkins University, of six to nine lectures each; three courses of lectures in Brown University, of three or four courses each; two courses of lectures in New Haven, under the auspices of Yale University; one course of lectures in the Ohio Wesleyan University, also lectures in Amherst, Dartmouth, University of Vermont, Williams, University of Pennsylvania, Michigan University, University of Minnesota, Purdue University, Clark College, De Pauw University; also many lectures in institutions not quite of collegiate rank, as the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn; also three or four courses of lectures before the Brooklyn Institute. He has lectured more frequently in Hartford than anywhere else, having given no less than six full courses of lectures there under the direction of the same society, and later repeated two of the courses by request. He has lectured in Hartford from seventy-five to a hundred times.

By far the greater number of his lectures have been given before clubs, literary societies, lyceums, churches, and theological schools like Drew Seminary at Madison, N. J., and Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston. This list is enough to give an idea of his great popularity as a lecturer.

Few men now living have such distinct and widely recognized qualifications for estimating Wordsworth's work and character as Professor Winchester, whose serenity of mind, simplicity of thought, gentleness of touch, and delicacy of shading singularly fit him for communion with the soul of Wordsworth, and for correctly interpreting his work. Winchester's

Wordsworth has been justly commended by Professor Pierce of Yale, and Gauss of Princeton, the latter of whom says: "It is well planned and most engagingly written with a background, taste, and nice sense of literary values, and points the way fairly toward the sympathetic approach to the greatest of the English nature poets." Possibly the noblest distinction of Professor Winchester's work in the realm of letters is the unerring ethical sense which shows in all his criticisms of literature and authors. In his court, genius, however brilliant, is always compelled to stand before the bar of clean moral judgment. This is exasperating to certain non-ethical circles of would-be literary culture; which doubtless helps to account for the crude attempt of a sophomore tyro who tried his 'prentice hand at reviewing the book before us in one of the New York dailies with manifest irritation and incapacity, showing as little knowledge of Professor Winchester as of Wordsworth, and of literature in general. The attempted review might have been written by Alice's Jabberwocky which "came whiffing through the tulgey wood and burbled as it came." It made one reader curious to know whether a puppy can have rabies before it gets its eyes open, and recalled an ophiologist's statement that a baby rattlesnake's venom sac is full at the age of three days.

In the London Quarterly Review, July, 1916, appeared an admirable article on "Wordsworth—Seer and Patriot," by Dr. W. T. Davison, which seems a fit companionpiece to Professor Winchester's book. We read the two together with delight. We quote from Professor Winchester: "This is Wordsworth's claim to his high and lasting place. He has written not a line that is idle or insincere. Everywhere it is the quality of truth that gives highest value to his work. For example, in his nature poetry. It will now be generally admitted that Wordsworth is preeminently the poet of Nature. This not merely because so much of his poetry was inspired by the phenomena of the external world, certainly not because he had any unusual gift of description—for he had not; but because of his peculiar view of the meaning and influence of what we call nature. As that influence must be chiefly in the realm of feeling, it is not possible to express it adequately in words; but nobody will any longer deride the attempt to do so as merely subjective mysticism or empty raptures over stocks and stones. We have come to recognize that our deepest feeling in the presence of the outer world is something more than the mere sensuous delight in form and color. What we call beauty and sublimity in nature make their truest appeal to our moral sensibilities; and they imperatively suggest behind all the changing phenomena of the world some Universal Moral Life. In this conviction philosophy and religion are agreed, and science will not dissent. Here, as elsewhere, Wordsworth has seen and spoken the deepest truth; and he was the first English poet to speak it. Different men may put different names upon this view of Nature; but every man who has well read his Wordsworth knows that the world has come to have for him a new and deeper meaning. Not merely because the vales of Grasmere and Rydal lie so fair in the embrace of their encircling hills do lovers of the poet resort thither as to a shrine; but rather because it

was just this valley floor, these mist-wreathed hills, this slow moving river, that first spoke to the soul of William Wordsworth deeper truth than any other scene has ever spoken to any other poet. Wordsworth was not merely a poet; he was a seer. The mind of Man, as seen in his own mind, was, as he says, 'My haunt, and the main region of my song.' His profoundest verse is the veracious record of what he saw there. All his work, indeed, in a degree true of no other poet, is subjective, born not of action or passion, but of reflection. His nature poetry is always the interpretation of sensuous impressions in terms of moral feeling; and his poems of humble life are concerned not so much with some character or incident as with the truth or impulse that character or incident had left in his own mind. But his most characteristic mood is one of pure introspection. Without any external suggestion or impulse he turns his eyes directly inward upon his own mind, to ask those questions which must find their answer there or nowhere. Whence came this desire for order and reason that forces us to ask such questions? What is the warrant and authority of that feeling we call duty? What are we to think of those intimations that rise into consciousness we know not how or whence, those sudden glimpses of larger truth than we can comprehend, the 'obstinate questionings of sense and outward things'? How far may we credit that blessed mood when 'laid asleep in body and become a living soul, we see into the life of things'? Shall we trust our affections or our reason? And what is the meaning of this we call Life? Now it is the mission of the seer to ask such questions. It is the high praise of Wordsworth that he was the first of English poets to ask them. For a century before him our poetry was philosophical and didactic, but shallow and formal. There are no deep places in the eighteenth-century soul. Its questions and answers are authorized by the catechism of the churchman, or set aside by the easy philosophy of the deist. Its truths are conventional, its emotions second-hand. But Wordsworth explored his soul for himself, and recorded with absolute sincerity what he found there. Here as everywhere the value of his work consists solely in its truth; he had no gift, like Shelley, to clothe a false or dubious teaching in surpassingly beautiful imagery. He had, indeed, no system of philosophy into which he could fit all the facts of life. There is no such system. It is precisely the greatness of man that he must always ask questions which he cannot answer, that his vision will always transcend his knowledge. But Wordsworth found no essential contradictions among his indubitable beliefs, no conflicts among the imperative impulses.

"All his thinking issued in a sane and settled optimism. He found no evidence to lessen his confidence in the rule of order and benevolence beyond the limits of our knowledge. His poetry will never speak to the busy crowd. But it can render us better service than that. It can take us out of all passionate striving, away from the dreary intercourse of life, and set us in the solitude of nature as in a sanctuary filled with 'the breathing balm, the silence and the calm of mute insensate things'; it can infuse a healthy sympathy for the essential virtues of men, however homely; and it can dilate the soul with thoughts as

lofty and as pure as the naked open sky." We follow this extract from Professor Winchester with one from Dr. Davison: "Wordsworth's supreme claim upon our homage is that in his inspired moments he was a true seer. Not so much an artist, a skillful painter in words, a subtle master of musical sounds—though as an artist he ranks high—but rather as one possessed of immediate, intuitive powers of vision, one to whom it was given to behold the heart of all reality. Some of his lines stand alone in English literature for their rare power of expressing the ineffable in words. He himself claimed above all things to be 'a teacher,' but when he consciously reflects, analyzes, and preaches, his chief power is gone. Wordsworth's philosophy is carefully thought out and well worth studying, but it is not poetry. The moments when he *sees* and can record in magic words the vision which enables others in their measure to see also, are those which give him a power, shared by few others, to refresh and renew the human spirit. Readers will remember how J. S. Mill in a period of deepest dejection ascribed his very salvation from melancholia to Wordsworth, who opened up to him 'the perennial sources of happiness.' Mark Rutherford was no light-hearted optimist, but he tells from his own experience how one who has once really learned Wordsworth's secret can never look upon the world with the old, sad eyes again. Matthew Arnold differs widely from these two very different men, but the lines are familiar in which he describes how Wordsworth loosed the benumbed heart of the world in purifying tears.

Time may restore us in his course
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force,
But where will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
Others will teach us how to dare
And against fear our breasts to steel,
Others will strengthen us to bear,
But who, ah, who, will make us feel?
The cloud of mortal destiny
Others will front it fearlessly,
But who, like him, will put it by?

"The true seer must have insight which enables him to discern Nature, Man, and God. To few is a revelation granted which lights up all three fields of human meditation. Some learn to understand Nature and man through their knowledge of God; others, studying either Nature or man alone, never pass beyond the bounds of their special province; and too many never reach the thought of God at all. To Wordsworth was given a mystical vision of Nature, reflected in the spirit of man, which enabled him to gain visions of God. Nature does not consist of so much inert 'matter'; nor is it the beautifully ordered result of 'law' and processes; nor does it speak with the voice of a God made in man's image. Nature is *alive*! Such a phrase sounds to-day like a mere platitude. It is just as much or as little of a truism as Dale's celebrated exclamation, 'Christ is alive!' Genius changes truisms into 'truths that wake, to perish never.' The man who has learned to view Nature with Wordsworth's eyes can never look at a landscape again as he did before. But he must conquer

Nature by obeying her and become wise by being humble. When Wordsworth tried to utter the secrets he had learned among the lonely hills, he was called, sometimes a rhapsodist, sometimes a Pantheist, little better than an Atheist. Stilling his own soul to a wise passiveness, and not as yet freely using the sacred name of God with its conventional associations, the poet might appear to be a belated Pagan, or a mere Nature-worshiper. But it is not the mere outward objects in their loveliness or majesty that he sees, nor the anthropomorphic Deity of popular mythology. For him Nature lives with a life and meaning of her own—not dead, nor mechanical, not an abstraction, not the creature of human imagination, but quasi-personal—instinct with a vitality which can only come from an indwelling, informing, inspiring Spirit. The theologian of to-day with a superior smile claims perfect familiarity with these ideas; he sums up all in a word and learnedly propounds the doctrine of Divine Immanence, which must be held side by side with Divine Transcendence. But the reality is apt to escape his formulae. In any case, the poet will often enable him to do what is constantly very hard—understand the meaning of his own words. The lines

Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe!
Thou Soul that art the Eternity of thought
And giv'st to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion,

are not a grammatical figure of speech, in which the poet 'personifies' a system, or an abstraction. They describe the living presence of One who has the power to speak to all who have ears to hear. Words at best are poor vehicles of thought, though Wordsworth at his best knows how to make them 'pierce and pierce,' like the notes of the nightingale. But his well-known words, 'something far more deeply interfused,' may easily mislead, unless interpreted in the light of their context. The 'thing' that is 'interfused' is 'a spirit that impels all thinking things, all objects of all thought.' The poet is thinking of the Divine Spirit as entering into that which is impersonal and giving it life so that it moves and breathes and reveals with an imparted life and luster of its own. Hence Nature becomes 'unsubstantialized.' This is Wordsworth's own word for a state of rapture which all mystics know, which Tennyson experienced and described to Tyndall, and which he himself has enshrined in the well-known description of the 'growing youth' and his vision of the sunrise, in the first book of the *Excursion*.

In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not: in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request:
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise."

Some of Wordsworth's lines abide forever in the mind of his readers. The writer of this book notice remembers the thrill of joy he felt on reading for the first time these lines which close the ode to Toussaint L'Ouverture:

Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow :
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth, and skies ;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee ; *thou hast great allies ;*
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

Also abide the words, "That best portion of a good man's life—his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love."

Dante. By JEFFERSON BUTLER FLETCHER. In the Home University Library Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price, 50 cents.

NEARLY six hundred years of commentary has not completed Dante literature. Each generation seeks its own interpretation of classical antiquities, just as each generation establishes its own traditions. Wherever the genius of man has fashioned enduring instruments of self-expression, there the lesser run of men have sought inspiration and guidance. To-day we estimate the intellectual sterility of the Middle Ages by their superficial and precarious hold on the great Latin authors; and so, perhaps in view of the greatness of Dante himself, it is to the credit of this generation that it is witnessing a renaissance of interest in and sympathetic understanding of the Florentine poet. Professor Fletcher's book takes its place as the interpretation of the cultured man of to-day when he has studied and learned to admire the cultured man of a by-gone century—an attitude refreshingly different from the painstaking dissections of the ordinary scientific commentator. Dante's environment was so different from our own, his intellectual atmosphere so foreign to anything we may readily conceive, that it requires a special effort successfully to penetrate the form or mold of his genius. But Professor Fletcher has realized that in spite of twentieth century superiority, Dante on the face of things had struck out boldly on the same voyage of discovery that to-day occupies us; and so the fact that he used a ready-made system of speculation and shaped his course by stars unrecognized by modern astronomy, no more prevents his reaching the familiar headlands of truth planted by God himself, than does our own self-limitation within the bounds of established scientific fact. When a man appears who can partly distinguish the thing seen from that travesty or distortion of it which the thousand disturbing influences within him and without him tend to make him see, we call that man a great philosopher. Despite the marked restrictions of the mediæval mind, Dante was just such a philosopher; and Professor Fletcher's book strives to place before us those essential elements of Dante's vision which transcend his generation, and which refuse to be wholly circumscribed by any system of dogma or by any ignorance of nature's operations. In this endeavor Professor Fletcher has been remarkably successful. He has succeeded in creating for us an atmosphere—the reflection of the atmosphere that Dante himself gives. We find

ourselves for the time being suspending an immediate judgment born of our modern education and mayhap prejudice, and penetrating more and more deeply into Dante's conception of the universe, of the need for allegory, and for symbols to express the meaning and worth of life. We learn to see through Dante's eyes, to think in some measure with Dante's mind; and we enjoy the process. For Dante was not merely philosopher dealing with terms of scholastic theology. He was poet, artist, above all, a struggling human brother. There is the very essence of romance in his life and in his writings; we join with him in his chivalric quest for God; we live with him the terrors of hell; we share his intimate intercourse with angels and with saints. All this Professor Fletcher does for us, partly with well-planned and therefore easy steps by which he leads us on, and partly by his own high appreciation of Dante's craftsmanship. A thorough student of the times, he makes Dante's personal confessions reveal the true heart, and the mind that interpreted the heart's impulse, lying behind many, apparently conflicting statements. The poems of the *New Life* are read in the light of prevailing troubador canons, and the book itself is seen to be "a carefully thought out attempt to render dramatically the gradual process of Dante's own spiritual enlightenment under the guidance of love," and very far from being "boyishly naïve and immature." By the close and thoughtful study of this little book we gain an insight into the man Dante, and obtain the key to all his later writings. The personal teaching of Dante runs throughout his works, and this is the link that gives us a new and sympathetic understanding of his theology and cosmography. Everywhere we are brought to recognize the man, and though we may regret his limitations, we can still see as he sees. This Professor Fletcher has made abundantly clear; and in so doing he has opened the heart of the poet. In the sections on the Banquet and on the Divine Comedy we feel less as spectators and more as fellow-pilgrims with Dante. The way is paved—Dante's own method absorbed and utilized by Professor Fletcher—for us to appreciate the impersonal teachings, to assimilate, rather than to rebel against, the principles underlying the symbology of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, to recreate in ourselves, in fact, something of the spiritual emotion that impelled Dante to think and write as he did. So when we come to what is perhaps the most original contribution of Professor Fletcher's study, the "Liturgical Symbolism of the Divine Comedy," instead of turning away bored by the very name, we read, and read with interest, how Dante associates "symbolically the function of Beatrice in the earthly paradise with the function of the eucharist in the Christian life." He acknowledges his debt for the original suggestion to Miss Fisher, one of his former students, but the argument in the text is his own, and will undoubtedly open a new and rich field to Dante students. The closing chapter on the literary art of Dante, which includes a discussion of his *Canzoni* and lyrics, binds the many themes into one. For Dante, as with Keats, "beauty is truth, truth beauty," and this has its full significance in the form that Dante has given to his teachings. "Beauty without intellectual significance, beauty as mere ornament, he contemns," says Professor Fletcher; and therefore those "modern critics

who would reject as valueless Dante's 'truth' and yet hope to retain his 'beauty' are "ironic," and, in Dante's own words, "persons not of deep insight." Fully to appreciate Dante's literary gifts we must apprehend what for him was truth. Rightly to estimate his truth we must seek the underlying moral and spiritual principles essential to all human thought, rather than those differences that are so obvious at the first approach. Once done, our æsthetic appreciation is free not only to enjoy the many beauties of Dante's verse, but to discern realm within realm of color, harmony, and light. Professor Fletcher's book, then, embodies in literary form a method of studying Dante, and as such it has made a distinct advance over similar essays by Dean Church or by Dinmore. Scholarship is there in abundance; but it is the fruits of scholarship applied for purposes of enjoyment rather than the assembling of facts, that we have before us. Parts of the book are beautifully written, especially towards the end, which makes us the more regret a tendency to compress sentences. But this, though teasing, does not detract from a full appreciation of an ably constructed and thoroughly interesting study of the great Italian seer.

The Meaning of Personal Life. By NEWMAN SMYTH. 8vo, pp. x+363. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, \$2 net.

THE subject of this volume is receiving considerable attention with particular reference to its bearings on immortality and the future life. Dr. Smyth has to his credit several notable books of a philosophical and theological character, written while in the active pastorate, and this fact explains the practical purpose of all his writings. He has been interested in thought-movements only as they bore directly on life in its many ramifications. His latest book is his ripest. In it he expresses his most personal and cherished convictions on Christian life and destiny. With the calmness of optimism he concludes his inquiry into the significance of life in these words: "The self-revelation of God on this earth is not finished. If men have eyes to see and ears to hear, there is and always shall be more manifestation of the Divine to be seen; there shall be further teachings of the Spirit to be understood by men. The Christian faith, least of all, may regard the revelation of God as a closed book. To think of the world problems, to judge of the ways of the living God as though Divine revelation had come to an abrupt pause at the end of the apostolic age, or at any hour since to doubt of the Lord's presence among men, would be to empty of its full meaning his last promise to his disciples—to be with them always, even to the end of the world. A sure faith must needs be a progressive faith to keep its own assurance. For Christian theology at any hour to halt, and to remain content to stand still marking time, would be for theology to lose its leadership of thought and to be disobedient to the spirit of truth." Dr. Smyth reckons with the findings of biology and psychology in his lucid interpretations of the unique marvel of personality. The ultimate problem is not one of statics, but of the dynamics of consciousness, and this he demonstrates

by a searching analysis of sense-perception, memory, thinking, feeling, and will. Much damage has been done by the failure to understand the subtle interrelationships between body, mind, and spirit. This question is carefully threshed out in Chapter IV. Among the outstanding features of personal individuality are the consciousness of its worth to itself, the solitariness of personal being, its sense of incalculability, and the power of selective formation of its own proper environment. Thus understood, the personal life is seen to be the social life. What this implies is thus stated: "Truest individuality becomes richest fellowship. Individuality is not realized perfectly in social isolation. Self-inclusiveness is not necessarily exclusiveness of others; rather it is a condition and means of comprehending others within its own enlarging life. One becomes more and more himself in and through his participation in others, he in them and they in him. Personal individuality is at once a power of self-withdrawal and of self-revelation." Apply this thought to church fellowship, and we have a powerful argument for Christian communion as an indispensable condition of Christian activity. These discussions of the significance of personality lead to the heart of the subject. Personal life finds its richest fulfillment in Jesus Christ, who is the supreme manifestation to man and of man at his highest and best. "The personal influence of Jesus has become the dynamic of the ideal in the world, the power of God with man." This thesis is finely worked out in Chapters VII and VIII. The creature spirit of Christ has produced a Christian experience, which is characterized by a new sense of energy, a right regard for self, a new ideal of the worth of life and its ultimate good, and sense of reconciliation with life, power to change its own environment, and a prophetic expectation that the whole world and all nations will come under the influence of Christ. Chapter IX, on "The Future Personal Life," is itself a treatise in which Dr. Smyth passes in review of metempsychosis or transmigration, conditional immortality, inherent immortality, and of pantheistic mysticism, which holds that the limited individual life is at once lost and saved in union with God. He then recalls the fact that in the natural evolution of life death has rendered a needed service. Death occurs seemingly naturally as life reaches toward a more differentiated state; it seems to be a condition required for the more complex organization and variation of the matter of life. Death comes in for the sake of life more abundant, for the increasing fulfillment of life's promise, and for the greatest possible variety, richness, beauty, and universal joyousness of life. It is, however, in the revelation of Jesus Christ that this truth assumes a comforting aspect. "Man's consciousness of immortal being, which was realized to the full in Jesus's self-consciousness as the Son of God, has been the inner assurance of countless minds in hours of deepest insight or moments of highest endeavor. This consciousness of living after the power of an endless life is a fact of Christian experience, a luminous fact as positive in human experience as is a star in the sky. It is an ultimate result of Christlike living, indestructible, repeated, confirmed, verified in the fellowship of an innumerable company of witnesses." Concerning death-bed visions he

writes: "Apparent visions at such moments may not be what they seem; yet, even so, they may be symbols of things that no eye can see. It is not the vision, but the power of the spirit to have such visions, that is the reality, beneath all our science, to explain away." Throughout these informing discussions science and religion are regarded as co-workers. As science comes to the aid of faith from one side, so Christian experience confirms it from another. What has been obtained thus far of vision and possession is declared to be but an earnest of the yet larger self-disclosures of the Heavenly Father to those whose lives are hid with Christ in God.

Five-Minute Shop-Talks. By HALFORD E. LUCCOCK. 12mo, pp. 176. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, \$1, net.

WHEN we noticed this author's suggestive volume "Fares, Please!" we said: "This is Halford E. Luccock's first book, but will not be his last." We expected for that book a sale which would invite and justify subsequent volumes; and in this son of Bishop Luccock we discerned capacity for a literary career. These pungent, piquant, and practical "Talks" are well described by the Book Editor: "Direct, convincing, manly appeals to workingmen. In each of these thirty or more brief addresses Mr. Luccock employs terse, epigrammatic language and contrives to compress into a five-minute talk the wisdom and counsel of a fifty-minute sermon. Every word is made to tell—to tell something worth hearing and heeding." The author, who is now Registrar and Instructor in Greek in Drew Theological Seminary, delivered these "Talks" while he was pastor in the town where they were given. He says in his preface: "The most interesting congregation in America meets every working day at the call of the noon whistle. Its place of assembly is the shop or mill or street car barn, wherever the men come together for lunch. Its only pews are work benches and packing boxes. Its only ritual is the courtesy of quiet attention. Its only sacrament is the hand-clasp of friendship. The number of noonday meetings in thousands of shops throughout the country, organized and conducted by the industrial department of the Y. M. C. A., church federations and individual churches and ministers, is constantly increasing. It is an encouraging sign that the church is growing more and more awake to a superb opportunity of community extension. This audience of workingmen is a very critical one. It has a deeply rooted antipathy to two things in the speaker who undertakes to address it—patronage and cant. Let but the slightest trace of affectation, of conscious superiority, or of a simpering 'talking down' to the men be felt in a speaker, and his usefulness is entirely over in that shop. The shop audience makes high demands of those who seek to win its confidence. It demands thorough democracy and sincerity. It demands, also, that its attention be *won* and it must be won usually against absolute indifference on the part of the men. Pious commonplaces are a vain thing for safety when one faces the crowd in the shop at the noon hour! Yet, if one is able to put pertinent truth in a form so original as to compel attention, and in language simple, direct

and colloquial, and still at all times dignified, he will be given a ready hearing. So long as honesty and good-will make themselves felt in his words, he need never fear to give the strongest message he has, and the one that cuts deepest into his audience. The men will listen to it and in most cases be glad to get it. It is the conviction of the writer that it is as rewarding work as a man may ever do. The chapters which follow are records of an attempt to 'fill the pulpit' at a neighboring shop during a recent winter. They are presented in the hope that they may prove suggestive to others in the same work, and possibly lead new recruits into this promising field of service." To the writer of this book notice the Shop Talker confides: "I ventured on these 'Talks' because I was scared to death at the very thought of doing it. It was like jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge." Here is a shop-talk entitled "What's the Idea?"—"Fashions in slang change just about as often as fashions in clothes. We pick up an expression that is new and everybody uses it for a few months and then we drop it and take up something else. A couple of years ago, no matter what you told some people, they would answer you, 'I should worry.' I am glad that is dead. We all got pretty tired of it. A few years farther back it was 'Twenty-three!' Now it has been 'Safety First!' for a long time. Of course that isn't slang, but it has been just as often repeated. Now we hear that question asked by some one nearly every time we turn around, 'What's the Idea?' We usually ask the question when we are making fun of some one; a person doing a thing that seems to have no sensible purpose or idea behind it. But it is a good question to think of seriously for a few minutes. 'What's the Idea?' The question implies that everything ought to have an idea behind it. It ought to mean something. Everything ought to represent some rational purpose. When we go into a shop and see a steel drill we do not think of it as a queer shaped piece of metal. It has an idea behind it; it was made to do something. And if I am going to make good on a job in that shop I have to know the idea that is behind that piece of machinery—what it can do and how to handle it. A man is not worth much in a shop until he learns the idea behind the whole thing; otherwise he is liable to hitch up the belts on the wrong axles and somebody is going to get hurt. It is just as important for us to learn the idea behind the great big 'Shop' in which we all work all the time—the world itself. For the world is a great big works, bigger than any man can possibly conceive of. It produces uncountable billions of tons of raw and finished products every year. In addition there are manufactured every year lots of products which we cannot weigh on the scales or put a price tag on—happiness and beauty, joy and pain, love and friendship. These things all come from the world's mill. What is the purpose of the whole thing? Don't you think it is as much worth while to try to learn the meaning and purpose of the world and our life in it, as to know the purpose and working of a lathe or a drop forge? There have been some few folks who said there was no idea behind the world at all. It was just an accident—a horrible accident, they usually call it. But not many people are satisfied with that. There is not much sense to it. It will not stand close examina-

tion. Suppose we see a great automobile factory turning out a thousand finished machines a day. Suppose we asked some one of the workmen, 'Who started this factory and who runs it?' And suppose he were to tell us, 'Oh, it just happened. There was a lot of scrap iron lying around loose and it just came together and now there is an automobile factory.' We would look at him closely and wonder whether it was safe to have him loose on the streets without a keeper. When we look around and see the world producing machines far more wonderful than automobiles—living, thinking men, and the civilization they build—it seems more idiotic to say it just happened without a purpose than to say it of an automobile factory. If it has an idea behind it—what is it? Jesus answered that question a long time ago in a way that has struck men as sensible and true. He said the world was designed to be a *home*—a place where God's children could live together in peace and happiness and love. He taught men to pray for the coming of that time when he said, 'Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.' He thought of all men as brothers, children of the same great Father who loved them all. God made the world and took men into partnership in the job of finishing it and making it into a place where every man got a fair chance and a square deal, and where every man gave his share of work and kindness and love. As a man named Paul put it a few years later, 'God hath made all men of one blood to dwell together.' That is the big idea. It sounds good and it is no wonder that men have been willing to live and die for it. But you may well ask, 'How do you know it is true?' Here is one answer, 'It works.' Wherever men have tried to work this idea of Jesus, that they are brothers and children of one Father who loves them and who wants to make the world a place full of love and good-will, wherever they have quit killing each other and tried to save, quit hating each other and tried to love, quit cheating each other and tried to be just, the world has been a lot better and happier place to live in. Because the idea of Jesus does work wherever men give it a chance, is the best reason I know of for believing it is true. But there is another question—'What is the idea behind your own life?' Is there a plan and purpose there or is it just hit or miss? When you want things to go right in a machine room you have the cogs on one wheel fit into the cogs of the other exactly. If they don't there is some sort of a hitch and things don't go right. The reason things do not go better in the world is that men do not always fit into the idea behind the whole thing—a fair brotherhood of helpfulness. When the cogs in men's minds fit into the cogs of God's purpose of making the world a homelike place, when they both have the same idea, that will be the Kingdom of God on earth. And we move up a little closer to it every time that any one of us lets the idea of fairness and unselfishness get into action." Here is a talk entitled "What Does God Look Like?" "It is a question that every child has asked at some time or other and a question no one can answer. It is a natural question for a child to ask; he hears about God; is taught to say his prayers at night; and naturally wonders what God looks like. While it is a child's question in just that form, it has been a grown man's

question in its real meaning as long as men have lived on earth and will continue to be so as long as men exist. It makes no difference what creed a man possesses or does not possess; whether he ever goes near a church or not. There is no man who ever takes serious thought of things but who wonders at times what is the nature of the great Power above and behind the world. Each man makes for himself at least some kind of a rough, crude answer to the question, 'What is God like?' The answers are as different as the men themselves are different. The principal trouble with the idea of God that many men have is that it is not really a man's idea. It is a little boy's idea of God, which they have carried over from childhood without thinking very much about it. Their ideas of the world and the things in it have grown larger, more worthy of the reality. But often they still keep a child's idea of God and that is one principal reason why religion does not mean more to a great many people. The Apostle Paul once said, 'When I became a man I put away childish things.' It is a good thing to replace a childish idea of God with one more suitable to the mind of a grown man. Some men, for instance, think of God as a great *Policeman* who delights to order people around and make rules for them to obey. They do not exactly put a blue uniform and a helmet on their idea of God in their imagination, but the main features are just about the same. They think of God in terms of law and punishment and penalties; they think of the Almighty mainly as One who wants to keep people from having a good time. Consequently they look on religion with dislike, just as a small boy dislikes a policeman. A child may be excused for having such an idea, but it is a childish thing for a man to have it. Others think of God as though he were an exalted *Bookkeeper*, carefully entering up a black mark against a man every time he does a wrong thing, drawing up a large bill of damages to be settled for by punishment in the next world. Still other people, when they think of God at all, think of him as a sort of kind-hearted old *Santa Claus*, whom they try to keep on the good side of by going to church and making prayers. They think of a prayer much as a child thinks of a letter to Santa Claus, a sort of a charm which will bring them just about what they want. If all these ideas are childish things to be put away when we grow up—what shall we put in their place? A man might say, 'Why put anything at all? Why not give up the idea of God entirely as good enough for children but not necessary for a grown man?' The answer is very simple. Simply because man's mind needs the idea of God. As some one has said, 'Man is incurably religious.' It has been in men's minds since history began and no changes in living or advances in learning have ever crowded it out. The idea of God is the only thing which has satisfied men for any length of time, as they have looked out on the greatness and mystery of the world. A man came to Jesus once with this very question, 'Tell us what God is like. Show us the Father and it will be enough.' Jesus answered him, 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.' In other words, he told men that the qualities they saw in him, the love for them, the desire to help them and willingness to suffer for them, were the very qualities of God

himself. He did not give a definition of God in long words. He drew some plain pictures. He told a story of a Samaritan who came along a road and met a fellow half beaten to death and who took care of him at a great deal of trouble, and he said, 'God is like that.' He told a story of a father who was sorrowful because his son was away off, lost in a far country, and who saw him coming back and joyfully runs out to meet him and forgives him. And Jesus said, 'God is like that.' In his own death Jesus gave the clearest answer to the question, 'What is God like?' As he was put to death by the hatred and evil passions of men, the cross on which he died has become a symbol of the truth that God suffers from the sins of men, but loves them through it all. That is a man's idea of God—large enough, strong enough for any man's need. How do I know it is true? I believe it is true for the same reason that I believe there is such a thing as electricity—It works. I can see it accomplish results just as plainly as I can see the street car move. I believe the current in the wire is a reality, even though no man on earth ever saw electricity. No man has seen God, but wherever men have believed in the kind of a God Jesus believed in, they have reached a higher, finer kind of manhood than they ever did before; there has been more of honor, pity, kindness, strength, enlightenment, freedom, and progress than there ever was before. So I am ready to believe in that kind of a God. It makes life more worth living to me; it makes me more able to live the kind of a life I know to be best. And wherever I see an act of unselfishness, of love or of pity, in that very act of unselfishness and love I have a picture of what God is like." Here is a talk on "What to Make Out of Your Mind": "What are you making out of your mind? I want to convince you, if I can, that it is worth your while to study out an answer to that question. You needn't give the answer to anyone but yourself. But I'd like you to find an answer, and then tell it to yourself and see if you like it. You are making *something*, there's no doubt about that. The brain changes its form to some extent and its weight every day. Your mind is different to-day than it was yesterday. The slang expression we frequently hear, 'a new wrinkle,' stands for a real thing. Every time you think hard over a question your brain gets a new wrinkle in the gray matter. The more wrinkles, the better brain it is. So that you are making something, whether you intend to or not. You can't say to yourself, 'Oh, I'm not bothering about my mind. It's just growing.' Minds never 'just grow,' any more than a garden does. You have to 'make' a garden by downright hard work. You can't do any fooling about it. If you don't work and *make* a garden you'll have something else—a patch of weeds. You have to 'make' a mind that is good for anything by downright hard work, or you will have a mental patch of weeds inside your head. And the market price of weeds is never very high. Think for two or three minutes of the choice you have as to what to make out of your mind. You can make a *Wastebasket* out of it. Plenty of people do. And a wastebasket is a nice thing to have. There's nothing disreputable about a wastebasket, nor is there necessarily anything unclean. It is full of various odds and ends, many of them interesting in themselves, letters

and newspapers, but they are all jumbled up together and have no relation to each other, and the whole thing is worth nothing. Now a good many people have a mind like a wastebasket. It is full of scraps of information, all kinds of odds and ends of knowledge, miscellaneous facts and bits of gossip, all jumbled up together. I have a neighbor who knows all kinds of interesting things about a great number of occupations and trades. There is only one thing that he does not know, apparently—that is, how to do one thing *well*. His mind is made up of scraps, out of which he can make nothing worth while. It is a wastebasket. You can make a *Cash Register* out of your mind. You can think pennies or nickels or dollars until about all your mind is good for is to ring up the money that goes into the cash drawer. The only thing that will make a cash register work properly is some kind of a sale, some kind of a money transaction, and that is all that will ever cause some men's minds to get into action. They are like the cash register, whose little bell rings every time a nickel goes into the drawer. So they begin to sing whenever they ring up cash. A sort of a *Bureau Trunk* is what some people make out of their minds. Their heads are full of clothes. Instead of a normal head, full of all kinds of human interests and sympathies, it is stuffed with dry-goods, things to wear. We frequently find a head like this on a woman, but not every time, by any means. I know a good many men in whose heads, if you took an X-ray picture of them, you would be able to find a large assortment of suits, neckties, and fancy vests. Some men, and you know them, have made a *Garbage Can* out of their minds. That is a strong expression, but it is no exaggeration. What was given to them as a container for knowledge, truth, power, they have filled up with filth. Some unclean story is always coming out of their lips like a bad odor from an uncovered garbage can. They spoil whatever atmosphere they come into, on the street, store, or shop. They ought to be treated the same way as a garbage can is, be made to shut up. General Grant knew how to do it. An officer joined a group in which he was standing one day and started to tell a coarse, unclean story, asking as he began, 'Are there any ladies present?' 'No,' Grant answered, 'but gentlemen are.' The story was not told. The best thing to make out of your mind is what it was designed to be, a *tool chest*. That is what God intended it for when he gave it to you. By discipline of work and study, not necessarily in school, but anywhere, you can shape your brain into a kit of keen cutting tools. With a mind which, by dint of application, has learned to think and work, you can cut your way through tough problems. The best chisel with which to carve out a place for yourself in the world is your head, sharpened to fine usefulness by using it on all occasions. The human mind is a complex assortment of tools, the most complicated, delicate, and priceless machinery in the world. What are you doing to keep it sharpened? It is not only as a worker that a man needs a sharp set of tools. The great problems of living are before us all, how to live, what to do, what not to do. It is a task for a clear head to decide what courses of action are going to make for our finest, most lasting welfare, and what things are going to be harmful in the end. For every one man who goes

wrong because he is bad there are ten who have gone wrong because they never sat down and thought things *through*. They do things because some one else did, because it looked pleasant, and for most any other reason. It is poor business. The Apostle Paul has a good proposition to lay before us along this line. 'Prove all things,' he says. That is, don't follow the crowd blindly. Figure things out for yourself. And then, 'Hold fast to that which is good.' Make a good strong vise out of your mind, and hold on!" The following clipping from a New York daily is an excellent text for a talk in shops or churches or homes: "The Rev. Fred Winslow Adams, pastor of Saint Andrew's Methodist Episcopal Church in West Seventy-sixth Street, who on Sunday read from his pulpit answers to the question: 'What are the greatest safeguards against temptation?' yesterday received the reply of Thomas A. Edison to his question. Mr. Edison said: 'I cannot answer the question contained in your favor of the fifth instant, as I have never had any experience in such matters. I have never had the time, not even five minutes, to be tempted to do anything against the moral law, civil law, or any law whatever. If I were to hazard a guess as to what young people should do to avoid temptation, it would be to get a job and work at it so hard that temptation would not exist for them.' Equally suggestive is the fact that the verb to "debauch" is derived from an old French root which signified, "To entice away from the workshop." In hard work is safety as well as profit. It is in unoccupied hours that temptations find opportunity to assail us. Idleness is an open door for Satan to enter. Whether shortening the hours of the day's work will prove a blessing or a curse depends on each individual worker. For many it will mean more hours opened to evil influences and temptation to wrong doing.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Memories. By EDWARD CLODD. 8vo, pp. 288. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, with portraits, \$3, net.

EDWARD CLODD was born of devout parents who desired to dedicate him—the only survivor among their seven children—to the ministry. At the age of fifteen the boy disappointed them by jumping into business, hiring himself to an accountant in London. Thus he has spent his life sitting on a stool instead of standing in a pulpit. For fifty-three years he was in the London Joint Stock Bank, retiring from it in 1915, at the age of seventy-five. From the faith of his parents he drifted away until he became of Robert Ingersoll's class, at sea without chart or guiding star or compass or port. One of those who helped to loose him from Christian moorings was Moncure D. Conway, whose so-called "ministry" did the same sort of damage to not a few and who was no more a Christian than Ingersoll was. To-day Clodd condescends to speak of the Christian Church as "a venerable institution whose existence, on the whole, has been more for good than for evil." His life, if written, might be entitled "A Journey Toward Nowhere." Turning his back on the Church of his childhood and

looking out of the windows of his bank, he caught sight of the agnostic scientists, and read their books and sought their company out of business hours. He would join with Prince Kropotkin when he laments over the *unscientific* methods of thinking prevailing in England even among the immense majority of educated men; laments also that three quarters of the education of the country is in the hands of men who scarcely know there is such a thing as *scientific* thinking. Kropotkin adds that so long as Science herself preaches absurd and *unethical* doctrines such as *Woe to the Weak* (essentially Nietzsche's gospel), so long the unreasonable demand of man for *religio-ethical* conceptions will build cathedrals and churches and worship in one way or another. Quite likely. We find J. A. Picton, an avowed Pantheist, unable to dispense with religion, saying thoughtfully: "Something in the nature of religion, an instinctive sense of an encompassment by a Life larger than one's own, has accompanied every step of human Evolution ever since there was any human. I find it impossible to believe that the disappearance of any particular conception of that encompassing Life can abrogate so fundamental an element in the forces of progress." Clodd's volume contains memories of numerous and various people. We join with him in commending the widow of W. K. Clifford for having "made her calling and election sure among those who maintain the high standard of English literature, unsoiled by the erotic, neurotic, and Tommyrotic." Turning the pages before us, we enjoy seeing Huxley in his home life, when his daughter had said something witty and pert, laying his hand on her shoulder fondly and saying to his guest, "You see this household is a republic tempered by epigram." We read where F. Manning in one of his books makes Pope Leo XIII say: "The impregnable Rock on which we build is the impregnable ignorance of the majority." We hear one of the "scientific thinkers," Sir Henry Thompson, saying concessively: "I regard the beneficence of the Infinite and Eternal Energy to be proved beyond dispute. The existence of wars and misery has no difficulty for me. The human race is in its infancy; man is going through the process of evolution and education, a process long, slow, and painful, yet the only possible training to develop him. As a result of this process I look for a being but a little lower than the angels." How can the agnostic know anything about angels? Are angels in the scientist's realm and ken, we wonder? We complain of these "scientific thinkers" because they will not "stay on their reservation," like good Indians: they continually stray off into regions that do not belong to them. Here is one of them casting worshipping glances toward "the angels," which is *unscientific*, and shows lingering traces of "superstition." There is no room even for the Bethlehem angels under the "scientific thinker's" sky, no Gloria sounding in his firmament. Clodd thinks that a letter which Herbert Spencer wrote to Grant Allen about his health shows "a soft place in a heart that seemed adamant" and "redeems much unloveliness." Here is a sample of Spencer's tenderness to a sick man: "You must improve your mastication. If I had to teach children I should give them a lesson on the importance of mastication, and should illustrate it by taking a small iron nail and weighing against it some pinches of iron filings till the two balanced.

Then, putting them into two glasses and pouring into each a quantity of dilute sulphuric acid, and directing the children to stir the contents of the two glasses from time to time, they would see that whereas the iron filings would dissolve quickly, the dissolving of the nail would be a business of something like a week. This would impress on them the importance of reducing food to small fragments. If you do not masticate well, you do not deserve to be well." The gist of it seems to be, "Serves you right. You are only getting what you deserve." The scientific tenderness with which this admonitory letter reeks is enough to make a graven image weep. And to think of its gushing from "a heart that seemed adamant"! So an admiring "scientific thinker" says. At one time in his centrifugal flight away from every faith-center, Clodd tells us, he paused to repose for a while on that phase of denatured Christianity called Unitarianism, described here as "a soft feather-bed for falling Christians"; and "sat under" Dr. James Martineau when he was "the hierarch of the now well-nigh moribund Unitarian sect." He says: "Forty years have not effaced from memory some striking passages in Martineau's sermons. Preaching on the text, 'Remember how short my time is,' he flashed with the force of an epigram, 'God is the great I Am: His verbs have no tenses.' Right after announcing the text, 'Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up,' Martineau compressed his sermon in these opening words: 'He who could build a faith might well destroy a temple.'" We find Carlyle in his late years writing thus to Edward Fitzgerald: "I am in my usual weak state of bodily health and not even expecting to be better. I study to be solitary, in general; to be silent, as the state that suits me best; my thoughts then are infinitely sad, but capable, too, of being solemn, mournfully beautiful, useful; and as for 'happiness,' I have that of employment befitting the years I have arrived at." When Carlyle received from Charles Elliot Norton a copy of Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam, Carlyle, after reading some of it, wrote: "I think Fitzgerald might have spent his time better than busying himself with the verses of that old Mohammedan blackguard." This book gives us a variety of Sir A. C. Lyall's sayings: "If you hold that ethics are man-made, your problem is to find some *authority*, because you must appeal to the masses on that basis. And the authority has to be invisible. So you can't put religion into liquidation. . . . Religion is an instinct and aspiration, and even as a social institution of high utility is not to be easily or safely uprooted it will continue to be a mighty force among mankind." "What the Anglican parsons can't stomach is the refusal of the Church of Rome to admit the validity of their 'orders'; they want to get on the main line and are kept on a siding. That riles them." "The wisest scientific men have given up the search after origins. The doctrines of Evolution and of the Conservation of Energy give them enough to do. As Huxley said, the mysteries of the Church are child's play in comparison with the mysteries of Science in the realm of causation." Yes, and Science has no explanation of the mystery of causation, while the Church has. Its declaration of "God, the Father Almighty, *Maker of heaven and earth*," is the rational and adequate answer to the question of causation. Lyall is pictured to us as standing with Clodd to watch a sky

glorious with sunset, gazing long at the illumined and dissolving clouds, and then, putting one hand on his friend's shoulder and pointing to the splendor in the west, saying "A great Artist." That was his theory of causation, near the end of life. In this hurrying stenographic, typewritten age of ours, the fine old art of letterwriting is in danger of disappearing. Letters worth reading will soon have to be looked for in historical museums. Of Fitzgerald as a letter-writer Lyall said: "Here is a man to whom correspondence was a real solace and a vehicle of thought and feeling. A faint odor of the seasons hangs around some of his letters—of the sunshine and the rain, of dark days and roads blocked with snow, of the first spring crocus and the faded autumnal garden plots." In a letter by J. Rhys we read that Mrs. Humphry Ward longs to see all who cannot accept miracles duly accepted as members of the Church of England: if only they were included under the name "Christians" it need not matter what they believed or disbelieved or whether they were ritualists or agnostics: the name is the great thing and would enable them to enjoy the Eucharist together! A curious study in psychology is Mrs. Ward, fit and obvious niece of Matthew Arnold. Think of her proposing to regenerate the east end of London with a sort of agnostic theism! Merely adding one more futility to "the dreary list of ineffectuals." The most interesting chapter, possibly, in Clodd's book is the one on George Meredith. Walking was Meredith's keenest enjoyment, and, looking back when he no longer had strength for it, he said: "How my mind leaped through leagues of thought in the days when I could walk!" Walking alone is promotive of meditation and clear healthy thinking, but walking with a fit comrade doubles the pleasure. A certain man remembers gratefully some years in which, at Clifton Springs, a card would come up to his room bearing the friendly and enticing question, "Have a Twalk?" inviting to long strolls in village or country with accidental, incidental, wandering talk on many themes under bright golden sun or silvery full moon. Though Meredith's fictional writings are what made him known, he himself set greater store by his poetry. [The same is true, we are told, of Thomas Hardy.] Meredith said: "I wrote verse before I was nineteen: some of it I wish could be suppressed. Chiefly by that in my poetry which emphasizes the unity of life, the soul that breathes through the universe, do I wish to be remembered; for *the Spiritual is the Eternal*." We were not looking for such a statement as that from the author of the poem, "Earth and Man"; but there it is. When Hardy's pessimism was mentioned to Meredith, it evoked from him the reply, "I keep on the causeway between the bogs of optimism and pessimism." The difference between himself and Hardy was likened to that between Lucretius and Epicurus; "to the one, human life was a pleasant sojourn which should be temperately enjoyed and gracefully terminated at the proper time; to the other, it was the more somber and tragic side of the august spectacle which all Nature presents to the contemplative mind." When Meredith's friends sent him a congratulatory address on his seventieth birthday, he said: "Oh, I understand what they mean, kindly enough. They mean, 'Poor old devil, what a pity he *will* go on writing. Let's cheer him up a bit. The old fire isn't quite out: a stir of the poker may bring

a few more shoots of gas.' When J. R. Lowell was threescore and ten he said: "I'm not especially proud over being seventy. If you'll forgive me, I'll never do it again." When Clodd was well into his seventies, George Gissing wrote him protesting: "Horrible that you should be at work in the bank till eleven at night. Don't let that go on much longer. Stand firm for your right for retirement. It is all very well for amiable directors to bind you with compliments—but they cannot add one day to your life. I shall rejoice when I hear that you have quit work. No man can make better use of tranquillity than you. There was once a prætorian prefect under Hadrian, a fine old fellow (like you) named Similis. Permitted at length to lay down office, he retired to his country home where his life ended seven years later. He ordered this inscription on his tomb: 'Here lies Similis, who *existed* sixty-four years, and *lived* seven.' Here are some of Meredith's literary judgments: "I don't agree with Matthew Arnold that Shelley's prose will outlive his poetry. Shelley has neither head nor tail. Arnold is a poor judge: a dandy Isalah, a frigid poet without passion, whose verse, written in a surplice, is for freshmen and for gentle maidens who will be wooed by future rectors. Keats is a far greater poet than Shelley. Byron has humor in his satires, but his high flights are theatrical; he was a sham sentimentalist. Favorites with me are the whole of Keats and the earlier verse of Tennyson. In the 'Lotus Eaters' and 'Aenone' there are lines perfect in sensuous richness and imagery. Tennyson's opulent diction and marvelous singing power cannot be overrated, but the thought is thin; there is no suggestiveness which transcends the expression; nothing is left to the imagination. Emerson's poetry is an Artesian well: the bore is narrow, but the water is pure and sweet." Meredith, speaking of the Browning Love Letters and their high level, said: "In them you see Browning's love for the unattractive-looking invalid, and watch the growth of love in her, as under a microscope. You see a spark of life, then the tiny red spot that shall be a heart, then the full pulsation of each blood corpuscle. So Browning made her a woman, and both mind and body at full tension had that development which her father, like all narrow and incomplete men, repressed." *Fas est ab hoste doceri*: it may profit us to attend to this saying of Meredith's: "Parsondom has always been against progress, treating Christianity not as a religion, but as an institution." The young writers around him whose works he saw, Meredith criticized thus: "They seem to me not to have read and observed enough: their books lack the *allusiveness* which is a note of culture and an evidence of character and hard study." We are told that what asperity there was in Meredith's virile temperament was mellowed in old age with that divine gift of pity, which, as John Morley has said, "One that has it could hardly be willing to barter for the understanding of an Aristotle." A few more of his incisive opinions: "Dickens was the incarnation of cockneydom. William Black's novels have nothing in them but fishing and sunsets. Walter Besant was a commercial traveler with pinions. George Eliot had the heart of Sappho; but her face with its long proboscis, and the protruding teeth as of the Apocalyptic horse, betrayed animality." As for Lewes, whose wife she was not, "He was the son of a

clown, and had the legs of his father in his brain." In this book at the foot of page 162, we come once more, as often in high literary circles, upon that elementary blunder in grammar which any schoolboy ought to avoid—the use of "whom" for "who"; "Those whom he desired should win imperiled their cause," writes Edward Clodd. "Whom . . . should win!" Any schoolboy who has studied grammar ought to know that "whom . . . should" is impossible grammar. Evidently Edward Clodd never went to school to Thompson H. Landon. We thank the author for putting under our eyes once more the well-known lament of Callimachus for his departed friend:

"They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead;
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept when I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

"And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes laid long ago at rest;
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales awake,
For Death, he taketh all away, but these he cannot take."

Oh reader, does this confession made by George Glissing make you think of anybody nearly related to *you*? Writing to a friend Glissing says, "It is one of my small manias to imagine that friends from whom I have not heard for some time are utterly alienated. I imagine causes of offense, misunderstandings, etc.: therefore I am particularly glad to receive your cheery note." Here is another bit from Glissing: "That there is *some purpose, some order* in the universe, seems a certainty. My mind rejects the idea of a Universe which means nothing at all. Above all the existence of beauty haunts me. I can, for a time, forget the world's horrors; but I can never forget the flower by the wayside and the sun falling in the west. These things must *have a meaning*." Glissing and his fellow "free-thinkers" find that one cannot escape the grip of such things by being a "free-thinker." His clan have just as many of these meaningful things to account for as we Christians have, and they are not able to shed any such illumination upon them as the Light of the World gives. Face to face with the same puzzles and problems, we are better off than they, and we have a rational explanation of a confessedly mysterious universe, while they have none. We find William Holman-Hunt speaking of Saint Paul and saying, "What a splendid life for an artist to illustrate! Imagine the great scope for contrasts there are with the zealous and fiery creature standing by at the death of Stephen, the heavens open overhead: and then his wilderness life; his preaching; his tent-making; his domestic teaching; his writing by the hand of an amanuensis; his imprisonments; trials in the arena at Ephesus and in the Courts; his position when all forsook him and fled, but 'Christ the Lord stood by' him. I cannot imagine a more splendid series of subjects for a real artist." Father Tyrrell characterized "the Clodds and Allens and Langs and other popularizers of the uncertain results of evolution-philosophy" as a "crowd of sciolists." We are told that when Herbert Spencer was asked, fifteen or eighteen years ago, to join an International Peace League, he declined, saying that the prospect was for something

very different from peace: "We are in course of rebarbarization, and on the way to a bad time. Civilization will be uncivilized before it can again advance." Therefore a peace movement then was visionary and had no chance of success. How does it look now? Has barbarism been knocked out? We linger with brief interest over Mary Kingsley, daughter of Dr. Kingsley, author of "South Sea Bubbles," noting a few significant things. We find her saying, "I grew up with the scientific agnostic set." Then we find her fighting the missionaries for reporting liquor as a curse among the natives of West Africa. She charges missionaries with misrepresentation, and declares that the liquor trade is no such curse as is claimed by religious fanatics. She makes herself very popular with the Liverpool dealers who carry on with Africa the rum traffic which is Liverpool's trade backbone. She thinks the least Liverpool ought to do is to erect a memorial to her, though she fears the grateful rum-sellers might select as a design "a West-African Ju-Ju hung round with square-faced gin bottles." Certainly! Why not? just to show the high moral influence of a "scientific agnostic" exerted in fighting missionaries and defending the liquor traffic. When Ingersoll decides to fight against Christianity it seems only natural and congruous to find him defending the Star Route thieves and the unspeakably filthy fiends who want to use United States mails for the circulation of vile literature to debauch and ruin the innocent boys and girls in decent homes and schools. When ex-Rev. H. O. Pentecost declared conscience to be a bugaboo, and religion a sham, he made it plain what conscience and religion had become to him. And when rejecting and flouting the great names and devout characters of Christian history, he cast in his lot with the "scientific thinkers" and selecting a list of eminent scientists said, "These are *my* saints!" It was interesting and amusing to note that a majority of his eminent scientific "saints" were avowed Christians. So far as is reported, agnosticism, whether scientific or unscientific, has not appeared as a powerful evangelist in transforming a multitude of sinners into saints. The world still looks to Christianity for its saints—clean, upright, intelligent, consistent, self-sacrificing, inspired by and patterned after Christ. George Haven Putnam, in his *Memories of a Publisher*, mentions Frederick York Powell, from whose letters given now in Clodd's *Memories* we care to preserve only this written when near life's end, which came at fifty-four: "I have had good friends; I have met men I am proud to think about; and if they cared for me half as much as I have cared for them, I have not been badly loved. I tremble now when I hear of a friend's illness. I realize how short a time one has to pass with those one loves; and how few opportunities can be snatched from daily business and cares—but those hours with friends are the only golden beads in the chequered necklace of one's life. I never had a moment's coldness with them. Our hours together were sunny and unclouded. But it was to their gentleness, not to mine, that I owe these pleasant memories. They were patient and generous and gave me credit for more than I was worth. But I really loved them all the time and I think they must have felt that"—which words the editor of the *Review* selects to use as a message to his friends and to close this last book notice of 1916.

Letters of John Wesley. A Selection of Important and New Letters with Introductions and Biographical Notes. By GEORGE EAYRS, F.R., Hist. S. With a chapter on "Wesley, His Times and Work," by the Rt. Hon. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, K.C., M.P. A Portrait of Wesley and Letters in facsimile. 8vo, pp. xxxix+510. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, \$2.50 net.

JOHN WESLEY will never cease to interest people. His work will continue to be reviewed and the influence of his Christ-filled personality appraised from different points of view. One of the best studies of this "Saint John" of the eighteenth century was recently given by Dr. Cadman in "The Three Religious Leaders of Oxford." In his discerning historical and literary sketches of "Social Life in England—1750-1850," which were delivered as the Lowell Lectures by Prof. F. J. Foakes-Jackson, and just published by the Macmillan Company, the first chapter is on the life in the eighteenth century as illustrated by the career of John Wesley. In a refreshingly original way this writer shows how the Journal is an independent and reliable record of English life because of the shrewd observation, caustic humor and enlivening wit which enrich its pages. Wesley here appears in a new role in the company of Crabbe, Dickens, Trollope and Thackeray. Many of the qualities which enhance the value of the Journal are also found in the letters, which have additional features of worth. We therefore welcome this splendid collection of Wesley's letters, edited with filial affection and historical accuracy by one of the recognized authorities in matters pertaining to Methodism. Those who are familiar with "A New History of Methodism," in two large volumes, which appeared in 1909, need not be told about the qualifications of Mr. Eayrs, who is a minister of the United Methodist Church in England. The spirit in which this edition of the letters has been prepared is seen in the following testimony. Brother Eayrs states that from the day he became a preacher, to serve the "commonwealth of Methodism," he was drawn into wondering admiration of Wesley and his work and began to feel the spell and stimulus of his character. "Since then, helped by many whom I hold in grateful remembrance, I have learned to think of him, not as he is often regarded and represented, as immaculate, a plaster saint, and almost infallible, but far otherwise: as a young growing man, struggling, sinning, sorrowing, praying, moving upward and onward by Divine help; as in his later days mounting to self-mastery and shining serenity; as high and lifted up, a genius and a dedicated spirit, but also a creature not too bright and good to be followed afar off, in so far as he followed Christ, by the humblest. His strong, gravely beautiful face looks down upon me in many forms from my study walls, and he seems to sing his living and dying faith, mingled of humility and confidence:

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me,'

and anon to utter one of his golden counsels: 'Never be unemployed; never be triflingly employed; never while away time.' This volume is

dedicated: "To the dear and sacred memory of My Mother, a mystic and a Methodist, who conquered, like Wesley, by prayer and holy song." Book I consists of an introductory study of the man, his character and work, his time and its conditions, and an outline of his life. Mr. Birrell's famous essay is also reproduced, but revised and enlarged. Book II contains a selection from the thousands of letters which this extremely busy man wrote on every conceivable subject touching the welfare of humanity; but of course of special value are the letters on the needs and benefits of the religious life. There is hardly any letter without something attractive or distinctive. "A golden, memorable phrase, a witty turn, an epigram, a flash of irony, a touch of intimacy, or some self-revelation is here." He was withal a master of a chaste English style, and he always wrote with clearness of thought and directness of expression, showing wonderful versatility and catholicity. Even the *ex cathedra* spirit which he at times manifested was mellowed by the heartbeat of sympathy which was inspired, as Glider wrote:

By that divine omnipotent desire—
The hunger and the passion for men's souls.

The letters are arranged according to topics and the character of his correspondents. In almost every case the editor furnishes important biographical and historical particulars relating to the letters in a manner similar to that employed by Thomas Carlyle in "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches." These paragraphs are the result of extensive research and furnish a wealth of information on Methodist history which is not accessible to the average student. Let one illustration suffice. It is taken from Chapter VI: "To Eccentric Thomas Wride, Steady Joseph Taylor, and other Methodist Preachers." Mr. Eayrs introduces his batch of letters with these observations: "Wesley's tact and resourcefulness come out strikingly in his dealings with the rank and file of his preachers. These were of all types. There was Goodman Dull, like John Easton, who, to Wesley's amazement, neither laughed nor cried when he read Wesley's favorite novel, which he abridged for the Methodists—Henry Brooke's *Fool of Quality*. There was 'Diotrephes, who loved to have the pre-eminence'; and 'John, whose surname was Mark, who departed' from the work because of its difficulties, and, unlike the nephew of Barnabas, never returned to it. Wesley's good-humor seldom or never failed in dealing with these and many other varieties. He saw instantly the possibilities of a situation and used them. Michael Fenwick complained that although he traveled with Wesley, he had not figured in the published extracts from his Journal. He had his wish gratified, and more, in the next issue. Wesley so wrote: 'I preached at Clayworth; I think none was unmoved except Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining hayrick.' Another preacher, when with Wesley at the table of a wealthy Methodist, bemoaned the departure of many from the Spartan simplicity of early Methodism. 'My Brother,' said Wesley, glancing at the preacher's well-filled plate, 'here is an opportunity for self-denial.'" Wesley was consistently outspoken in his letters, whether they took the

form of counsels, appeals, criticisms, rebukes or self-defenses. But he was considerate even when he administered sharp discipline; and he "directed, trained and controlled his preachers with discrimination, firmness, and patience." Here are a few extracts from the thirty letters to "Tommy" Wride: "I know not what to do. You know not what spirit you are of. Therefore there is small hope of cure. I have no heart to send you anywhere. You have neither lowliness nor love. What can I say or do more? . . . Your letter was read at the Conference and our brethren desired me to inform you you are no longer fit for our Connexion. Such a foul-mouthed railer (upon whatever provocation) is quite unfit for a Methodist preacher. Such base language is too bad for the fishwives of Billingsgate. It is such as an archangel would not use to the devil. You must have done with it for ever. . . . I hope you have *now* got quit of your queer arch expressions in preachings, and that you speak as plain and dull as one of us." Here is a characteristic extract from a letter to Dr. Adam Clarke: "You will have need of all the courage and prudence which God has given you. Very gently and very steadily you should proceed between the rocks on either hand. In the great revival at London, my first difficulty was, to bring into temper those who opposed the work; and my next, to check and regulate the extravagances of those that promoted it. And this was far the hardest part of the work; for many of them would bear no check at all. But I followed one rule, though with all calmness: 'You must either bend or break.' Meantime, while you act exactly right, expect to be blamed by both sides." There are numerous instances showing the heroic strain of this great apostle, who in so many ways resembled Paul. Here is one case: "For a few days I have had just such a fever as I had in Ireland a few years ago. But all is well. I am in no pain; but the wheel of life seems scarcely able to move. Yet I made a shift to preach this morning to a crowded audience, and hope to say something to them this afternoon." And this at the age of eighty years! From a little-known letter to Alexander Clark, a steward of the Methodist society in Dublin, we quote: "I blame all that even speak the truth otherwise than *in love*. Keeness of spirit and tartness of language are never to be commended. It is only in *meekness* that we are to instruct those that oppose themselves. But we are not allowed upon any account whatever to return evil for evil, or railing for railing." Chapter VII, "To American and Canadian Methodists and Concerning Them," will be read with a great deal of interest. In a letter to Shadford we read: "I let you loose, George, on the great continent of America. Publish your message in the open face of the sun, and do all the good you can." To Thomas Rankin, he wrote: "Let brothers Shadford, Asbury, and you go on hand in hand, and who can stand against you? Why you are enough, trusting in Him that loves you, to overturn America." The letter to "Dr. Coke, Mr. Asbury and our Brethren in North America" is full of significance and is regarded as "the constitutional foundation of the great Methodist churches in America." It is, however, too long to be quoted here from page 263ff. In a letter to Asbury, full of the warmth of affection and confidence, he addresses him as "Franky," and says: "There is indeed

a wide difference between the relation wherein you stand to the Americans and the relation wherein I stand to all the Methodists. You are the elder brother of the American Methodist: I am, under God, the father of the whole family." How well this "elder brother" discharged his commission is finely shown by Dr. Tipple in his noble volume, "The Prophet of the Long Road," which should be in the hands of every preacher. One of the last letters which Wesley wrote is worth quoting in view of the blessed prospects of Methodist union: "Lose no opportunity of declaring to all men that the Methodists are one people in all the world, and that it is their full determination so to continue." The several chapters in this volume are of such intense interest that each one deserves a separate notice. Chapter VIII, "To his most intimate lay friend, Ebenezer Blackwell," occupies sixty-four pages, and contains some of Wesley's remarkable self-revelations. Chapter X consists of letters to Lady Maxwell and displays Wesley's anxiety for the highest welfare of men and women, whether poor or rich, and also his old-world courtesy. There is another chapter, "To Young Friends and Others—concerning life, learning, literary style, sleep, health, and religious earnestness;" and yet another "On Public Matters and to Public Men." If space permitted there are any number of passages that might be quoted. Enough has, however, been said to persuade our readers that this volume is a veritable treasure trove. It will open a new world to every preacher and impress us with the value of letter-writing in the discharge of an all-round ministry.

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